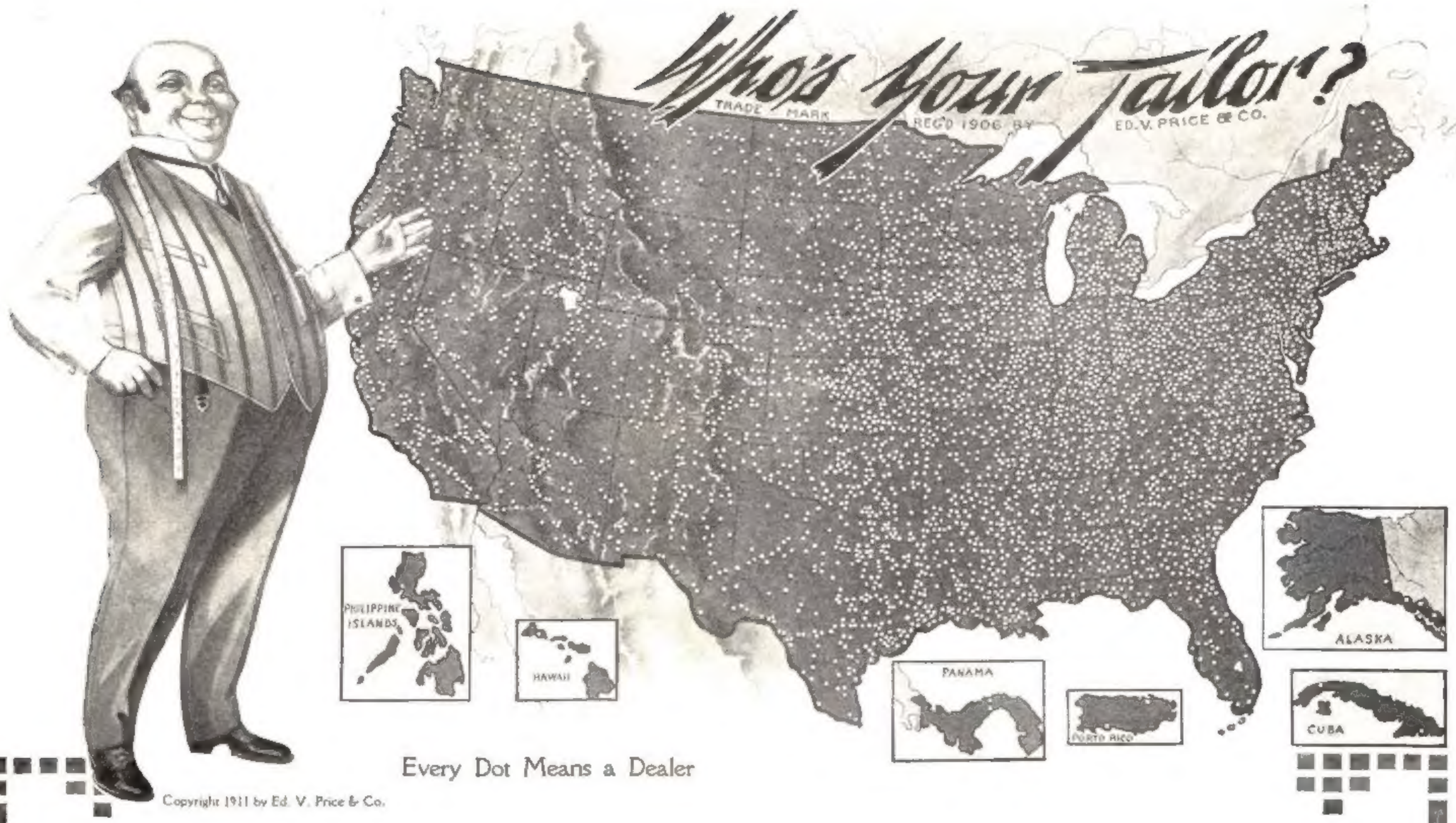
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A[illegible] Benj. Franklin

AUG. 12, 1911 5 cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



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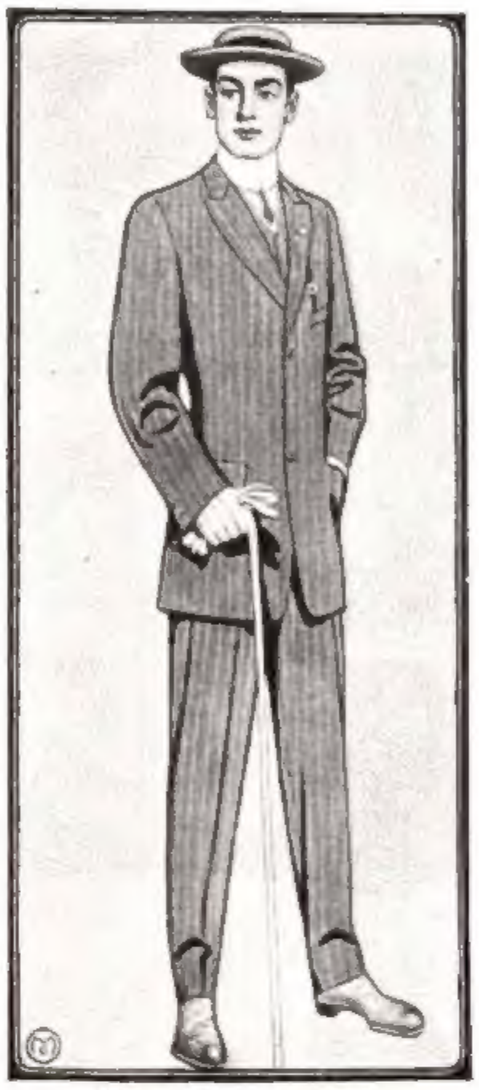

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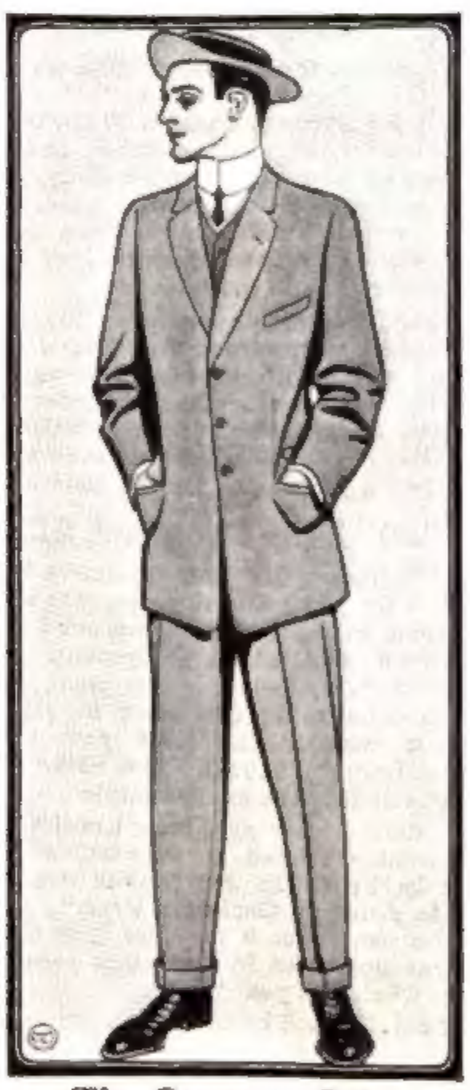
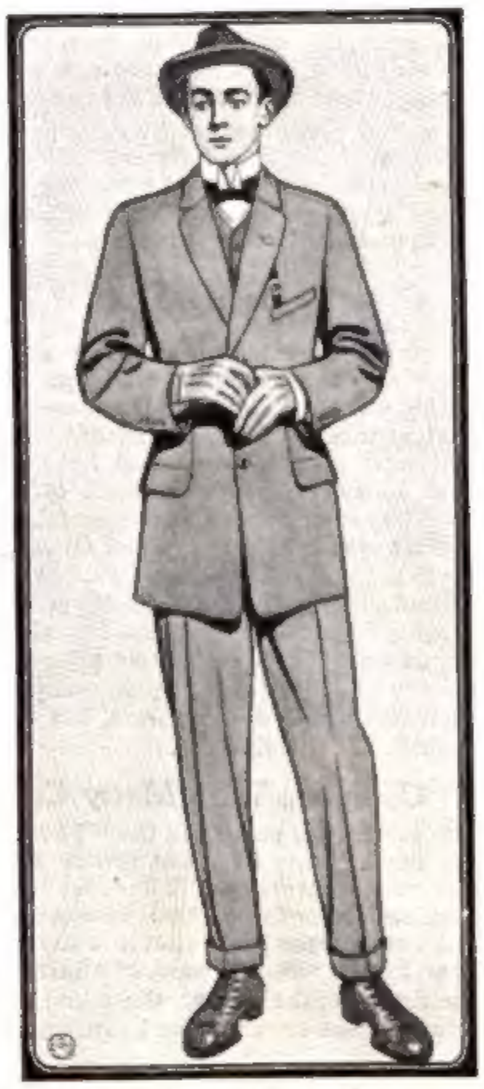


The Congress Suit



The President Suit

The Garden Suit

MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

FALL FASHION PANELS FOUR CENTS

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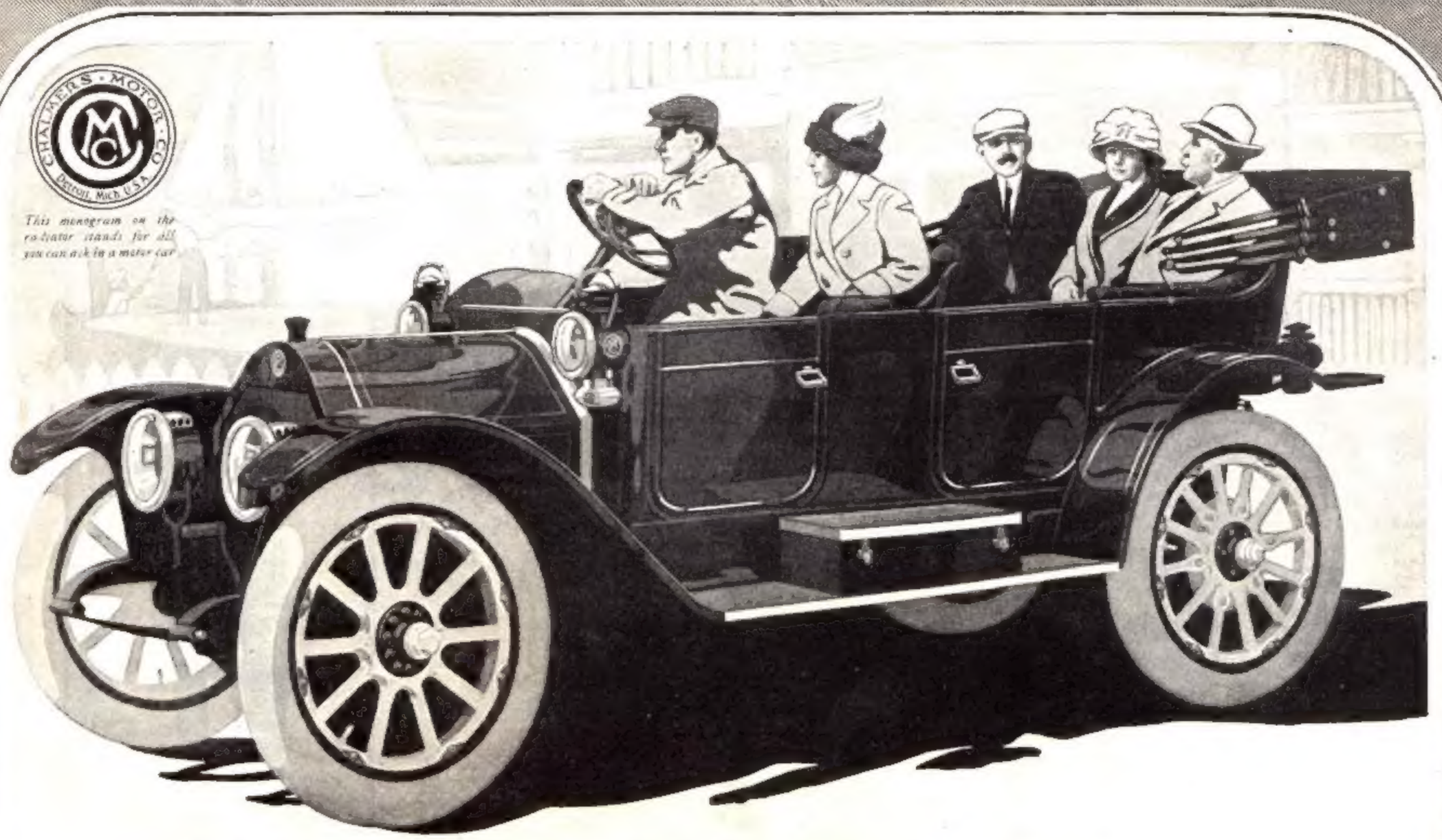


This New, Big, Self-starting Chalmers "Thirty-six"—$1800

THINK of a new, high powered Chalmers car with a Self-starter as regular equipment—for $1800! No more cranking, no more bother. Just push a button on the dash with your foot, and away goes your motor.

That isn't all. This car has a long stroke motor (4¼″ x 5¼″, developing 36 to 40 h. p.); four forward speed transmission; Bosch dual ignition; 36-inch by 4-inch tires; Continental Demountable rims; Mercedes type honeycomb radiator; dash adjustment for carburetor.

Furthermore, this car has bigness, strength, proved durability, beauty, fine finish, comfort. Still further, it is a *Chalmers* car. On the radiator is the famous blue and white monogram.

And the price, including all these unusual features of value, is $1800.

A man from the back country, at the circus for the first time, viewed in amazement the giraffe. After looking the animal over for some time and inquiring if it had a name, he turned shruggingly away saying, "There ain't no such animal."

Many motorists, hearing of the Chalmers "Thirty-six" for the first time, then learning the price, have felt much the same way.

But they are wrong. There really is such a car as the Chalmers "Thirty-six," with the features named above—for $1800.

You can see this car now at our dealer's store near you. And it will look better to you there than it does in this advertisement. See it. Ride in it. Place your order as early as you can because there is sure to be an over-demand.

A Car for the Many

This is an ideal car realized. A car perfectly adapted to the needs of the average user. The long stroke motor gives all the power and speed you can want, without useless burning of gasoline. The four forward speed transmission gives perfect flexibility for hills, sand, traffic and straightaway. Big tires, 36-inch by 4-inch, give riding ease and insure low tire upkeep bills.

The "Thirty-six" is heavy where weight means maximum strength, but there is no useless weight. We claim that this car is lighter than any other car of the same power, roominess and strength, and that it is stronger than any other car of the same weight.

This car overcomes the inconveniences of all preceding cars. The Chalmers Self-starter, air pressure type, does away with the trouble of cranking. Big tires and Continental Demountable rims rob punctures of their terrors.

Given Severe Tests

While the "Thirty-six" has every up-to-the-minute improvement, still there is not a single untried principle or part in its makeup. In November, 1910, we started three of these cars on the road to test them—one in the mountains of Pennsylvania, one in the sands and heat of Florida, and one in the varied conditions of the Middle West. They were run an average of 10,000 miles each before we O. K.'d the model for manufacture.

Here is a big car—big radiator—big hood—big wheels and tires—big body with big roomy seats—big, strong frame—big axles—big all over, and yet it isn't a cumbersome, costly upkeep car.

Not only has this car all these unusual features of construction and convenience, but with them it has beauty. It is a *fine* car.

Compare With Many Cars

There are bigger cars than the "Thirty-six" and smaller ones. Cars of more power and of less. Heavier cars, lighter cars. There are higher priced cars and lower priced cars. And yet we ask you to consider this car on the basis that it is the most nearly ideal car, for the average user, of all that are made.

Take the size, the power, the conveniences, the construction, the comfort, the beauty *and the price* into consideration in comparison with the same features on all other cars, and see if you do not conclude that in the Chalmers "Thirty-six" we have come most nearly to realizing the ideal car for the greatest number of people.

A Vote of Confidence

Public announcement of this car was first made on July 6th. Prior to that date, dealers had signed contracts for all we can make. They were anxious to sign up for twice the number, but we had to allot just so many to each territory. Since our announcement appeared, the Sales Department has received requests from more than two hundred other dealers, asking for the privilege of handling the Chalmers line in their section.

We asked dealers this year for exclusive representation for Chalmers cars in their price classes. Not one dealer was unwilling to grant this request, dozens of them giving up other lines in order to hold the Chalmers. The vote of confidence which experienced dealers have given this new Chalmers car is one of the best possible guides for the individual buyer.

"30" Fully Equipped, $1500

The Chalmers "30" and Chalmers "Forty" are continued for 1912 and offer greater values than ever before because of the improved methods of manufacture and added equipment. The "30" sells for $1500, including magneto, gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, Chalmers mohair top, and automatic windshield. Last year this car so equipped brought $1750. The "Forty" sells for $2750, including the same complete equipment.

More than a year ago, as a heading of an advertisement, we used an expression which was frequently heard in automobile trade circles: "This Is Another Chalmers Year." It was true then, and we repeat it now, for it is more apparently true now than in any other year: "This is another Chalmers year."

1912 catalog will be mailed on request.

Chalmers Motor Company

Detroit, Mich.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

425 Arch Street Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1911
by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 12, 1911 Number 7

LÉONTINE AND CO.

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

Suddenly Kharkoff Noticed the Rigid Expression of Her Face

YES, my friend, you shall have the whole yarn. You don't mind an ex-crook calling you "my friend"? Thanks. I'm glad of it. You have certainly been a good friend since that day you came to see me in my cell in the Santé. And you have certainly stood my friend since. It never occurred to me that possibly you might be acquainted with John and Edith.

I want to tell you the story, because in a few hours I am going to take a dive into the underworld—for how long I can't tell. It is very possible that I may go from there straight to Heaven. No, don't look pained. I'm not backsliding or out for any more crooked business. I'm going back to settle a score. Here I am at this moment, to all appearance a gentleman, lunching at the Automobile Club as though I hadn't a care in the world. This afternoon I am going out for a spin into the country. I want you to go with me. We will only get as far as the forest of St. Germain when I will ask you to bring the car back. Tomorrow there will be a bushy-whiskered, spectacled *prédicateur*—a sort of itinerant preacher—reading his breviary in the Parc Monceau.

It is sheer good fortune meeting you here. It is possible that our worthy *prédicateur* may need a safe asylum in a hurry. Your old studio in the garden would be perfect for that. When you have heard the story you may feel differently about it, especially as the friar is apt to come with blood on his muzzle. You don't look startled a bit! Well, here goes; and when I have finished you can tell me, if you like, where you hide the key.

. . . . . .

Let's go back to the time when Léontine and I entered John's house, and I got pinched so that the others could make their getaway in the car. You heard my story at the Santé, but I never thought of your going around and talking to John and Edith. John came to see me, as I told you. He came again a couple of days after your visit and told me of how you had talked to them. Listening to him, I wondered why it had seemed to me like looking into a mirror when I first sighted him over the barrel of Léontine's gun. Perhaps it was the nervous strain of the moment that made the resemblance between us so strong, for seen in the daylight my half-brother was a big, good-natured-looking chap and showed the signs of high living.

"Look here, Frank," says he—I'd told him of our relationship the first time he came—"we must get you out of this."

"You're mighty good," I answered, "but there's nothing you can do. I'm an old offender—a *récidiviste*—all catalogued and Bertilloned. I've done my little trick in Cayenne and this time it's *au bat' d'Afrique* for mine."

"I'm not so sure," says he. "The prefect of police is an intimate friend of ours and I've got some other strong influence in official and diplomatic circles. Suppose I manage it—will you give me your word to live strictly on the square?"

"A thief's word?" I asked.

"My brother's word," says John. "That's good enough for me."

Say, my friend, would you think me capable of tears? Me, a postgraduate American crook and as hard as nails? I didn't shed them, but they were in my eyes and a lump in my throat, and I had to get up and walk to the grated window.

"Will you give it?" asked John.

"Yes," I muttered.

"Your hand on it," says he.

"A thief's hand?"

"My brother's hand."

My right arm was in bandages from his bullet, so I turned and held out the left.

"Here's the left," said I. "That's all right, though, seeing that I'm your brother on the wrong side."

"You're my brother on the right side from now on," says he, and gave me a hearty grip and then turned to the door.

"Now I'll get busy," says he, and went out without looking back.

Well, sir, how he managed it I don't know, but two weeks later I walked out with him a free man. His car was waiting at the door.

"Where now, John?" I asked.

"Home," says he. "You are to stop with us, Frank, until we make up our minds what you'd better do. Edith expects you, and we have sent for your things."

Now what do you think of that? Only three weeks before, Léontine Petrovski and I had broken into this man's house—not knowing who he was, of course—to steal his wife's jewels. He had surprised us, as I told you, and to save Léontine I would have shot him dead, only that his resemblance to me told me who he was. But I was masked, so he shot me through the arm, in spite of which I would have got away if I hadn't done a sacrifice play and tackled the *agent* to save the rest of the mob. But I'd left John senseless at the foot of his stairs, and the gash across his forehead wasn't yet healed. In spite of this, here was the man that I'd gone to rob going my bond, getting me out of a life sentence, perhaps, and then, by gravy! insisting on my living at his house until I got a fresh start on the level. But I balked dead.

"That don't go, John," said I. "My nerve never failed me yet, but it ain't up to meeting your wife."

"Then get it up as soon as you know how," says he with his good-natured smile. "Edith is the one who's doing the whole thing."

"What's that?" I cried.

"Yes, old chap. She's the one you've got to thank. You see, Frank, Edith has all the money. Our father died bankrupt, otherwise you would never have been a burglar. I could never make a dollar to save my life—though I hope to pretty soon, and that's something I want to talk to you about."

But I shook my head. You see, I had thought all the time that John was a rich man in his own right; that he might have saved something from the wreck when the old man went broke and blew his brains out, and then made good investments and pulled out well off. Looking at it that way, it was all right if he wanted to pay up a score for the father of us both. But to be an object of charity to a woman who owed me nothing but the good chance of losing her jewels—that wouldn't do.

John saw what was passing in my mind and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Come, Frank," says he; "you'll feel differently about it when you've met her. She's not a usual woman, old chap; she's a sort of angel on earth. You want to thank her, anyway, don't you? Come, jump in."

So in I got, but as we moved off I said:

"What will your friends say when they know that your half-brother is—or was—a crook?"

"They will never know it," he answered; "I've taken care of that. These people at the Santé think it was a family scandal: an effort to get possession of some family jewels that you laid claim to. The prefecture knows, but that bureau knows lots of things that would set society by the ears if they ever got out. You are under bond and under observation, to some extent; but what does that matter since you've chucked the old game? I've got something in view for you now, but we'll discuss that later."

Before many minutes the car drew up in front of the same big gate that I had scaled that night while Ivan and Chu-Chu and Jeff and the girls waited in the motor to see a demonstration of snappy American methods—and came so near getting pinched doing it. We crossed the garden—and let me tell you, sir, my heart was beating a lot faster than it did the night I first laid eyes on that old Renaissance house.

"Madame is in the studio," said the *maître d'hôtel*, as he opened the door. He gave me a quick, curious look, for at first glance the resemblance between John and myself is almost that of twins. I was dressed like a swell, for John had brought me down some of his own things, I having been in evening clothes when pinched, the night of Léontine's supper party.

"Let's go out to the studio," said John. "Edith is at work on her Salon picture."

So out we went, and John rapped at the door of a pretty little vine-covered building, placed well clear of the big trees. From inside a clear voice called, "*Entrez.*"

My friend, I shall never forget that picture—not the one on the easel, but Edith as she turned to greet us. You know her, of course, and appreciate what a lovely creature she is, with her tall, queenly figure and wonderful great eyes. They are not woman's eyes; they are more the eyes of some splendid archangel guarding the gates of paradise—clear and steadfast and deep as heaven itself. She was in her paint-blouse, standing in front of a big canvas, a portrait; and posing in the middle of the studio was an uncommonly beautiful girl in evening dress and a great rope of gorgeous pearls.

Edith laid down her palette and brushes and came forward with a smile on her sweet mouth and a tinge of color in her cheeks.

"Welcome, Frank," she said, then glanced from me to her husband and laughed.

"You are like as two peas," she said. "I don't wonder that you got a dreadful start when you saw John."

She gave me her hand and I took it in a sort of daze. Then I looked at the girl who was posing. Edith smiled.

"Miss Dalghren is one of our family, Frank," she said. "She was here that night and knows the whole story. You are with your own people, Frank, so you are not to feel uncomfortable. Do you know what a bishop of London is said to have once remarked when he watched a man being led to the gallows? 'There, but for the grace of God, goes myself.' The grace of God has brought you to us, Frank, and all of the old dead past has got to bury its dead." Her lovely, sensitive mouth curved in the sweetest little smile that drew one corner lower than the other, and her big eyes grew dark and deep suddenly, and seemed to look through mine to see what was behind them. "The interment is already going on, Frank, but I don't see any mourners. Now you men must run out and let me make the most of my light. My picture is 'way behind." She looked at John. "Show Frank his room," she said, "and see that he has everything that he needs. You may come back for tea at five, if you like."

I got out of that studio like a man in a dream. John closed the door, then looked at me and laughed.

"How do you feel about it now, old chap?" he asked.

"I feel," said I in a shaky sort of voice, "a good deal as I imagine Jeanne d'Arc may have felt when the angel brought her the banner." I spun around and stared at him. "What did you ever do to deserve a wife like that?"

John laughed. "Nothing," says he, "and I don't."

He led the way to the house and I followed, still rather dazed. You see, the reception I'd had was so different from what I expected. It was so cordial and natural, even while not ignoring the real state of affairs. There was none of the fuss I'd dreaded being made over the reformed criminal—especially when it was a case of reform or penal servitude—and, on the other hand, there was no silly pretense that I was just like the rest of their sort. The sentimental mush that is served out to the ex-thief by a certain class of people is almost enough to keep the self-respectin' crook from turning honest, unless he's hard up against it; but there was nothing of that sort here. Some folks seem to think that a criminal is an entirely different sort of human being; but my experience in the underworld had been that there is a lot of honesty in most crooks, just the same as there is a lot of crookedness in many honest folk, and that the difference is principally in circumstance. But even then, you do find once in a great while what seems to be the unmixed bad, just as there is the unmixed good. This yarn is a story of both—and a few between.

John took me to his smoking room, and we sat down and each lit a cigarette. I noticed his furniture and pictures, and he seemed a bit surprised to find that I understood periods and art. He touched the bell and ordered whisky and soda. When it came I declined, never touching anything except a little wine with meals.

"You don't drink?" he asked, pouring himself out a pretty stiff one.

"Never hard stuff," I answered. "That was too risky in my old trade."

"It's always risky in any trade," said he, "and still riskier when you haven't any trade at all." And his face darkened a little. He set down his half-emptied glass and looked at me curiously.

"Now that you've met Edith," said he, "don't you see what I meant when I said that she was not like most women?"

"Yes, I see."

"And you don't feel the same way about taking help from her?"

"No," said I. "I'd take help from her just as I'd take it from God."

He raised his eyebrows a little.

"You believe in God?" he asked.

"Most people who carry their lives in their hands believe in God," I answered. "But the trouble is, my kind don't feel as if they had any great reason for loving Him."

John nodded, took another swallow, then gave me a quick, curious look.

"Did you notice the girl who was posing?" he asked.

"Yes. She is very beautiful."

"She is a Miss Dalghren," said John. "Her father was a promoter and made a big fortune in different schemes—mines principally. Then he took to stock gambling and lost it all and died bankrupt, just as our father did. All that she got after the smash were those pearls she was wearing—a magnificent string that she had from her mother. She gives music lessons here in Paris."

"Singing?"

"Yes, and the piano. She plays the harp very well also."

We talked for a while and then John took me to see his library. I noticed that he helped himself to another drink before leaving the room. There was nothing in this, of course, but his manner of doing it was queer—quick and furtive, as if he wanted to gulp it down before anybody came in. We spent the rest of the hour looking at his old volumes, and he was surprised to see that I knew books too. Then, says John:

"Come on, Frank. It's five. We can go back to the studio now."

Edith had finished her painting and was sitting on the divan, talking with Miss Dalghren. The old *maître d'hôtel* brought in the tea things and a decanter of whisky. Miss Dalghren poured the tea.

"How do you like it?" she asked me.

"Perhaps Frank would rather have whisky," said Edith.

"No," I answered, "I prefer the tea."

She handed me my cup and I stirred it slowly. Then I felt Edith's eyes on me and looked up. She gave her crooked little smile.

"Really, Frank," she said, "you and John are as like as you can be."

"On the outside, perhaps," I answered.

Her deep gray eyes looked into mine as if she were trying to see all that was inside. Usually, when a person goes prospectin' in my thoughts this way I pull the deadlights over my "lanterns of the soul." But there was something here that went through the shutter like radium. Perhaps it was because everybody else had always looked me in the eyes huntin' for something bad, while Edith seemed to be looking not for but at something that was good. It must have been that, for her sweet mouth seemed to soften and she smiled again.

"You are all right inside," she said quietly. "Your education has been wrong, that's all."

"I was educated for a thief," I answered in the same tone, "and as far as the education went I was always considered a credit to it."

Perhaps it wasn't a nice thing to say, but for some reason I wanted to justify myself. I wanted her to know how I came to belong to the underworld. Perhaps she understood and wished me to understand that no explanation was necessary, for she said:

"Whatever you set yourself to do you will do strongly and without fear. Weakness will never be your fault. How old are you, Frank?"

"Thirty-two," I told her.

"Six years younger than John," she said; "but you look to be the same age."

"Nobody ever discovered the fountain of youth at Cayenne," said I. "A year there is worth five anywhere else."

Miss Dalghren had not said a word, but I had felt her watching me closely. She was a beautiful girl, of the big, Diana sort, with a rather square face and blazing blue eyes—the sort of woman that looks as if she were meant to be the mother of good fighting men.

"What made you enter this house?" she asked.

I told them the story of how Jeff had taken me to Léontine's swell supper party—leaving out names and places, of course—and how I had offered to rob John's house, more to show off than anything else, and as a demonstration of American methods for Chu-Chu le Tondeur and Ivan, the head of the mob. When I told them how Léontine had insisted on coming with me for the sheer excitement of the thing, although not a professional thief herself, Miss Dalghren's blue eyes sparkled.

"I can understand that," she said. "Is she very beautiful, this woman?"

"Yes," I answered. "She's a big, gorgeous sort of tigress."

"She rather fancied you, eh?" says John.

"Such women have fierce, sudden fancies," I answered. "No doubt hers may have rested on me for the hour. I never saw her until that night. It was her gun that I had when you fired. I never carry a loaded gun myself when doing a piece of work."

"Why not?" asked Miss Dalghren.

"It's not sportsmanlike. Besides, I wouldn't take the lives of people defending their property. I always felt that if I failed to pull off the job by skill I'd take the consequences. That makes the game all the more interesting."

"Then you burgled less for the goods than for the game?"

"I was out for both," I answered. "Mind you, I don't pose for a kid-glove burglar. Once or twice, when I've been interrupted, I've bluffed out the householder by the roughest sort of treatment. But I must say the game has always appealed to me as much as the loot. I might be compared to a big-game hunter: I liked the stalk and I liked the bag. Most men have got a plundering instinct—and some women too. Soldiers loot when they get the chance."

"From an enemy," said Miss Dalghren.

"Society and I were enemies," I answered. "Society declared war on me when I was a helpless little kiddy. I felt, when I grew up, that it owed me a lot. So I sailed in to collect."

Edith looked at me with a gentle smile.

"But the war is over now, Frank?" she asked.

"Yes," said I, "the war is over and peace is signed, and you may be sure that I shall never break it. You and your husband have paid society's war debt to me in full, and we are square. From now on I live within the law."

"Bravo!" said John. His hand went out to the decanter in a careless sort of way, but I noticed again that worried, furtive look in his eyes. Edith saw it, too, though she pretended not to, and a shadow rested on her lovely face. It passed quickly, but it struck me suddenly that here, perhaps, was the explanation for the note of sadness that showed in all of her work.

We were to go to the opera that night and at dinner Edith wore her magnificent pearl necklace—the one that Ivan had told me about. They were uncommon pearls, but it struck me that Miss Dalghren's were even finer. The girl noticed my eyes resting on them and asked, with a smile:

"Aren't they beauties?"

"Superb," I answered. "I doubt if I ever saw finer ones."

"Do they arouse your cupidity?"

"Not one bit," I answered. "No more than a stag in a man's park would arouse the cupidity of a sportsman."

"I suppose," said John in his easy voice, "that even when in active business there is a good deal of honor among thieves."

"A good deal," I answered, "but you can't always bank on it, any more than you can on honor among politicians or high financiers. Still, there's a certain amount. There is a man in this city who arranges for the theft of such jewels as these. He supplies the cracksman with the necessary information and details one of his mob to do the job. Very often the chief is not dead sure himself as to what other jewels there may be, or which are real and which imitations. Yet, when the burglar has made his haul he takes the lot straight to headquarters, where they are assayed in the laboratory and then turned over to a third party to dispose of. There's little doubt but that these transactions are practically always carried on strictly on the level. Moreover, there's a sinking-fund for protecting members of the mob that get nabbed and for tiding over others that are in a run of bad luck. Paris is a great town for organized crime."

John nodded and beckoned to the *maître d'hôtel* to fill his champagne glass, and again I saw that faint shadow cross Edith's face.

When we reached the opera the house was already filled. Edith and Miss Dalghren sat in the front of the box, of course, John behind his wife and I behind the girl; and, you may believe it or not, but those two magnificent pearl necklaces within the reach of my hand never gave me so much as a quiver. Tristan was being sung and my eyes and ears were all for the stage, for I love music.

About the middle of the first act there was a stir in the box beside us and Edith half turned and brushed my sleeve with her fan.

"Prince Kharkoff," she whispered, "and his beautiful Polish princess."

I swung about in my seat and looked straight into the wonderful amber eyes of Léontine.

II

IT WAS this same Prince Kharkoff, you remember, who got me shipped off to Cayenne. But that was three years before; and when I had been fool enough to get caught in that bear-trap grip of his, the day at the races, I was wearing a vandyke beard and mustache. But now I was smooth-shaven, and considering my surroundings and resemblance to John there was no danger of his recognizing me, especially as he and the Cuttynges had frequently met at dinners and receptions. Being with Léontine he did not bow.

Léontine had not seen us, and as she swung slowly in her chair to see who her neighbors were I turned as if to speak to John. There were a good many people looking, and I was not sure that the girl would be able to hide her feelings. You see, my play in getting myself collared to save the rest of the crowd had hit her pretty hard, especially as she knew that I would have pulled the job off all right except for her willfulness. As she saw it, she had cost me my liberty for life, so that when I tackled the *agent*, broken arm and all, and held him while the others got away in the car, she was horribly broken up. You see, we were already pretty well started on one of those swift, savage affairs that sometimes happen in the underworld, where people don't know at what moment they may find iron bars between them. Every day that I was in the Santé I had got a love message from her.

John was taking her in through his monocle.

"Gad, she is a beauty!" he whispered to me; then added: "What's the matter with her?"

I glanced carelessly about. Kharkoff and the girl had seated themselves. The Prince was staring around the house, but Léontine was straight in her chair, her face pale and her eyes fixed on the stage, while her bosom was heaving like that of a runner at the end of a race. Suddenly Kharkoff turned to say something and noticed the rigid expression of her face. His bushy brows came down and he leaned over so that his beard brushed her gleaming shoulder.

"*Qu'est-ce-que tu as—dis?*" I heard him ask.

Léontine pulled herself together and managed a smile.

"*Un vertige—ce n'est rien,*" she answered.

When I glanced at her again a few minutes later she was looking at the stage. Her cheeks were still pale, but there was a crimson spot in each. She felt my eyes on her and flashed me a quick look, which passed to Edith, then Miss Dalghren. I was watching her closely and saw her gaze fasten on both sets of pearls, and there was an unholy gleam in her tawny eyes. She took a deep breath, then turned to the Prince and whispered a few words.

John leaned over and said, with his lips so close to my ear that I caught the strong reek of liquor:

"Ain't she a wonder? All Paris is mad to find out who she really is—and what. Somebody asked Kharkoff about her at the Automobile Club the other night, just before they started to play. '*La femme du diable,*' he growled. That's the name she goes by now."

"She looks it," I whispered, wondering what he would say if he were to know that she was the woman who, a few weeks before, had shoved the gun into my hand while she hissed into my ear to shoot him dead.

Léontine was wearing a pale green chiffon gown and her black hair was drawn down under a gold band set with emeralds. Her neck and shoulders glowed like old ivory. Edith and Miss Dalghren were stealing sidelong glances at her. Then the girl turned to me and her blue eyes held a sort of inquiry, which made me wonder if she had noticed Léontine's expression when she first looked into our box.

Presently the curtain rose and the stage took everybody's attention—that is, everybody's but mine. I was doing some mighty hard thinking, you can bet.

Just before the curtain fell Léontine and Kharkoff left the box. Edith turned to me.

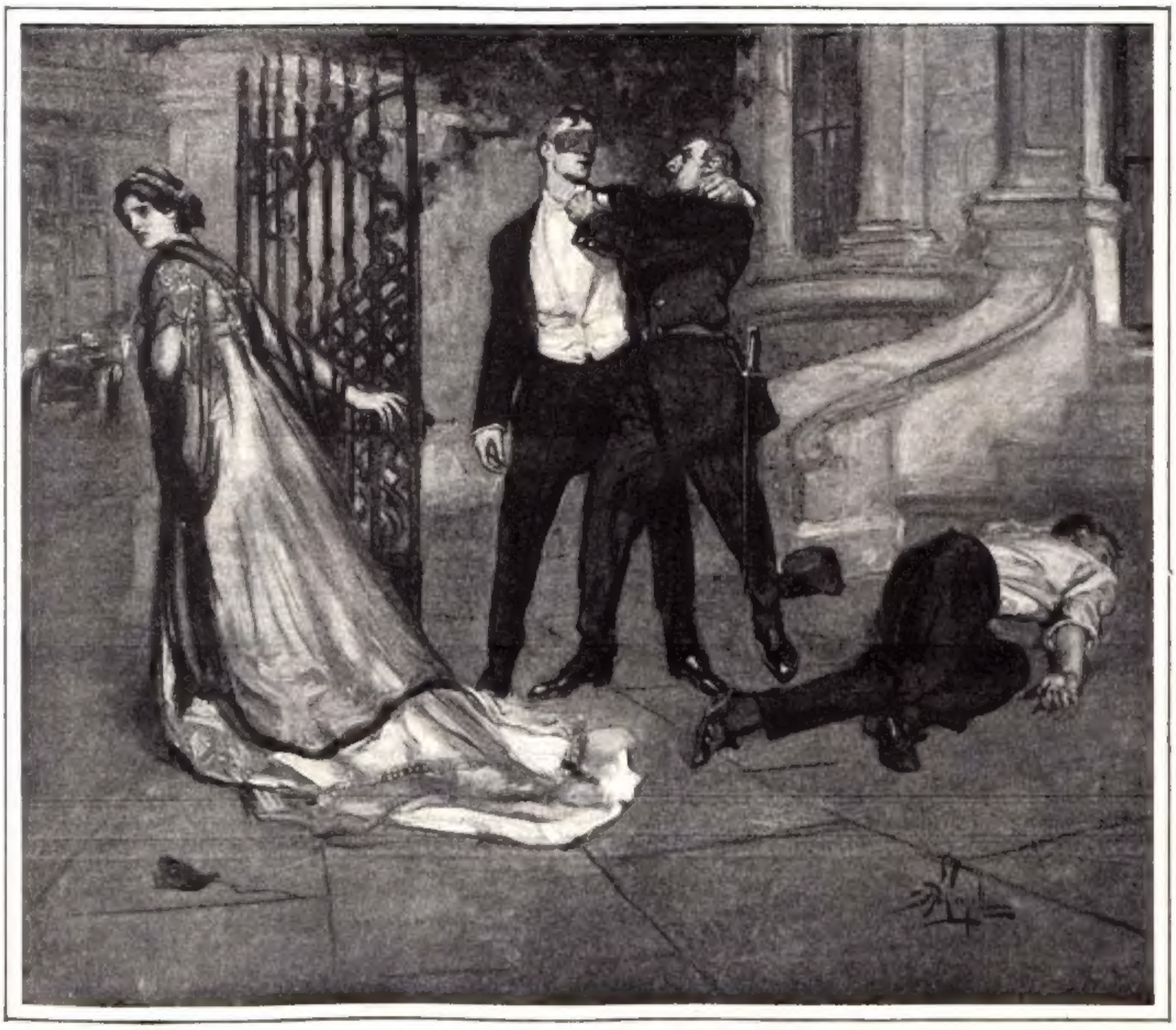
"Did you ever see so wonderful a creature?" she asked.

"Did you?" said Miss Dalghren.

"She's rather too exotic for my taste," I answered.

"Do you know who she is?" asked the girl.

"They call her 'the devil's wife,'" said John. "Let's go out and see if she's in the promenade."



I Would Have Got Away if I Hadn't Tackled the Agent to Save the Rest

So up we got and went out. As we left the box Kharkoff and Léontine passed, dressed for the street. I was talking to Miss Dalghren and Léontine's eyes avoided mine but rested for a moment intently on the girl. Miss Dalghren gave a little shiver.

"She's rather terrible, I think," said she. "Did you see the look she gave me? It was not agreeable. I wonder why?"

"Jealousy, perhaps," said John.

"Of what?" asked Miss Dalghren quickly.

"I fancy," said John, "that for all her dark beauty the Night is always a bit jealous of the Morning. Also, your pearls are finer than hers."

Miss Dalghren shrugged her handsome shoulders, but did not seem pleased. We started to walk through the press, talking of the music and the people, and presently returned to the box.

When the show was over and we went out into the crush a woman attendant brushed past me and slipped a piece of paper into my hand. I guessed what it was and shoved it into my pocket, fiercely angry for the second that Léontine should have taken a chance like that. But the attendant had glanced at the lapel of my coat, and I saw that Léontine had probably noticed John's decoration and told the woman to give the note to the one of us who did not wear the red ribbon. John had been decorated for some silly thing or other—assisting at the unveiling of a statue, I believe.

We went for supper, then home. As soon as I was alone in the pretty chintz bedroom where Edith had put me I took the note from my pocket and read:

How does it happen? *How, how, how?* Oh, my dear, are you your own man? Meet me in the rose garden at Bagatelle tomorrow morning at eleven. Don't dare to fail me. L.

Let me tell you, my friend, that I was not pleased with this note. Léontine was not for me. She belonged to the underworld—or at best, the halfworld; and I had put all thought of her away from me with the criminal life that I had passed my word to give up. Whether she was an *anarchiste*, a spy, or one of Ivan's organized mob, I did not know and had no wish to find out.

At first I thought that I would send her a line to say that my past and everything included in it was blotted out. Mind you, I had known Léontine for only about five hours, and then, except for the few minutes when we were in John's house, in the company of a gay crowd of high-rollin' thieves. So it seemed a little thick that she should bother me now when I had escaped a life sentence by a miracle—or, as Edith said, "the grace of God." I owed her nothing, but she owed me a lot; and I thought that the best way would be to write and claim that she pay me the debt by leaving me alone.

Thinking it over, however, I decided that this very payment was probably the only one that a woman like Léontine would refuse to meet, unless absolutely convinced that it was the only one that I would ever accept. Besides, I had a feeling that down underneath there was a lot of heart to Léontine, and a little good sense. So I decided to meet her and make things plain, when I thought that I could count on her to do her part and make no trouble.

When I came down the next morning I found John on the terrace, reading the papers over his coffee. He looked up with a nod and a smile.

We talked for a few minutes, then said John:

"Frank, do you know anything about motors?"

"Yes," I answered. "I've fooled around cars a good deal." I didn't add that I had once made a tour of New England in a motor car, working the different places we struck en route.

"Good," says he, then went on to tell me how for some time past he had been considering a new motor-car proposition. A few days before he came to see me in the Santé he had decided to take it up, backing it with quite a lot of capital. The concern had rented a place on the Avenue de la Grande Armée, but was at a standstill for lack of funds.

"You speak perfect French," says he, "and understand business methods over here. How would you like to take the managership of the Paris office?"

"That would suit me to the ground," I answered.

"Well, then," says he, "we'll go up there this afternoon and look things over. Have you anything to do before luncheon?"

(Continued on Page 40)

THE SENATE PRIMER

By

Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Long recognizing the want of a handy, compact volume that shall give in the simplest language the essential facts concerning the Senate of the United States, now so importantly before the people, I have prepared the Senate Primer, in which are set forth concisely and with scrupulous regard for truth those details concerning that institution needed for a proper understanding of the great debates now in progress, on which the fate of the nation and the prosperity of all Americans may be said to depend—that is, you may say it if you like. Others have.

I

WHAT is the Senate?

The greatest deliberative body in the world.

Who says so?

The Senate.

How many members has the Senate?

Ninety-two.

Are there any vacant chairs?

Yes; one chair is vacant and others might as well be.

When does the Senate meet?

It meets on Monday and adjourns until Thursday; and meets on Thursday and adjourns until Monday.

Why does it adjourn?

To give the Senators some much-needed rest.

Where does the Senate meet?

In a large, rectangular room in the Capitol at Washington, which has a green carpet and a stained-glass ceiling.

Are the acoustic properties good?

Excellent; every Senator can hear himself, which is all that is required so long as the franking privilege remains.

How is it ventilated?

Cold air is forced through apertures in the floor.

Where does the hot air come from?

The Senators.

Are there galleries in the Senate?

There are.

Who sits in them?

People who have nowhere else to go, excursionists and the wife and family of any Senator who is going to make a speech.

What is the press gallery?

It is a place resorted to by hireling assassins of character when the reporters write anything unpleasant about the Senators; and the workshop of those busy, honest and brilliant disseminators of the news when they write pleasant things about the Senate.

What is a committee?

A committee is a number of Senators named to take charge of certain divisions of proposed legislation—and to investigate and report thereon for the information and guidance of the Senate.

Are there many committees?

Enough so each Senator can have a chairmanship, which gives him an office and a clerk to write his letters.

How many methods of procedure has the Senate?

Two: public and private.

What is the public procedure?

About half of what appears in the Congressional Record.

What is the private procedure?

Executive sessions.

Are executive sessions private?

They are—until the reporters can talk with the Senators.

How are the sessions opened?

With prayer.

Do the Senators pray?

No; they hire an expert to do it for them.

II

WHAT is a Senator?

A Senator is a statesman and a patriot whose motives are constantly impugned and whose actions are generally misunderstood.

If that is the case why do not Senators resign?

Most of them do not want to hurt the feelings of the disbursing officer.

Then the Senate can no longer be called the Millionaires' Club?

Not since buying votes ceased to be the register of the will of the people and became a crime.

How many kinds of Senators are there?

Ninety-one at present.

How may they be classified?

Those who talk all the time, those who talk most of the time, those who talk part of the time, those who do not talk at all and those who whisper.

How many do not talk at all?

Two: Wetmore and Richardson.

Why do those Senators remain silent?

They are afraid some one might ask them a question.

Give an example of a Senator who talks all the time.

Heyburn, of Idaho.

What does he say?

Nothing.

Who whispers?

Senator Crane has the whispering privileges; but Senator Stone infringes on his right frequently.

What is a debate?

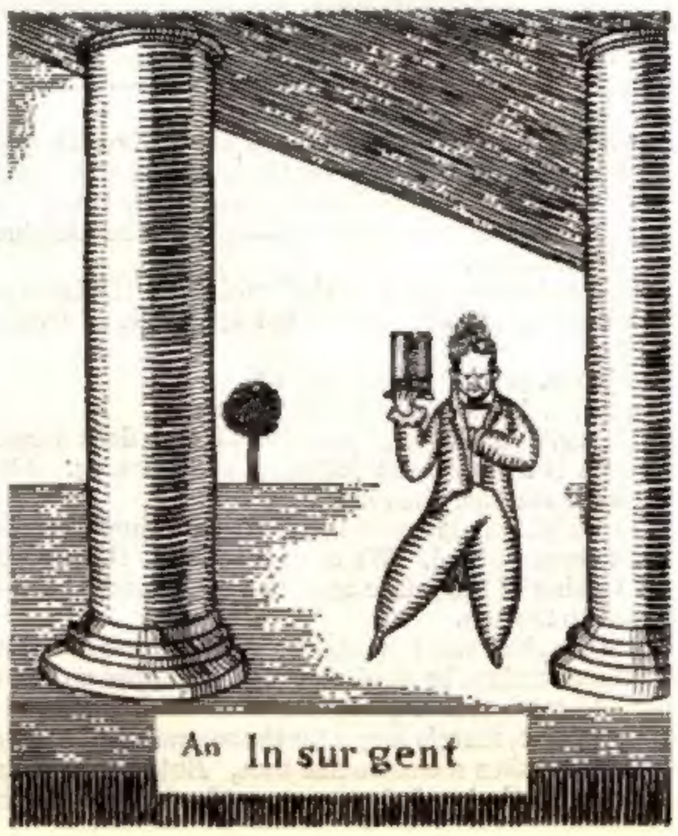
A debate is a collection of speeches to which nobody listens, delivered for printing in the Record so they may be franked back home to the Senator's constituents to show how thoroughly he understands public questions.

Does debate influence the votes of Senators?

Never; although the votes of Senators frequently influence debates.

What is a colloquy?

A colloquy is a series of questions and answers between Senators who haven't had time to prepare themselves and which are always revised and made grammatical before they are printed in the Record.



Are colloquies interesting?

Sometimes on the floor, but never in the Record.

How is the Senate governed?

By parliamentary law and the Senate rules of procedure.

What is parliamentary law?

The usage that compels a Senator to say another Senator is misinformed when he thinks the other is a liar.

What are the Senate rules of procedure?

Drastic and un-American regulations for thwarting the will of the people by oppressing the helpless minority if a minority Senator refers to them; and wise and beneficent provisions for the orderly accomplishment of business if talked of by a majority Senator.

What is the morning hour?

A little fiction of the Senate's which usually lasts thirty minutes and is used for presenting petitions and memorials from the people and introducing bills.

What becomes of petitions from the people?

They are received and filed.

By whom?

The janitor.

III

WHO presides over the Senate?

The Vice-President of the United States.

Where does he sit?

In the third box on the lefthand side at the ball game.

What else does he do?

He gets a bulletin every day concerning the health of the President.

What is the majority?

Ruthless oppressors of the rights of the people from a minority viewpoint; and exalted patriots, trusted with the destinies of the Republic, from a majority viewpoint.

Then what is a minority?

The only guardians the people have against the domination of the Senate by the interests, as the minority phrases it; or the weak and puny relics of a discredited political party, without influence, and wrong in every principle, as held by the majority.

Does the Senate represent the interests?

No; the interests represent the Senate.

What is the organization?

An institution to which every majority Senator must remain loyal if he wants any patronage.

Is it powerful?

Not so powerful as it was two years ago, when the offices had not all been distributed.

Who runs the Senate at the present time?

They haven't found out yet.

What is the underlying motive for the votes and speeches and actions of Senators?

Reëlection.

Is a Senator ever independent?

Yes; for a few months after he has begun to serve a new term of six years.

IV

WHAT is an Insurgent?

An Insurgent is a Senator who won't vote with the organization.

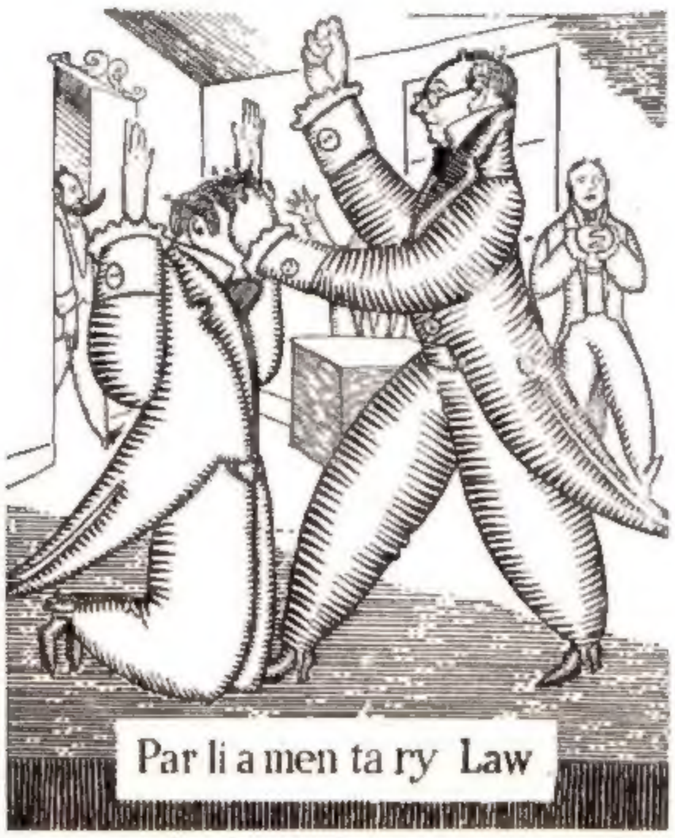
Why does a Senator become an Insurgent?

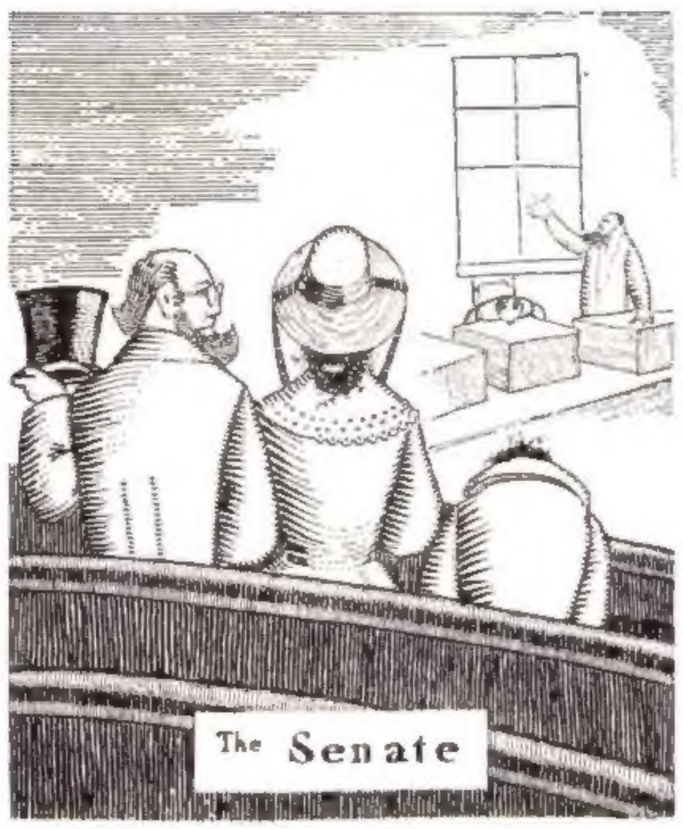
Because he can't get what he wants.

What is a demagogue?
Any Senator who opposes the wishes of the regulars.
What is a regular?
A Senator who votes the way he is told to vote.
What is a reactionary?
A Senator who has no trouble in getting his postmasters appointed.
What is a Progressive?
A Senator who commits the political crime of thinking for himself.
Is it right for a Senator to have personal ambitions?
Not unless he is a regular; if he is a Progressive and has personal ambitions he is a demagogue.
What is a caucus?
A gag.
What is the difference between a conference and a caucus?
In a conference you are consulted without being bound and in a caucus you are bound without being consulted.
What is a vote?
Something that is never taken until the leaders know how they stand.
What is senatorial courtesy?
A proposition that lets one Senator get through his little jobs if he will let other Senators get through their little jobs.
What is unanimous consent?
Senatorial courtesy.
What is clôture?
Something that would decrease the size of the Congressional Record.
What is the Old Guard?
Senators who haven't come up for reëlection yet.

V

WHAT is a White House Democrat?
A Democratic Senator who votes for Republican measures from broad and patriotic motives.
How does he explain his votes?
He doesn't have to; the list of appointments credited to him does the explaining.
What is a lame duck?
A member of a commission.
What is a commission?
An organization of indefinite duration that has a payroll.
Who appoints commissions?
The Senate, with the House concurring.
Who serves on them?
Ex-Senators, mostly.
What is whitewash?
The result of an investigation.
What are appropriations?
Money provided for improvements that will help Senators in their states.
What is an assault on the integrity of the Senate?
An attempt to pare down appropriations.
What is extravagance?
The minority view of appropriations.
Is this view permanent?
No; it changes when the political control of the Senate shifts.
What is the pork barrel?
A coarse newspaper term applied either to the Public Buildings or the Rivers and Harbors bill—or to both.
How are extra battleships secured in the Naval Appropriation bill?
By starting a Japanese war scare.
What is a pension?
Something needed to hold the old-soldier vote in line.

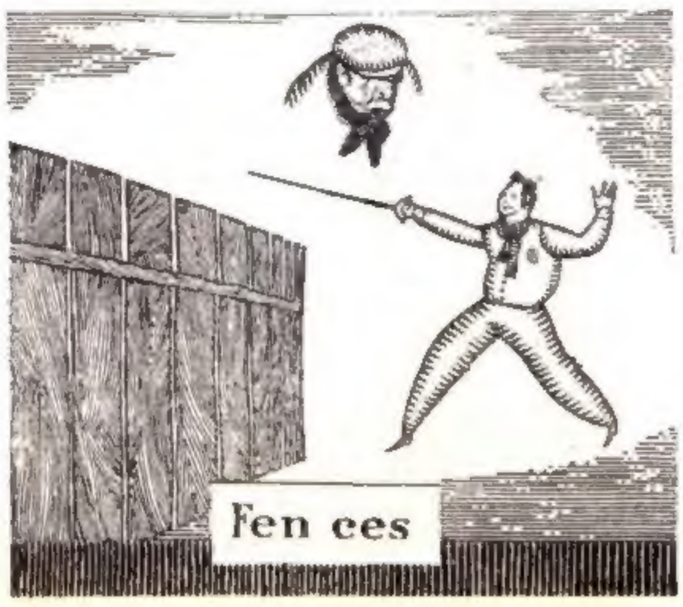




Does the Senate favor temperance?
Undoubtedly; it does not allow the sale of liquor in the Capitol or in buildings owned by the Government; and it helped abolish the army canteen.
Then it is impossible to get a drink in the Senate end of the Capitol?
It is if you do not know a Senator well enough to ask him for one from his private stock.

VI

WHAT is a policy?
A policy is something a few Senators decide on and tell the others to carry out.
Does the Senate do anything without regard to politics?
Yes; it puts the flag at half-mast when a Senator or a Representative dies.
What is the tariff?
The greatest boon the men who set the type for the Congressional Record ever had.
Who write the best tariff speeches?
The secretaries of the Senators.
Who reads them?
The proofreaders.
Why are tariff speeches delivered?
Nobody knows.
Has any tariff speech delivered in the Senate changed a vote?
Not since 1846.
But tariff votes in the Senate have been changed?
Yes.
What changed them if not arguments in speeches?
Inducements in whispers.
What is an infant industry?
Any corporation that will put up to help a Senator's reëlection.
What is the pauper labor of Europe?
Something that has been used for forty years to keep the American labor vote right.
Does Protection protect?
It protects the Republicans in the Senate—and some of the Democrats.
What is the difference between a Republican who believes in Protection and a Democrat who believes the tariff is a local issue?
There isn't any.
What is tariff for revenue?
Something that allows the Democrats to steer clear of free trade.



What is the senatorial opinion of free raw materials?
Every Senator thinks raw materials not produced in his own state should be free.
What is reciprocity?
A lovely theory every Senator is perfectly willing the neighboring states should try.
Has reciprocity any friends in the Senate?
No; but it has some supporters.
How does the Senate regard the President's reciprocity views?
It doesn't regard them; it disregards them.
When will the debate on reciprocity end in the Senate?
After a few weeks of hot weather.
What is Henry Cabot Lodge's position on reciprocity?
He stands between fish and duty to the Administration.
What is Senator Gallinger's position?
He favors the measure—they produce few fish in New Hampshire.
What is true tariff revision?
Taking care of the manufacturing friends of the organization.

VII

WHAT is a criminal trust?
Any corporation that will not come across for the organization.
What is a monopoly?
Any combination you are not in on.
Who will designate which corporations are reasonable and which unreasonable?
The treasurer of the Republican National Committee.
When is a corporation in restraint of trade?
When it shuts down on its campaign contributions.
What corporation is it perfectly safe for any Senator to attack?
The Standard Oil Company.
What is the most important work any Senator can do?
Look out for his fences.
What is a Constitutional amendment?
Something that puts off a reform several years.
What is the Constitution?
An interesting but somewhat archaic document which any Senator can discuss for hours and be perfectly sure there will be no political comeback from his state.

Costly Saving

TWO Japanese visitors to this country, men of high rank and speaking English very well, took a subway train at Twenty-third Street in New York to go down to the Brooklyn Bridge.

When the train reached Fourteenth Street they were herded out of the local they were on, shooed across the platform to an express that was waiting and that was crowded.

The hurrying New Yorkers stepped on the Japanese gentlemen's toes, banged down their hats and otherwise mussed them up. Presently the foreigners got out at the Bridge.

One of the Japanese, gasping from the crowding he had had, spoke to a guard.

"Will you please tell me," he asked, "what the object was in our getting off one train in this tube and getting on another, when both trains arrive at the same place?"

"Why, you got off a local and got on an express."

"But what was the object?" persisted the Japanese.

"Object?" snorted the guard. "My son, we saved three minutes."

"Ah, yes," said the Japanese. "Saved three minutes! And what were you going to do with the three minutes?"

TWO BUSINESS WOMEN

A Financial Fairy Story—By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

THEY engaged themselves to be married when they were so young they couldn't tell anybody about it for fear of being laughed at; and if I mentioned their years to you, you would laugh at me. They thought they were full-grown, but they weren't even that. When they were finally married they couldn't either of them have worn the clothes they got engaged in. The day they got engaged they wore suits made of white woolen blankets, white knitted toques and white knitted sashes. It was because they were dressed exactly alike that they first got excited about each other. And Cynthia said: "You look just like a snowman." And G. G.—which was his strange name—said: "You look just like a snowbird."

G. G. was in Saranac for his health. Cynthia had come up for the holidays to skate and to skee and to coast, and to get herself engaged before she was full-grown to a boy who was so delicate that climate was more important for him than education. They met first at the rink. And it developed that if you crossed hands with G. G. and skated with him you skated almost as well as he did. He could teach a girl to waltz in five minutes; and he had a radiant laugh that almost moved you to tears when you went to bed at night and got thinking about it. Cynthia had never seen a boy with such a beautiful round head and such beautiful white teeth and such bright red cheeks. She always said that she loved him long before he loved her. As a matter of fact, it happened to them both right away. As one baby, unabashed and determined, embraces a strange baby—and is embraced—so, from their first meeting in the great cold stillness of the North Woods, their young hearts snuggled together.

G. G. was different from other boys. To begin with, he had been born at sea. Then he had lived abroad and learned the greatest quantity of foreign languages and songs. Then he had tried a New England boarding school and had been hurt playing games he was too frail to play. And doctors had stethoscoped him and shaken their heads over him. And after that there was much naming of names that, instead of frightening him, were magic to his ear—Arizona, California, Saranac, but, because G. G.'s father was a professional man and perfectly square and honest, there wasn't enough money to send G. G. far from New York and keep him there and visit him every now and then. So Saranac was the place chosen for him to get well in; and it seemed a little hard, because there was almost as much love of sunshine and warmth and flowers and music in G. G. as there was patience and courage.

The day they went skeeing together—which was the day after they had skated together—he told Cynthia all about himself, very simply and naturally, as a gentleman farmer should say: "This is the dairy; this is the blacksmith shop; this is the chicken run." And the next day, very early, when they stood kneedeep in snow, armed with shotguns and waiting for some dogs that thought they were hounds to drive rabbits for them to shoot at, he told her that nothing mattered so long as you were happy and knew that you were happy, because when these two stars came into conjunction you were bound to get well.

A rabbit passed. And G. G. laid his mitten upon his lips and shook his head; and he whispered:

"I wouldn't shoot one for anything in the world!"

And she said: "Neither would I."

Then she said: "If you don't shoot why did you come?"

"Oh, Miss Snowbird," he said, "don't I look why I came? Do I have to say it?"

He looked and she looked. And their feet were getting colder every moment and their hearts warmer. Then G. G. laughed aloud—bright, sudden music in the forest. Snow, balanced to the fineness of a hair, fell from the bowed limbs of trees. Then there was such stillness as may be in Paradise when souls go up to the throne to be forgiven. Then, far off, one dog that thought he was a hound began to yap and thought he was belling; but still G. G. looked into the snowbird's eyes and she into his, deeper and deeper, until neither had any secret of soul from the other. So, upon an altar cloth, two wax candles burn side by side, with clear, pure light.

Cynthia had been well brought up, but she came of rich, impatient stock, and never until the present moment had she thought very seriously about God. Now, however, when she saw the tenderness there was in G. G.'s eyes and the smile of serene joyousness that was upon his lips, she remembered the saying that God has made man—and boys—in His image—and understood what it meant.

She said: "I know why you think you've come."

"Think?" he said—"Think!"

And then the middle ends of his eyebrows rose—all tender and quizzical; and with one mitten he clutched at his breast—just over his heart. And he said:

"If only I could get it out I would give it to you!"

Cynthia, too, began to look melting tender and wondrous quizzical; and she bent her right arm forward and plucked at its sleeve as if she were looking for something. Then, in a voice of dismay:

"Only three days ago it was still there," she said; "and now it's gone—I've lost it."

"Oh!" said G. G. "You don't suspect me of having purloined ——" His voice broke.

"We're only kids," said Cynthia.

"Yes," said he; "but you're the dearest kid!"

"Since you've taken my heart," said she, "you'll not want to give it back, will you? I think that would break it."

"I oughtn't to have taken it!" said G. G.

And then on his face she saw the first shadow that ever he had let her see of doubt and of misgiving.

"Listen!" he said. "My darling! I think that I shall get well. . . . I think that, once I am well, I shall be able to work very hard. I have nothing. I love you so that I think even angels don't want to do right more than I do. Is that anything to offer? Not very much."

"Nobody in all the world," said she, "will ever have the chance to offer me anything else—just because I'm a kid doesn't mean that I don't know the look of forever when I see it."

"Is it really forever?" he said. "For you too?"

"For me—surely!"

"Ah," said he, "what shall I think of to promise you?"

His face was a flash of ecstasy.

"You don't even have to promise that you will get well," she said. "I know you will try your hardest. No matter what happens—we're final—and I shall stick to you always; and nothing shall take you from me, and nobody. . . . When I am of age I will tell my papa about us and then we shall be married to each other! And meanwhile you shall write to me every day and I shall write to you three times every day!" Her breath came like white smoke between her parted lips and she stood valiant and sturdy in the snow—a strong, resolute girl, built like a boy—clean-cut, crystal-pure and steel-true. A shot sounded and there came to them presently the pungent, acid smell of burnt powder.

"And we shall never hurt things or kill them," said G. G. "And every day when I've been good I shall kiss your feet and your hands."

"What Does It Matter? Nobody's Going to Eat Me"

"And when I've been good," she said, "you'll smile at me the way you're smiling now—and it won't be necessary to die and go to Heaven to see what the gentlemen angels look like."

"But," cried G. G., "whoever heard of going to Heaven? It comes to people. It's here."

"And for us," she said, "it's come to stay."

All the young people came to the station to see Cynthia off and G. G. had to content himself with looking things at her. And then he went back to his room and undressed and went to bed. Because for a week he had done all sorts of things that he shouldn't have done, just to be with Cynthia—all the last day he had had fever and it had been very hard for him to look like a joyous boy angel—he knew by experience that he was in for a "time." It is better that we leave him behind closed doors with his doctors and his temperature. We may knock every morning and ask how he is, and we shall be told that he is no better. He was even delirious at times. And it is only worth while going into this setback of G. G.'s because there are miracles connected with it—his daily letter to Cynthia.

Each day she had his letter—joyous, loving, clearly writ and full of flights into silver-lined clouds and the plannings of Spanish castles. Each day G. G. wrote his letter and each day he descended a little farther into the Valley of the Shadow, until at last he came to Death Gate—and then rested, a voyager undecided whether to go on or to go back. Who may know what it cost him to write his letter, sitting there at the roadside!

His mother was with him. It was she who took the letter from his hands when he sank back into his pillows; and they thought for a little that he had gone from that place—for good and all. It was she who put it into the envelope and who carried it with her own hands to the post-office. Because G. G. had said: "To get there, it must go by the night's mail, Mumsey."

G. G.'s mother didn't read the letter; but you may be sure she noted down the name and address in her heart of hearts, and that for the girl who seemed to mean so much to G. G. she developed upon the spot a heavenly tenderness, mixed with a heavenly jealousy.

G. G.'s Mother Was at Home

II

ONE day there came to G. G., in convalescence—it was after his mother had gone back to New York—a great, thick package containing photographs and a letter. I think the letter contained rouge—because it made G. G.'s cheeks so red.

Cynthia had collected all the pictures she could find of herself in her father's house and sent them to G. G. There were pictures of her in the longest baby clothes and in the shortest. There were pictures posed for occasions, pictures in fancy clothes and a quart of kodaks. He had her there on his knees—riding, driving, diving, skating, walking, sitting on steps, playing with dogs, laughing, looking sad, talking, dimpling, smiling. There were pictures that looked right at G. G., no matter at what angle he held them. There were pictures so delicious of her that he laughed aloud for delight.

All the stages of her life passed before his eyes—over and over—all day long; and, instead of growing more and more tired, he grew more and more refreshed. He made up his spotless mind to be worthy of her and to make, for her to bear, a name of which nobody should be able to say anything unkind.

If G. G. had had very little education he had made great friends with some of the friendliest and most valuable books that had ever been written. And he made up his mind, lying at full length—the livelong day—in the bright, cold air—his mittened hands plunged into deep pockets full of photographs—that, for her sake and to hasten that time when they might always be together, he would learn to write books, taking infinite pains. And he determined that these books should be as sweet and clean and honorable as he could make them. You see, G. G. had been under the weather so much and had suffered so much all alone by himself, with nobody to talk to, that his head was already full of stories about make-believe places and people that were just dying to get themselves written. So many things that are dead to most people had always been alive to him—leaves, flowers, fairies. He had always been a busy maker of verses, which was because melody, rhythm and harmony had always been delicious to his ear. And he had had, as a little boy, a soprano voice that was as true as truth and almost as agile as a canary bird's.

He decided, then, very deliberately—lying upon his back and healing that traitor lung of his—to be a writer. He didn't so decide entirely because that was what he had always wanted to be, but for many reasons. First place, he could say things to her through prose and verse that could not be expressed in sculpture, music, painting, groceries or drygoods. Second place, where she was, there his heart was sure to be; and where the heart is, there the best work is done. And, third place, he knew that the chances were against his ever living in dusty cities or in the places of business thereof.

"I am so young," he wrote to her, "that I can begin at the beginning and learn to be anything—in time to be it! And so every morning now you shall think of G. G. out with his butterfly net, running after winged words. That's nonsense. I've a little pad and a big pencil, and a hot potato in my pocket for to warm the numb fingers at. And father's got an old typewriter in his office that's to be put in order for me; and nights I shall drum upon it and print off what was written down in the morning, and study to see why it's all wrong. I think I'll never write anything but tales about people that love each other. 'Cause a fellow wants to stick to what he knows about. . . ."

Though G. G. was not to see Cynthia again for a whole year he didn't find any trouble in loving her a little more every day. To his mind's eye she was almost as vivid as if she had been standing right there in front of him. And as for her voice, that dwelt ever in his ear, like those lovely airs which, once heard, are only put aside with death. You may have heard your grandmother lilting to herself, over her mending, some song of men and maidens and violets that she had listened to in her girlhood and could never forget.

And then, of course, everything that G. G. did was a reminder of Cynthia. With the help of one of Doctor Trudeau's assistants, who came every day to see how he was getting on, he succeeded in understanding very well what was the matter with him and under just what conditions a consumptive lung heals and becomes whole. To live according to the letter and spirit of the doctor's advice became almost a religion with him.

For six hours of every day he sat on the porch of the house where he had rooms, writing on his little pad and making friends with the keen, clean, healing air. Every night the windows of his bedroom stood wide open, so that in the morning the water in his pitcher was a solid block. And he ate just the things he was told to—and willed himself to like milk and sugar, and snow and cold, and short days!

In his writing he began to see progress. He was like a musical person beginning to learn an instrument; for, just as surely as there are scales to be run upon the piano before your virtuoso can weave music, binding the gallery gods with delicious meshes of sound, so in prose writing there must be scales run, fingerings worked out and harmonies mastered. For in a page of *il bello stile* you will find trills and arpeggios, turns, grace notes, a main theme, a sub theme, thorough-bass, counterpoint and form.

Music is an easier art than prose, however. It comes to men as a more direct and concrete gift of those gods who delight in sound and the coördination of parts. The harmonies are more quickly grasped by the well-tuned ear. We can imagine the boy Mozart discoursing lovely music at the age of five; but we cannot imagine any one of such tender years compiling even a fifth-rate paragraph of prose.

Those men who have mastered *il bello stile* in music can tell us pretty clearly how the thing is done. There be rules. But your prose masters either cannot formulate what they have learned—or will not.

G. G. was very patient; and there were times when the putting together of words was fascinating, like the putting together of those picture puzzles which were such a fad the other day. And such reading as he did was all in one book—the dictionary. For hours, guided by his nice ear for sound, he applied himself to learning the derivatives and exact meanings of new words—or he looked up old words and found that they were new.

As for his actual compositions, he had only the ambition to make them as workmanlike as he could. He made little landscapes; he drew little interiors. He tried to get people up and down stairs in the fewest words that could make the picture. And when he thought that he had scored a little success he would count the number of words he had used and determine to achieve the same effect with the use of only half that number.

Well, G. G.'s lung healed again; and this time he was very careful not to overdo. He had gained nine pounds, he wrote to Cynthia—"saved them" was the way he put it; and he was determined that this new tissue, worth more than its weight in gold, should go to bank and earn interest for him—and compound interest.

"Shall I get well?" he asked that great dreamer who dreamed that there was hope for people who had never hoped before—and who has lived to see his dream come true; and the great dreamer smiled and said:

"G. G., if growing boys are good boys and do what they are told, and have any luck at all—they always get well!"

Then G. G. blushed.

"And when I am well can I live where I please—and—and get married—and all that sort of thing?"

"You can live where you please, marry and have children; and if you aren't a good husband and a good father I dare say you'll live to be hanged at ninety. But if I were you, G. G., I'd stick by the Adirondacks until you're old enough to—know better."

And G. G. went back to his rooms in great glee and typewrote a story that he had finished as well as he could, and sent it to a magazine. And six days later it came back to him, with a little note from the editor, who said:

"There's nothing wrong with your story except youth. If you say so we'll print it. We like it. But, personally and believing that I have your best interests at heart, I advise you to wait, to throw this story into your scrapbasket, and to study and to labor until your mind and your talent are mature. For the rest, I think you are going to do some fine things. This present story isn't that—it's not fine. At the same time, it is so very good in some ways that we are willing to leave its publication or its destruction to your discretion."

G. G. threw his story into the scrapbasket and went to bed with a brand-new notion of editors.

"Why," said he to the cold darkness—and his voice was full of awe and astonishment—"they're—alive!"

III

CYNTHIA couldn't get at G. G. and she made up her mind that she must get at something that belonged to him—or die. She had his letter, of course, and his kodaks; and these spoke the most eloquent language to her—no matter what they said or how they looked—but she wanted somehow or other to worm herself deeper into G. G.'s life. To find somebody, for instance, who knew all about him and would enjoy talking about him by the hour. Now there are never but two people who enjoy sitting by the hour and saying nice things about any man—and these, of course, are the woman who bore him and the woman who loves him. Fathers like their sons well enough—sometimes—and will sometimes talk about them and praise them; but not always. So it seemed to Cynthia that the one and only thing worth doing, under the circumstances, was to make friends with G. G.'s mother. To that end, Cynthia donned a warm coat of pony skin and drove in a taxicab to G. G.'s mother's address, which she had long since looked up in the telephone book.

"If she isn't alone," said Cynthia, "I shan't know what to say or what to do."

And she hesitated, with her thumb hovering about the front-door bell—as a hummingbird hovers at a flower.

Then she said: "What does it matter? Nobody's going to eat me." And she rang the bell.

G. G.'s mother was at home. She was alone. She was sitting in G. G.'s father's library, where she always did sit when she was alone. It was where she kept most of her pictures of G. G.'s father and of G. G., though she had others in her bedroom; and in her dressing room she had a dapple-gray horse of wood that G. G. had galloped about on when he was little. She had a sweet face, full of courage and affection. And everything in her house was fresh and pretty, though there wasn't anything that could have cost very much. G. G.'s father was a lawyer. He was more interested in leaving a stainless name behind him than a pot of money. And, somehow, fruit doesn't tumble off your neighbor's tree and fall into your own lap—unless you climb the tree when nobody is looking and give the tree a sound shaking. I might have said of G. G., in the very beginning, that he was born of poor *and* honest parents. It would have saved all this explanation.

G. G.'s mother didn't make things hard for Cynthia. One glance was enough to tell her that dropping into the little library out of the blue sky was not a pretty girl but a blessed angel—not a rich man's daughter but a treasure. It wasn't enough to give one hand to such a maiden. G. G.'s mother gave her two. But she didn't kiss her. She felt things too deeply to kiss easily.

"I've come to talk about G. G.," said Cynthia. "I couldn't help it. I think he's the dearest boy!"

She finished quite breathless—and if there had been any jacqueminot roses present they might have hung their lovely heads in shame and left the room.

"G. G. has shown me pictures of you," said his mother. "And once, when we thought we were going to lose him, he used his last strength to write to you. I mailed the letter. That is a long time ago. Nearly two years."

"And I didn't know that he'd been ill in all that time," said Cynthia; "he never told me."

"He would have cut off his hand sooner than make you anxious. That was why he would write his daily letter to you. That one must have been almost as hard to write as cutting off a hand."

She Discovered That Her Available Munition of War Was Something Less Than Five Hundred Dollars—Most of it Owed to Her Dressmaker

"He writes to me every day," said Cynthia, "and I write to him; but I haven't seen him for a year and I don't feel as if I could stand it much longer. When he gets well we're going to be married. And if he doesn't get well pretty soon we're going to be married anyway."

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed G. G.'s mother. "You know that wouldn't be right!"

"I don't know," said Cynthia; "and if anybody thinks I'm going to be tricked out of the man I love by a lot of silly little germs they are very much mistaken!"

"But, my dear," said G. G.'s mother, "G. G. can't support a wife—not for a long time anyway. We have nothing to give him. And, of course, he can't work now—and perhaps can't for years."

"I, too," said Cynthia—with proper pride—"have parents. Mine are rolling in money. Whenever I ask them for anything they always give it to me without question."

"You have never asked them," said G. G.'s mother, "for a sick, penniless boy."

"But I shall," said Cynthia, "the moment G. G.'s well—and maybe sooner."

There was a little silence.

Then G. G.'s mother leaned forward and took both of Cynthia's hands in hers.

"I don't wonder at him," she said—"I don't. I was ever so jealous of you, but I'm not any more. I think you're the dearest girl!"

"Oh!" cried Cynthia. "I am so glad! But will G. G.'s father like me too?"

"He has never yet failed," said G. G.'s mother, "to like with his whole heart anything that was stainless and beautiful."

"Is he like G. G.?"

"He has the same beautiful round head, but he has a rugged look that G. G. will never have. He has a lion look. He might have been a terrible tyrant if he hadn't happened, instead, to be a saint."

And she showed Cynthia, side by side, pictures of the father and the boy.

"They have such valiant eyes!" said Cynthia.

"There is nothing base in my young men," said G. G.'s mother.

Then the two women got right down to business and began an interminable conversation of praise. And sometimes G. G.'s mother's eyes cried a little while the rest of her face smiled and she prattled like a brook. And the meeting ended with a great hug, in which G. G.'s mother's tiny feet almost parted company with the floor.

And it was arranged that they two should fly up to Saranac and be with G. G. for a day.

IV

IT WASN'T from shame that G. G. signed another name than his own to the stories that he was making at the rate of one every two months. He judged calmly and dispassionately that they were "going to be pretty good some day," and that it would never be necessary for him to live in a city. He signed his stories with an assumed name because he was full of dramatic instinct. He wanted to be able—just the minute he was well—to say to Cynthia:

"Let us be married!" Then she was to say: "Of course, G. G.; but what are we going to live on?" And G. G. was going to say: "Ever hear of so-and-so?"

CYNTHIA: Goodness gracious! Sakes alive! Yes; I should think I did! And, except for you, darlingest G. G., I think he's the very greatest man in all the world!

G. G.: Goosey-Gander, know that he and I are one and the same person—and that we've saved seventeen hundred dollars to get married on!

(Tableau not to be seen by the audience.)

So far as keeping Cynthia and his father and mother in ignorance of the fledgling wings he was beginning to flap, G. G. succeeded admirably; but it might have been better to have told them all in the beginning.

Now G. G's seventeen hundred dollars was a huge myth. He was writing short stories at the rate of six a year and he had picked out to do business with one of the most dignified magazines in the world. Dignified people do not squander money. The magazine in question paid G. G. from sixty to seventy dollars apiece for his stories and was much too dignified to inform him that plenty of other magazines—very frivolous and not in the least dignified—would have been ashamed to pay so little for anything but the poems, which all magazines use to fill up blank spaces. So, even in his own ambitious and courageous mind, a "married living" seemed a very long way off.

He refused to be discouraged, however. His health was too good for that. The doctor pointed to him with pride as a patient who followed instructions to the letter and was not going to die of the disease which had brought him to Saranac. And they wrote to G. G.'s father—who was finding life very expensive—that, if he could keep G. G. at Saranac, or almost anywhere out of New York, for another year or two, they guaranteed—as much as human doctors can—that G. G. would then be as sound as a bell and fit to live anywhere.

This pronouncement was altogether too much of a good thing for Fate. As G. G.'s father walked uptown from his office, Fate raised a dust in his face which, in addition to the usual ingredients of city dust, contained at least one thoroughly compatible pair of pneumonia germs. These went for their honeymoon on a pleasant, warm journey up G. G.'s father's left nostril and went to housekeeping in his lungs. In a few hours they raised a family of several hundred thousand bouncing baby germs; and these grew up in a few minutes and began to set up establishments of their own right and left.

G. G.'s father admitted that he had a "heavy cold on the chest." It was such a heavy cold that he became delirious, and doctors came and sent for nurses; and there was laid in the home of G. G.'s father the cornerstone of a large edifice of financial disaster.

He had never had a partner. His practice came to a dead halt. The doctors whom G. G.'s mother called in were, of course, the best she had ever heard of. They would have been leaders of society if their persons had been as fashionable as their prices. The corner drugstore made its modest little profit of three or four hundred per cent on the drugs which were telephoned for daily. The day nurse rolled up twenty-five dollars a week and the night nurse thirty-five. The servant's wages continued as usual. The price of beef, eggs, vegetables, etc., rose. The interest on the mortgage fell due. And it is a wonder, considering how much he worried, that G. G.'s father ever lived to face his obligations.

Cynthia, meanwhile, having heard that G. G. was surely going to get well, was so happy that she couldn't contain the news. And she proceeded to divulge it to her father.

"Papa," she said, "I think I ought to tell you that years ago, at Saranac—that Christmas when I went up with the Andersons—I met the man that I am going to marry. He was a boy then; but now we're both grown up and we feel just the same about each other."

And she told her father G. G.'s name and that he had been very delicate, but that he was surely going to get well. Cynthia's father, who had always given her everything she asked for until now, was not at all enthusiastic.

"I can t prevent your marrying any one you determine to marry, Cynthia," he said. "Can this young man support a wife?"

"How could he!" she exclaimed—"living at Saranac and not being able to work, and not having any money to begin with! But surely, if the way we live is any criterion, you could spare us some money—couldn't you?"

"You wish me to say that I will support a delicate son-in-law whom I have never seen? Consult your intelligence, Cynthia."

"I have my allowance," she said, her lips curling.

"Yes," said her father, "while you live at home and do as you're told."

"Now, papa, don't tell me that you're going to behave like a lugubrious parent in a novel! Don't tell me that you are going to cut me off with a shilling!"

"I shan't do that," he said gravely; "it will be without a shilling." But he tempered this savage statement with a faint smile.

"Papa, dear, is this quite definite? Are you talking in your right mind and do you really mean what you say?"

"Suppose you talk the matter over with your mother—she's always indulged you in every way. See what she says."

It developed that neither of Cynthia's parents was enthusiastic at the prospect of her marrying a nameless young man—she had told them his name, but that was all she got for her pains—who hadn't a penny and who had had consumption, and might or might not be sound again Personally they did not believe that consumption can be cured. It can be arrested for a time, they admitted, but it always comes back. Cynthia's mother even made a physiological attack on Cynthia's understanding, with the result that Cynthia turned indignantly pink and left the room, saying:

"If the doctor thinks it's perfectly right and proper for us to marry I don't see the least point in listening to the opinions of excited and prejudiced amateurs."

The ultimatum that she had from her parents was distinct, final and painful.

"Marry him if you like. We will neither forgive you nor support you."

They were perfectly calm with her—cool, affectionate, sensible and worldly, as it is right and proper for parents to be. She told them they were wrong-headed, old-fashioned and unintelligent; but, as long as they hadn't made scenes and talked loud she found that she couldn't help loving them almost as much as she always had; but she loved G. G. very much more. And having definitely decided to defy her family, to marry G. G. and live happily ever afterward, she consulted her checkbook and discovered that her available munition of war was something less than five hundred dollars—most of it owed to her dressmaker.

"Well, well!" she said; "she's always had plenty of money from me; she can afford to wait."

And Cynthia wrote to her dressmaker, who was also her friend:

My dear Celeste: I have decided that you will have to afford to wait for your money. I have an enterprise in view which calls for all the available capital I have. Please write me a nice note and say that you don't mind a bit. Otherwise we shall stop being friends and I shall always get my clothes from somebody else. Let me even know when the new models come. . . .

V

ON HER way downtown Cynthia stopped to see G. G.'s mother and found the whole household in the throes occasioned by its head's pneumonia.

"Why haven't you let me know?" exclaimed Cynthia. "There must be so many little things that I could have done to help you."

Though the sick man couldn't have heard them if they had shouted, the two women talked in whispers, with their heads very close together.

"He's better," said G. G.'s mother, "but yesterday they wanted me to send for G. G. 'No,' I said. 'You may have given him up, but I haven't. If I send for my boy it would look as if I had surrendered.' And almost at once, if you'll believe it, he seemed to shake off something that was trying to strangle him and took a turn for the better; and now they say that, barring some long names, he will get well. . . . It does look, my dear, as if death had seen that there was no use facing a thoroughly determined woman."

(Continued on Page 48)

Writing on His Little Pad and Making Friends With the Keen, Clean, Healing Air

IS RESTING RUSTING?

By BAILEY MILLARD

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

They Will Not Only Find a Reason for Living But They Will Live

IN THE life of nearly every business and professional man there comes a time when he says to himself: "When I am worth such and such a sum of money, or when I reach such and such an age, I'm going to slip off my harness, take my ease and let the other fellows do the work and the worrying." Often the age of self-retirement is fixed at fifty years, sometimes at sixty and in rare cases at seventy, while the competence to be acquired as the result of the man's cycle of activities varies according to the kind of work he is doing and his idea of what constitutes a sufficient sum of wealth.

On arriving at the age of fifty, the man who has promised himself that he will then retire is very likely to say: "Well, I'm in pretty good health and there's no reason in the world why I shouldn't keep in the game and make a little more money." And so he remains in harness. Still a great many do retire every year, though the self-fixed age limit seems to be advancing rather than decreasing.

Half a century ago it was a common thing to see merchants cease active business at fifty or fifty-five; but in these hustling times such men often take it out in thinking they are going to retire and then keep on in the same old grind at the same old stand. Now this should be taken as one of the most favorable signs of human progress; but it is not always so considered. The student, the poet and the philosopher insist upon it that a man, in the Stevensonian phrase, should not permit himself to keep on "moiling in the money mill"; that he should relax and give himself over to the contemplation of the beauties of Nature and of art. Let us see what happens in the case of the average man who stops moiling and goes to contemplating.

The Man Who Rested Himself to Death

HALF the people of northern New Jersey know the real name of the estimable citizen whose example I am going to cite; but let us call him Wilkers, which is near enough. Wilkers, who like many other men knew nothing but business, was one of the largest owners of real estate in Hudson County. When New York's population began to slop over upon the west side of North River a few acres of land that Wilkers owned along the lower Palisades doubled, trebled and then quadrupled in value. He sold this land and bought more right alongside of it. To divide into town lots and to sell off this property, and buy more and sell that, and occasionally to build a store or a dwelling which was also placed on the market, occupied the busy Wilkers for over thirty years, during which time his fortune kept piling up; but he had no serious intention of buying and selling the whole of Hudson County.

"I'm no hog," he assured his friends. "When I get a million dollars in money and bonds I'm going to retire and have a good time."

Now the real-estate game in the neighborhood of New York is a mighty brisk game in good times; and while Wilkers remained in it no man was more full of the zest of life. He slept little, he ate hurriedly and he was on the go from morning till night. He was a locomotive in trousers, and his fires were never drawn. His gait was that of a commuter making for the train; his face was florid and firm, and he had an eye at which you could have lighted your cigar. When at last his million was actually in hand, with thirty or forty thousand thrown in for good measure, he gave up business entirely at the age of fifty-two and retired to his estate near Tuxedo and settled down to enjoy the results of his labor. What happened? Well, he doddered around his grounds, telling his gardeners to do this and that, played a little golf, took a ride of an afternoon in his auto, smoked eight or ten cigars a day, sat a long time at his meals, had a nap every afternoon, idled about on the veranda in good weather, looked over at the trees and hedges—and was perfectly miserable.

"I saw him two years after he went out of business," said a friend of mine. "His face was flabby, his eye was dull, he had a listless air and he walked like a man of seventy-five. I told him I was sorry he had been ill.

"'I haven't been ill,' he declared resentfully. 'Never was ill a day in my life. All that's the matter with me is that I don't know what to do with myself. I tried traveling, but that was no good; I tried books, but I found I wasn't strong for them. Golf bores me, because the men I play with are younger and always beat me. Autoing is an old story. And, anyway, my doctor tells me I'll have to walk; but walking is the stupidest exercise in the world.'

"'Why don't you go back to work?' I asked.

"'What's the use?' he replied wearily. 'Nothing to it! I've got all I and my family want. I have protection against old age. Nothing can happen to me. I ought to be happy, but I'm not. Perhaps I'll get used to loafing and like it after all. That's about my only hope.'"

It was a very slim hope, however. He died of dry rot—the doctors called it heart failure—within six months.

Now the chief thing that ailed Wilkers is what ails thousands of other business men. They don't know anything but business. Worst of all, they don't know how to play. Unless one knows how to play or unless one knows how to keep his mental faculties alert, he had far better remain at work.

Any one who makes a study of this subject cannot fail to note the fact that the most successful business men are those least fitted to retire. That is one reason why the Sages, the Harrimans and the Goulds never let go until death seizes them.

Jay Gould! Why, he simply couldn't retire. He was caught in the whirlpool of his own activities and centered there, unable to swim out. There is no more pitiable figure in the history of finance than that of this man, rising at night, unable to sleep, and walking up and down the street in front of his big, gloomy Fifth Avenue residence, trying desperately to ease his mind by locomotion—and yet, in spite of himself, plotting, plotting, plotting.

I cite Gould's case at the risk of spoiling my story, which is to be an attempt to answer in the affirmative the question, "Is Resting Rusting?" I cite it so as to reply in advance to those who are fond of urging the overwork theory of early decline among men of business—those who declare that the "sword outwears the scabbard." Yes, the sword does outwear the scabbard. It did in Gould's case; for he died at fifty-six, an age when most of the big representative business men of this country are just getting their second wind. In the cases of the great majority of such men, however, the scabbard—which I take to be the body, while the sword is the spirit—is a long time wearing out. Surely it is safe to say that more rich men are killed by underwork than by overwork, and that the case of Gould is merely that of the oft-quoted exception which proves the oft-quoted rule.

Is this an unsupportable argument? Well, let's see. Suppose we look at the question "Is Resting Rusting?" from a life-insurance point of view. I asked the actuary of one of the biggest life-insurance companies of New York if he considered a man of sixty who had retired from business as good a risk as a man of the same age who kept at his accustomed work.

"By no means," was the prompt reply. "We don't keep any statistics covering that point, but an experience of forty years in the insurance game has proved to me conclusively that where a man in active business life suddenly drops out of it, even in good health, he is far more likely to die within the next five or ten years than the man that keeps on with his work, even though not very well in body. The only exceptions are these: the man who has a student mind and goes in for intellectual pursuits; and the man who has one or more hobbies to which he gives free play."

We get a little closer view of this matter if we look at it through the eye of the chief medical examiner of another life-insurance company. This official pointed out to me the undeniable though much overlooked fact that such introspection and such careful regard for one's physical symptoms as the average idle man of fifty or sixty is prone to are among the worst things that can happen to any human being. When a person has nothing to do but to look at his tongue in the glass, or to scrutinize his internal workings, it's all over with him. In other words, nothing is half so bad for a man as to get mixed up with his own anatomy. It's fatal, even for certain amateur medical men, whose dietetic writings, suggests the good Doctor Hutchinson, might well be entitled Little Journeys Through My Alimentary Canal; and it constitutes one big reason why so many men who have been dray-horses in the business world go under as soon as they are out of harness.

The Physical Handicap of Idleness

MY INSURANCE actuary told me the story of two men in his own line of business. One was sixty-eight and the other sixty-nine, and both had had about an equal share of work and reward. The man of sixty-eight, though still of active mind and able to hold his own, decided to retire and enjoy life. Within two years the dull monotony of an idle existence had nearly driven him insane, and he is now dying slowly. The man of sixty-nine, who stayed at his desk, is alive and well, although a year ago he suffered a stroke of apoplexy.

"If as a retired man he had had that attack," declared a medical examiner in the same office, "he probably would have died. As it is, he may live for years."

It is its own momentum that keeps the bicycle upright. It is the rigor of the game that keeps many a man alive and well. The struggles, the crosses and the rebuffs of business life are better tonics than can be found in any drug shop. In overcoming office difficulties, a man young or old overcomes his own distempers—by losing sight of them. It is thus that death is postponed.

Once a physician told Commodore Vanderbilt, who was quite ill, that he had better put his affairs in order, as he might drop dead at any moment.

"But, doctor," objected Vanderbilt, "I haven't got time to die."

And he didn't die until several years afterward.

Take work away from the average business man—the man who, like Vanderbilt, knows nothing but business—and you will find it a very dangerous experiment. Why? Because you take the incentive out of life—and a man who has no particular reason for living will soon be on

"But, Doctor, I Haven't Got Time to Die"

the road to the cemetery. What is true of men in this regard is true of women. Take half the rich, do-nothing women patients out of the sanatoriums and put them on short rations and up against the real thing, even to doing their own washing, and they will not only find a reason for living but they will live.

So, you see, we should not waste all our sympathy on the unemployed poor, but save some of it for the unemployed rich, who are in almost as bad a case -though, of course, they know where to look for the next meal, which is something.

Many men who have no surplus resources within themselves, nothing outside their moneymaking value to themselves and their families, realize what will happen to them if they retire; and they look forward to such an event with a shudder. For this reason bank presidents—who are generally men who have nothing but money—rarely make any complete move toward retirement. Such a man may drop his official title, but he retains the chairmanship of the bank's board of directors and hangs about his old office, acting in an advisory capacity.

Nothing but money! Is that merely a cynical fling? No, sir—not for a moment. If you doubt that the phrase rings true just watch the lives and the daily doings of the rich unemployed of this country -that large class who don't know how to read or how to play, and who travel all over the world and see nothing. Truly they are in a pitiable state. "Nothing but money" is a true phrase and it stands for ineffable boredom—such boredom as the man who is acquainted with Marcus Aurelius, Shakspere, Carlyle, Browning or Emerson can never know, for he has those great and stimulating minds and hundreds of others to turn to in his leisure moments; and they not only build him up mentally but also physically. That is where the scholar, though ever so poor, has a tremendous advantage over the unscholarly man, be he ever so rich.

Browning in the Pork Business

AND that is the reason why a young man going into the pork trade would find it to his advantage to study Shakspere and Browning as well as ham and bacon; for it is not enough that he prepare himself for the pork business, but he must also prepare himself for life. Life is more than pork. In this man's case it includes not only the pork period but the period beyond pork—the time when he will get tired of hams and shoulders and headcheese and want to lay aside such cloying things. If he knows nothing but pork he must keep his nose in the pork barrel, and he will die if he leaves it; but if he also knows Shakspere and Browning he can in his old age safely retire from the means by which he has made his money and enjoy that which no money could possibly buy for him. Browning will teach him how to live and how to die. Listen to his song:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be—
The last of life, for which the first was made.

Not only that, but both Shakspere and Browning will actually help our pork merchant in his business, for they will give h'm a better understanding of human nature, which is writ large on every page they have put forth; and a good knowledge of human nature is a splendid asset in the pork business—or in any business.

The ignorant rich unemployed! They afford the best examples of the rusting process that you will find anywhere. For a state of complete spiritual and physical oxidization, just look at those wealthy farmers of Long Island who owned land that was taken in by the extension of the boundary line of Greater New York. There was one who died the other day at Deepdale, Long Island, at the age of seventy. He was worth over a million dollars, though he could neither read nor write. He signed all his checks and hundreds of legal documents with a + mark. He was an Irishman who came to this country and bought a small farm near what is now East New York; and he made a good living at truck farming. Shortly after the annexation of his territory by Greater New York he sold his farm for three hundred thousand dollars, most of which he placed in the hands of a bank official for investment. In the last ten years of the old man's life that three hundred thousand dollars was more than trebled and he could sign his + mark for a million. Having accumulated all this money, he thought he was entitled to a residence in the millionaire colony; so he went and bought land adjoining Deepdale, the estate of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., at Lakeville. Vanderbilt didn't like this and tried to buy him out; but the Irishman couldn't see it. As for living alongside of a millionaire he said: "Oi'd like to know who have a betther roight!"

With all his new grandeur he was not a happy man, as he had no resources within himself. If he could have read the daily paper it would have been something, but even this was denied him—or rather he had denied it to himself. After some years of this profitless existence, during which he was for the most part listless, dreary and disconsolate, he went back to farming, became perfectly happy again and lived to be threescore and ten.

In this return to the soil, the old man showed more common sense than did many of his neighbors of the East New York section who, when the boom came, sold their holdings for fabulous prices, retaining only an acre or two upon which they are now living, rich and miserable. One Greater New York farmer, who is shrewd enough to see how little he would really profit by disposing of his homestead, will not sell although he has a standing offer of forty-two hundred dollars an acre for a farm of eighty-one acres; and this is not because he is holding out for a higher figure, but, as a wise neighbor of his explains, through a commingling of sentiment and indifference to wealth which could only purchase that for which he has no yearning. On the whole, there is hardly a more pitiable spectacle to be found in the suburbs of New York than is seen in the lives of some of the sellers of old estates in and about Flatbush, Gravesend and Jamaica men who are too old to work and who are bewildered and bedeviled by the sudden acquisition of that wealth for which they were working the greater part of their lives, but which, now possessed, possesses them and robs them of the old relish of life which they felt when they followed the plow or flailed the beans.

The senior member of a big grocery store in Cleveland, Ohio, got tired of running over his accounts, sick of the sight of canned goods and barrels and boxes, and particularly sick of the telephonic screech of a certain Mrs. McGraw, who used to call him up and berate him roundly because that cake of yeast hadn't been delivered by nine A. M. So he sold his interest to the junior member and retired from business, bought half a dozen flats and settled down to rest upon his laurels—or, rather, upon his rents; but he missed the hurly-burly of getting in and getting out goods—and he even missed the harsh voice of Mrs. McGraw. He would go down to the old store and hang about and watch the clerks making up orders, and gaze in at his little old office behind the rail with a sad, hungry eye. At last, when he could stand it no longer, he made anxious overtures to his former partner and was allowed to buy in again. He went back to work with a joyous heart.

"Never in all my life," he declared, "did the odor of fresh-ground coffee smell so good to me. Never did the labels on the cans look so bright and tempting. The day-book and the ledger were better reading than any novel, and the voice of Mrs. McGraw, screaming her complaints over the 'phone about that cake of yeast, was as sweet as an angel's. Catch me quitting the grocery trade again! I tell you it's the most interesting business in the world!"

"I Was Almost a Nervous Wreck When I Retired, But I'm in Good Trim Now"

When I went to see a retired Wall Street man who lives in a fine house just across the Hudson from New York, to ask him if resting was rusting, I found him building a garage.

"No," said he, smiling, "it isn't if you can use a hammer and saw."

He spoke paradoxically, to be sure, but what he said was true, for occupation of some sort is as essential to the retired financier as it is to the retired farmer.

"I've got a fine set of carpenter's tools," he said, "and I use them. I was in the banking business in the days before the telephone. People don't appreciate it now, but those were hustling times. I was manager of a bank, treasurer of a railroad and of three manufacturing firms, and director in a lot of other concerns. I was almost a nervous wreck when I retired, but I'm in good trim now. I work about my grounds, stay out in the sunshine all I can, and at night or in bad weather I read. There's nothing that maintains a man's interest in life so much as keeping abreast of the times, and this I do not merely by reading the papers and periodicals but by studying them. If a man takes a keen interest, as I do, in this big forward movement that is going on in our country, writes encouraging letters to progressive Congressmen and state legislators, and does his share of the improvement-club work in his home village, he won't feel that he is rusting. He will feel that he is living as full and as round a life as anybody."

Old Men Drawn into Speculation

YOU see, if you know something besides business and have something besides money, you can get along in retirement and be as happy as the man in harness; but you must keep yourself occupied and not look at your tongue.

One of the great dangers to the retired man of finance or trade, in the absence of mental resources, is this: being dissatisfied with his idle life, he will take to speculating with the money he has saved up for his old age. This is fatal. Down on lower Broadway, New York, in a big skyscraper is a safe-deposit vault and near it a reading room maintained for the convenience of persons who rent deposit boxes. In this reading room you will see old merchants and financiers who are "out of it" so far as regular business goes. They have retired, but they like to be near their securities, so comfortably and safely reposing in the big vault, with the gray-coated guards constantly on watch over them. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also; and your head and your legs and the rest of you are likely to be there too. These retired old fellows sit in the reading room and smoke and talk. Their talk is all about the big deals that are being pulled off by this man or that. There is a ticker in the room and they study the tape interestedly. A retired merchant who has kept out of the stock market all his life, and who knows that stock speculation is a dangerous business, is, under such circumstances, very likely to be drawn into the game. There is a good opening in coppers. He goes to his strongbox, takes out a bond or two, turns it into cash and buys a little stock on margin. The strange yet usual thing happens that in his first speculation he

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"The Man Who Has One or More Hobbies"

THE PENDLEBURY TREE

By Joseph C. Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

"Dead?" He Interrupted. "I Wish to Heaven I Was Dead!"

IT WAS Winthrop Adams Beanblossom—which wa'n't the name the critter was launched under, but is nigh enough to the real one for him to cruise with on a short v'yage like this yarn—who started me paddlin' in the storekeepin' business. It was Jim Henry Jacobs who coaxed me into deeper water. And it was a combination of them two and Miss Letitia Lee Pendlebury who shoved me in all under, so 'twas a case of stickin' to it and swimmin' or drownin'—one or t'other. And I'd never cal'lated to do another hand's turn after I quit goin' to sea.

No, sir; that's what I vowed over and over again.

"Zebulon Snow," I says to myself—not out loud, you understand; for, accordin' to Scriptur' or the Old Farmers' Almanac or somethin', a feller who talks out loud to himself is either rich or crazy; and, though I was well enough fixed to keep the wolf from the door, I wa'n't by no means so crazy as to leave the door open and take chances—"Zebulon Snow," says I, "you're fifty-two year old. All your life you've been haulin' ropes or bossin' fo'mast hands or tryin' to make harbor in a fog. Now that you've got an anchor to wind'ard—now that the one talent you put under that copper-stock napkin has spread out so that you had to have a tablecloth to tote it home in—don't you be a fool! Don't plant it again, cal'latin' to fill a mains'l next time—'cause you won't do it. Take what you've got and be thankful—and careful. You go ashore at Ostable, where you was born, and settle down and be somebody."

And that's what I did. I hired a couple of rooms at the Poquit House—one room to sleep and smoke in and t'other to entertain the parson in when he called—and commenced to be a gent of leisure. Fust three months 'twas fine; toward the end of the third then it commenced to get a little mite dull; in about two more I found my mind was narrowin' down so that the little mean cat-talks about the neighbors at the boardin'-house table begun to seem interestin' and important. Then I knew 'twas time to doctor up; ossification was settin' in and I'd got to do somethin'.

I was feelin' that way and pretty desperate the night when Winthrop Adams Beanblossom told me the story of his life. All the rest of the bunch round the stove had gone home and I was fillin' my pipe and gettin' ready to go too. Winthrop was in behind the counter of his store, his funny little grizzly-gray head down over a whole pile of account books and papers, his spec's roostin' on the end of his thin nose and his pen scratchin' away like a stray hen in a flower-bed.

"Well, Beanblossom," says I, gettin' up and stretchin', "I cal'late it's time to shed the partin' tear. I'll leave you to figger out whether to spend this week's profits in Gov'ment bonds or trips to Europe, and go and lay my weary bones in the tomb, meanin' my private vault on the second floor of the Poquit House. Adieu, Beanblossom!" I says. "Remember me at my best—won't you?"

He didn't seem to sense what I was drivin' at. He lifted his head out of the books and papers, heaved a sigh that must have started somewhere down along his keelson, and says, sorrowful but polite—he was always polite:

"Er—yes? You were addressin' me, Cap'n Snow?"

"Nothin' in particular," I says. "I was just askin' if you intended spendin' your profits on a trip to Europe this summer."

Would you believe it?—that little storekeeper man looked at me through his spec's, his pale face twitchin' and workin' like a youngster's when he's tryin' not to cry; and then, all to once, he broke right down, leaned his head on his hands and sobbed out loud!

I looked at him. "For the dear land sakes," I sung out soon's I could collect sense enough to say anything, "what's the matter? Is anybody dead or ——"

He groaned. "Dead?" he interrupted. "I wish to Heaven I was dead!"

"Well!" I gasps. "Well!"

"Oh, why," says he, "was I ever born?"

That bein' a question I didn't feel competent to answer, I didn't try. My remark about goin' to Europe was intended for a joke, but if my jokes made grownup folks cry I cal'lated 'twas time I turned serious.

"What is the matter, Beanblossom?" I says. "Are you in trouble?"

For a spell he wouldn't answer, just kept on sobbin' and wringin' his thin hands; but, after consider'ble of such and a good many unsatisfyin' remarks, he give in and told me the whole yarn—told me all his troubles. They were complicated and various.

Picked over and b'iled down, they amounted to this: He used to have an income and he lived on it—in bachelor quarters up to Boston. Nigh as I could gather, he never did any real work except to putter in libraries and collect books and such. Then, somehow or other, the bank the heft of his money was in broke up and his health broke down. The doctors said he must go away into the country. He couldn't afford to go and do nothin', so he has a wonderful inspiration—he'll buy a little store in what he called a "rural community" and go into business. He advertises "Country Store Wanted Cheap," or words to that effect. Abial Beasley's widow had the "Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store" on her hands. She answers the ad and they make a dicker. Said dicker took about all the cash Beanblossom had left. For a year he had been fightin' along, tryin' to make both ends meet; but now they was so fur apart they was likely to meet on the back stretch. He owed 'most a thousand dollars, his trade was fallin' off, he hadn't a cent and nobody to turn to. What should he do? What should he do?

That was another question I couldn't answer offhand. It was plain enough why he was in the hole he was, but how to get him out was different. I set down on the edge of the counter, swung my legs and tried to think.

"Hum!" says I. "You don't know much about keepin' store, do you, Beanblossom? Didn't know nothin' about it when you started in?"

He shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, Cap'n Snow," he says. "Why should I? I never was obliged to labor. I was not interested in trade. I never supposed I should be brought to this. I am a man of family, Cap'n Snow."

"Yes," I says, "so'm I. Number eight in a family of thirteen. But that never helped me none. My experience is that you can't count much on your relations."

Would I pardon him?—but that was not the sense in which he had used the word "family." He meant that he came of the best blood in New England. His ancestors had made their marks and ——

"Made their marks!" I put in. "Why? Couldn't they write their names?"

He was dreadful shocked, but he explained. The Beanblossoms and their gang were bigbugs—fine folks. He was terrible proud of his family. During the latter part of his life in Boston he had become interested in genealogy. He had begun a "family tree"—whatever that was—but he never finished it. The smash came and shook him out of his branches—that wa'n't what he said, but 'twas the way I sensed it. And now he had come to this! His money was gone; he couldn't pay his debts; he couldn't have any more credit. He must fail—he was bankrupt. Oh, the disgrace of the thing! and likewise oh, the poorhouse!

"But," says I, considerin', "it can't be so terrible bad. You don't owe but a thousand dollars; this store's the only one in town and Abial used to do pretty well with it. If your debts was paid and you had a little cash to stock up with, seems to me you might make a decent v'yage yet. Couldn't you?"

He didn't know. Perhaps he could—but what was the use of talkin' that way? For him to pick up a thousand would be about as easy as for a paralyzed man with boxin' gloves on to pick up a flea—or words to that effect. No, no—'twas no use; he must go to the poorhouse—and so forth and so on.

"Now, hold on," I says. "Don't you engage your poorhouse berth yet. You keep mum and say nothin' to nobody and let me think this over a spell. I need somethin' to keep me interested and . . . I'll see you tomorrer some time. Good night."

I went home thinkin' and I thought till pretty nigh one o'clock. Then I decided that I was a fool even to think for five minutes. Hadn't I sworn to be careful and never to take another risk? I was sorry for poor old Winthrop, but I couldn't afford to mix pity and good legal tender. I was a fool!

Which was all right—only, after listenin' to the breakfast conversation at the Poquit House, down I goes to the store and afore the forenoon was over I was Winthrop Adams Beanblossom's silent partner to the extent of twenty-five hundred dollars. I was busy once more and glad of it.

This was in February. By early May I was twice as busy and not half as glad. You see I'd cal'lated that the store was all right—all it needed was financin'. Trade was just asleep, I figgered, and I could wake it up. I was wrong. Trade was dead; and, barrin' the comin' of a prophet or some miracle-worker to fetch it to life, what that shop was really sufferin' for was an undertaker. My twenty-five hundred was fur'ral expenses—that's all.

But the prophet come! Yes, sir, he come and fetched his miracle with him. One evenin' after all the reg'lar customers, who set around in chairs borrowin' our genuine tobacco and payin' for it with counterfeit funny stories, had gone—after everybody, as we cal'lated, had cleared out—Beanblossom and I set down to hold our usual

"The Pendlebury Family Tree Will be an Honor to Prepare"

autopsy over the remains of the fortnight's trade. 'Twas a small corpse and didn't take long to dissect. We'd lost twenty-one dollars and sixty-eight cents, and the only comfort in that was that 'twas seventy-six cents less than the two weeks previous. The weather had been some cooler and less stuff had sp'iled on our hands—that accounted for the savin'.

Beanblossom—I'd got into the habit of callin' him "Pullet," 'cause his general build was so similar to a moltin' chicken—he vowed he couldn't understand it.

"I think I shall give up buyin' so liberally, Cap'n Snow," says he. "If we didn't keep on buyin' we shouldn't lose half so much," he says.

"Yes," says I; "that's logic. And if we give up sellin' we shouldn't lose the other half. You and me are all right so fur as we go, Pullet, and I guess we've gone about as fur as we can."

"Please don't call me 'Pullet,'" he says, dignified. "When I think of what I once was it ——"

"Shh!" I broke in. "It's what I am that troubles me. I don't dare think of that when the minister's around—he might be a mind-reader. No, Pul—Beanblossom, I mean—it's no use. I imagined because I could run a three-masted schooner I could navigate this craft. I can't. I know twice as much as you do about keepin' store, but the trouble with that example is the answer, which is that you don't know nothin'. We might just exactly as well shut up shop now, when there's enough money left to square up with and pay the outstandin' debts."

He turned white and begun the hand-wringin' exercise.

"Think of the disgrace of giving up now!" he says.

"Think of my twenty-five hundred!" says I.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," says a voice astern of us; "excuse me for buttin' in, but I judge that what you need is a butter."

Pullet and I jumped and turned round. We'd supposed we was alone and to say we was surprised is puttin' it mild. For a second I couldn't make out who 'twas that had spoke—then, as he come across into the lamplight, I recognized him. 'Twas Jim Henry Jacobs, the livin' mystery.

Jim Henry was middlin'-sized, sharp-faced, dressed like a ready-tailored advertisement, and as smooth and slick as an eel in a barrel of sweet ile. Accordin' to his entry on the books of the Poquit House, he hailed from Chicago. He'd been in Ostable for pretty nigh a month and nobody had been able to find out any more about him than just that, which is some miracle of itself if you know Ostable. He was always ready to talk—talkin' was one of his main holts—but when you got through talkin' with him all you had to remember was a smile and a flow of words. He was at the seashore for his health—that he always give you to understand. You could believe it if you wanted to.

He'd got into the habit of spendin' his evenin's at Pullet's store, settin' round listenin' and smilin' and agreein' with folks. He was the only feller I ever met who could say no and agree with you at the same time. Solon Saunders tried to borrow fifty cents of him once and when the pair of 'em parted Saunders was scratchin' his head and lookin' puzzled. "I can't understand it," says Solon. "I would have swore he'd have lent it to me. 'Twas just as if I'd had the fifty in my hand. I—I thanked him for it and all that; but—but, now he's gone, I don't seem to be no richer than when I started. I can't understand it."

Pullet and I had seen him settin' abaft the stove early in the evenin', but, somehow or other, we got the notion that he'd cleared out with the other loafers. However, he hadn't, and he'd heard all we'd been sayin'.

He walked across to where we was, pulled a shoebox from under the counter, come to anchor on it and crossed his legs.

"Gentlemen," he says again, "you need a butter."

Poor old Pullet was so set back his brains was sort of scrambled, like a pan of eggs.

"Er—er—Mr. Jacobs," he says, "I am very sorry, extremely sorry; but we are all out just at this minute. I fully intended to order some today, but I—I guess I must have forgotten it."

Jacobs couldn't seem to make any more out of this than I did.

"Out?" he says, wonderin'. "Out? Who's out? What's out? I guess I've dropped the key or lost the combination. What's the answer?"

"Why, butter," says Pullet, apologizin'. "You asked for butter, didn't you? As I was sayin', I should have ordered some today, but ——"

Jim Henry waved his hands. "Shh!" he says. "Don't mention it. Forget it. If I'd wanted butter in this emporium I should have asked for somethin' else. I've been givin' this palace of trade some attention for the past three weeks and I judge that its specialty is bein' able to supply what ain't wanted. I hinted that you two needed a butter-in. All right, I'm the goat. Now, if you'll kindly give me your attention, I'll elucidate."

We give the attention. After he'd "elucidated" for five minutes we'd have given him our clothes. You never

His Laughin' Made Me Mad Until I Commenced to See the Funny Side of the Thing

heard such a mess of language as that Chicago man turned loose. He talked and talked and talked. He knew all about the store and the business—and what he didn't know he guessed and guessed right. He knew about Pullet and his buyin' the place; about my goin' in as silent partner—though that nobody was supposed to know. He knew the shebang wa'n't payin', and, also and moreover, he knew why. And he had the remedy buttoned up in his jacket—the name of it was James Henry Jacobs.

"Gentlemen," he says, "I'm a specialist. I'm a doctor of sick businesses. Ever since my medicine man ordered me to quit the giddy metropolis and the Grand Central Department Store, where I was third assistant manager, I've been driftin' about, seekin' a nice, quiet hamlet and an opportunity. Here's the ham—and, if you say the word, here's the opportunity. This shop is in a decline; it's got creepin' paralysis and locomotive hang-backatis. There's only one thing that can change the funeral to a silver weddin'—that's to call in old Doctor Jacobs. Here he is, with his pocket full of testimonials. Now you listen."

We'd been listenin'—'twas by long odds the easiest thing to do—and we kept right on. He had testimonials—he showed 'em to us—and they took oath to his bein' honest and the eighth business wonder of the world. He went on to elaborate. He had a thousand to invest and he'd invest it, provided we'd take him in as manager and give him full swing. He'd guarantee—et cetery and so on, unlimited and eternal.

"But," says I, when he stopped to eat a throat lozenge, "sellin' goods is one thing; gettin' the right goods to sell is another. Me and Pullet—Mr. Beanblossom here—have tried to keep a pretty fair-sized stock, but it's the kind of stock that keeps better'n it sells. I don't know ——"

"Sell!" he puts in. "You can sell anything if you know how. See here; let me prove it to you. You think this over tonight, and tomorrow forenoon I'll be on hand and demonstrate. Just put on your smoked glasses and watch me. I'll show you."

He did. Next mornin' old Aunt Sarah Oliver come in to buy a hank of black yarn to darn stockings with. With diplomacy and patience the average feller could conclude that dicker in an hour and a quarter—if he had the yarn. Pullet was just out of black, of course; but that Jim Henry Jacobs stepped alongside and within twenty minutes he sold Aunt Sarah two packages of needles, a brass thimble and half a dozen pair of blue-and-yeller-striped stockin's, that had been on the shelves since Abial Beasley's time and was so loud that a sane person wouldn't dare wear 'em except when it thundered. She went out of the store with her bundles in one hand and holdin' on to her head with the other. Then that Jim Henry man turned to Pullet and me.

"Well!" he says, serene and smilin'.

It was well all right. At just quarter to twelve that night the arrangements was made. Jacobs was partner in and manager of the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store. Within two months it was a payin' proposition.

Don't ask me how he did it. Advertisin' in the papers, advertisin' on the fences, things set out in the windows, a new gaudy delivery cart, special bargain days for special stuff—they all helped. Of course, if we'd limited ourselves to Ostable, the cargo wouldn't have been so heavy that we'd get stoop-shouldered, but that Jim Henry was unlimited. He advertised in the county weekly and sent a special cart to take orders for twenty mile around. The early summer cottages was beginnin' to open and 'twas summer trade—rich city folks' trade—that the Jacobs man said we must have. And we got it—one way or another, we got it all. Most of the swell bigbugs had been in the habit of orderin' wholesale from Boston, but he soon stopped that. One after another Jim Henry landed 'em. When I asked him how—he just winked.

"Skipper," says he—he most generally called me that, same as I called Beanblossom "Pullet"—"Skipper," he says, "you can always hook a cod if there's any around and you keep changin' bait—ain't that so? Um! Well, I change bait—that's all. Every man, woman and sufferagette has got a weak p'int somewhere. I just cast around till I find that partic'lar weak p'int then they swaller hook, line and sinker."

"Humph!" I says. "Miss Letitia ain't swallowed nothin' yet that I've noticed. Her weak p'ints all strong ones? Or what is the matter?"

He made a face. "Sister Pendlebury," says he, "is the frostiest proposition I ever tackled outside of an ice-chest; but I'll get her yet. You wait and see. Why, man, we've got to get her!"

Well, I could find more truth in that statement than I could satisfaction. We'd got to get her—yes; but she wouldn't be got. She was the richest old maid on the North Shore; lived in a stone-and-plaster house bigger'n the Ostable County jail, which she'd labeled "Pendlebury Villa"; had six servants, three cats and a poll-parrot; and was so tipped back with dignity and importance that a plumbline dropped from her after haircomb would have missed her heels by three inches. Her winter port was Brookline; summers she condescended to shed glory over Ostable.

To get the trade of Pendlebury Villa had been Jim Henry's dream from the start; and up to date he was still dreamin'. The other bigbugs he had caged, but Letitia was still flyin' free and importin' her honey from Boston, so to speak. Jacobs had tried everything he could think of: bribin' the servants, sendin' samples of fancy breakfast food and pickles free-gratis, writin' letters, callin' with his Sunday clothes on—everything—but 'twas "Keep Off the Grass" at Pendlebury Villa so fur as we was concerned. 'Twas the biggest chunk of trade under one head on the Cape, and it hurt Jim Henry's pride not to get it. However, he kept on tryin'.

One mornin' he comes back to the store after a cruise to the villa, and it seemed to me that he looked happier than was usual after one of them trips.

"Skipper," says he, "I think—I wouldn't bet any more'n my small change—but I think I've laid a cornerstone."

"With Miss Pendlebury?" says I, excited.

"With Letitia," he says, noddin'. "I haven't got an order, but I have got a promise. She's agreed to drop in one of these days and look us over."

"Well!" says I. "I should say that was a cornerstone."

"We'll hope 'tis," he says. "Ho-ho! Skipper, I wish you might have been present at the exercises. They were funny."

Seems he'd managed—bribery and corruption again—to see Letitia alone in what she called her "mornin' room." He said that if he'd paid any attention to the temperature of that room when he and she fust met in it he'd have figgered he'd struck the morgue; but he warmed it up a little afore he left. Miss Pendlebury just set and glared frosty while he talked and talked and talked. She said about three words to his two hundred thousand, but every one of hers was a "No." She didn't care to patronize the local merchants. The city ones were bad enough—she had all the trouble she wanted with them. She was not interested—and would he please be careful when he went out and not step on the flower-beds?

He was about ready to give it up when he happened to notice an ile portrait in a gorgeous gold frame hangin' on the wall. 'Twas the picture of a man, and Jim Henry said there was a kind of great-I-am look to it, a combination of fatness and importance and wisdom, same as you see in a stuffed owl, that gave him an idea. He started to go, stepped in front of the picture and begun to look it over, admirin' but reverent, same as a garter-snake might look at a boa-constrictor—as proof of what the race was capable of.

"Excuse me, Miss Pendlebury," he says, "but that is a wonderful portrait. I have had some experience in judgin' paintin's"—he was clerk in the Grand Central Store's framed-picture department once—"and I think I know what I'm talkin' about."

Would you believe it?—she commenced to unbend right off.

"It is a Sargent," says she.

Now I should have asked, "Sergeant of militia, or what?" and upset the whole calabash; but Jim Henry knew better. He bows, solemn and wise, and says he'd been sure of it right along.

"But any painter," he says, "would have made a success with a subject like that gentleman before him. There is something about him—the height of his brow and his wonderful eyes, et cetery—which reminds me ——

You'll excuse me, Miss Pendlebury, but isn't that a portrait of one of your near relatives?"

She unbent and almost smiled. The painted critter was her pa and it was considered a wonderful picture.

Well, that was enough for your Uncle Jim Henry. He settled down to his job then; and the way he poured gush over that painted Pendlebury man was close to sacreligion. But Letitia never pumped up a blush; worship was what she expected for her and her pa. He'd been a member of the governor's staff and a bank president and a church warden and an alderman—and land knows what! His daughter and Jacobs had a real sociable interview and it ended by her promising to drop in at the store and look our stock over. Course 'twa'n't likely 'twould suit her she was very exactin', she said—but she'd look it over.

We looked it over fust. We put in the rest of that day changin' everything round on the counters and shelves, puttin' the canned stuff in piles where they'd do the most good and settin' advertisin' signs and such in front of the empty places where they'd been afore. Even Pullet worked, though he couldn't understand it, and growled because he had to leave the musty old book he was readin' and the "genealogical tree" he'd begun to cultivate once more. Jacobs was pretty well disgusted with Pullet—said he was an incumbrance on the concern and hadn't any business instinct.

All the next day and the next we hung around, dressed up to kill—that is, Jim Henry's togs would have killed anything with weak eyes—waitin' for Letitia Pendlebury to come aboard and inspect; but she didn't come that day or the next either. Jacobs was disappointed, but he wouldn't give in that he was discouraged. The fourth forenoon, when there was still nothin' doin', he and I went over to Bayport where we had some business. We left Pullet in charge of the store and when we come back he was lookin' pretty joyful.

"Who do you think has been here?" he says in his thin, polite little voice. "Miss Letitia Pendlebury called."

"She did!" shouts Jacobs.

"Did she buy anythin'?" I wanted to know.

No; it appeared that she hadn't bought anythin'. Fact is, Pullet had forgot he was supposed to be a storekeeper. When Letitia come in he was roostin' in his family tree had the chart spread out on the counter and was fillin' in some of the twigs with the names of dead-and-gone Beanblossoms. He couldn't climb down to common things like crackers and salt pork.

"But she was very much interested," he says, his spec's shinin' with joy. "When she found out what I was busy with she was very much interested, really. She is a lady of family too."

"She is?" I sings out. "What are you talkin' about? She's 'an old maid and an only child besides; and ——"

"Hush up, Skipper," orders Jacobs. "Go on, Pullet—Mr. Beanblossom, I mean—go on."

So on went Pullet, both wings flappin'. Letitia and he had talked "family" to beat the cars. She had most everything in the villa except a family tree. She must have one right away. She simply must.

"And I am to help her in preparin' it," says Pullet, puffed up and vainglorious. "The Pendlebury family tree will be an honor to prepare. Of course it will require much labor and research, but I shall enjoy doing it. I told her so. Her father would have prepared one himself—had often spoken of it: but he was a very busy man of affairs and lacked the time."

My, but I was mad! I cal'late if I had had a marlin-spike handy our coop would have been a Pullet short. But Jim Henry Jacobs was so full of tickle he couldn't keep still. He fairly dragged me into the back room.

"Skipper," he says, "here it is at last! We've got it!"

"Yes," I sputters, thinkin' he was referrin' to Beanblossom, "we've got it; and, if you asked me, I'd tell you we'd ought to chloroform it afore it does any more harm."

"No, no," he says; "you don't understand. We've got the old girl's weak p'int at last. It's genealogy. Pullet shall give her a family tree if I have to buy a carload of fertilizer tomorrer. Think of it! Think of it! Why, she won't give him a minute's rest from now on!"

"But I can't see where the trade comes in," says I.

"You can't? With our senior partner head forester! My boy, if any other shop sells Pendlebury Villa a dollar's wuth after this I'll Fletcherize my hat—that's all!"

He knew what he was talkin' about, as usual. The very next forenoon Letitia was in to consult with Pullet about huntin' up her family records. Afore she left, Jacobs took orders for thirty-two dollars' wuth and I'd have bet she didn't know a thing she bought. After dinner Jim Henry sent Pullet up to see her. He stayed until suppertime. Next day he had supper at the villa. A week later he made his fust trip to Boston, to the Genealogical Society, to hunt for records. And Jacobs stayed in Ostable and kept the villa supplied with the luxuries of life. If the Pendlebury servants didn't die of gout and overeatin' it wa'n't our fault.

By August the whole town was talkin'. They had it all settled. 'Cordin' to the gossip-spreaders, there could be only one reason for Pullet and Miss Letitia bein' together so much—they was cal'latin' to marry. The weddin' day was prophesied and set anywhere from tomorrer to next Christmas! I thought such talk ought to be stopped. Jim Henry didn't.

"Why?" says he.

"Why!" I says. "Because it's foolishness—that's why. 'Cause there's no truth in it, and you know it."

"No; I don't know," says he. "Stranger things than that have happened."

"She marry that old, fossalized pauper!"

"Why not? He's got book-learnin' and treed ancestors—and she ain't. She's got money and he ain't. Both want what the t'other's best fixed in. If old Pullet had any sand I should believe 'twas a sure thing. I guess I'll drop him a hint."

"My land!" I sung out. "Don't you do it. The fat'll all be in the fire then."

"Skipper," says he, "you're a cagey old bird, but you don't know it all. There's some things you can leave to me. And, anyhow, whether the weddin' bells chime or not, all this talk is good free advertisin' for the store."

'Twa'n't long after this that the genealogical man begun to seem less gaylike. He and Letitia was together as much as ever; the Pendlebury tree and the Beanblossom tree he worked on both at the same time—was flourishin', after the topsyturvy way of such vegetables, from the upper branches down toward the trunks: but there was a look on Pullet's face as he pawed through his books and papers that I couldn't understand. He looked worried and troubled about somethin'.

"What's the matter?" I asked him once. "Ain't your ancestors turnin' up satisfactory?"

"Yes," he says, polite as ever, but sort of condescendin' and proud: "the Beanblossom history is, if you will permit me to say so, a very satisfactory record indeed."

"And the Pendleburys'?" says I. "George Washin'ton was fust cousin on their ma's side, I s'pose."

He didn't answer for a minute. Then he wiped his spec's with his handkerchief. "The Pendlebury records are" he says, slow, "a trifle more confused and difficult; but I am progressin'—yes, Cap'n Snow, I think I may say I am progressin'."

The thunderbolt hit us out of a clear sky the fust week in September. Yet I s'pose we'd ought to have seen it comin' at least a day ahead. That day the Pendlebury gasoline carryall come buzzin' up to the front platform and Letitia steps out—grand as the Queen of Sheba, of course.

"Cap'n Snow," says she, and it seemed to me that she hesitated just a minute, "is Mr. Beanblossom about?"

"No," says I; "he ain't. I don't know where he is exactly. He was in the store this mornin' askin' about a letter he's expectin' from the Genealogical Society folks, but he went out right afterward and I ain't seen him since. I s'posed of course he was up to your house."

"No," she says, and I thought she colored up a little mite; "he has not been there since day before yesterday. Perhaps that is natural, under the circumstances"—speakin' more to herself than to me—"but . . . however, will you kindly tell him I called before leaving for the city? I am goin' to Boston on a shoppin' excursion," she adds, condescendin'. "I shall return on Wednesday."

She went away. Pullet didn't show up until night, and then the fust thing he asked for was the mail. When I told him about the Pendlebury woman he turned round and went out again.

Next day was Saturday and we was pretty busy—that is, Jim Henry and the clerk was busy. I was of about as much use as usual, which was mighty little; and as for Pullet, he was no use at all. A big green envelope from the Genealogical Society come for him in the morning mail and he grabbed at it and went out on the platform. A little while afterward I saw him roostin' on a box out there, with his hair—what there was of it—all rumpled up and an expression of such everlastin', world-without-end misery on his face that I stopped stock-still and looked at him.

"For the mercy sakes," says I, "what's happened?"

He turned his head, stared at me fishy-eyed and got up off the box.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "Is the world comin' to an end?"

He put one hand to his head and waved the other up and down like a pumphandle.

"Yes!" he sings out, franticlike. "It is ended already. It is all over. I—I ——"

And with that he jumps off the platform and goes staggerin' up the road. I'd have follered him, but just then Jim Henry calls to me from inside the store and in a little while I'd forgotten Beanblossom altogether. I thought of him once or twice more durin' the day; but 'twa'n't till almost shuttin'-up time that I thought enough to mention him to Jacobs. Then he mentioned him fust.

"Whew!" says he, settin' down for the fust time in two hours. "Whew! I'm tired. This has been the best day this concern has had since I took hold of it. We'll need another boy pretty soon, Skipper.

(Continued on Page 36)

She Was Not Interested—and Would He Please be Careful When He Went Out and Not Step on the Flower-Beds?

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL.B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VIII

SHAKE hands with Mr. Dillingham, Quib," said Gottlieb as I one day unexpectedly entered the latter's office. "We have a matter on hand in which he is interested."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Quibble," quoth the client, extending a rather soft hand. "Your name is well known to me, although I have never personally had the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"The future will, I trust, remedy that," I replied, not particularly impressed with the stranger's features or expression, but conscious somehow of the smell of money about him. For he was short and fat and wore a brown surtout and a black stovepipe hat, and his little gray eyes peeped out of full, round, red cheeks. On his lower lip he wore a tiny goatee.

"As I was saying," he continued, turning again to my partner, "we all of us make mistakes and I made my biggest one when I annexed the present Mrs. D. I was a young fool hardly out of my teens and the sight of a pretty face and a tearful story of woe were too much for me. She was an actress. *Comprenez?* A sort of a Lydia Languish, la-de-da kind of a girl. Oh, she caught me fast enough, and it was only after I had swallowed the hook, sinker and all, that I found out she was married."

"Ho-ho!" remarked Gottlieb. "The old story."

"The same little old story," assented Dillingham. "Take a cigar?" He produced a well-filled case.

Decidedly interested, I dropped into a chair and hitched it toward them.

"Now the fact of the matter is," continued he, "she wouldn't look at me so long as she was tied to her husband, miserable rat though he was; and he was and is a rat! I could call and take her out to dinner, and all that, but—pst! nothing more! And she was always telling me how I was her good angel and inspired her to higher things! Gad! even then it bored me! But I could see nothing but her face! You know how it is! I was twenty-six and a clerk in a hardware house."

He laughed grimly.

"Well, as luck would have it, my Uncle James died just about that time and left me ten thousand dollars, and I started in to make her my own by getting her a divorce. Now this husband of hers was a wretched fellow—the son of a neighbor—who never got beyond being a waiter in a railroad station. Say, it is rather rough, eh! To think of me, Dillingham, of Dillingham, Hodges & Flynn, the biggest independent steel men in the state, tied up to a pale-faced woman who can't speak the King's English properly and whose first husband is a waiter—yes, a waiter today, understand, in a railroad restaurant at Baltimore! It makes me sick every time I go to Washington. I can't eat—fact! So I hired a lawyer for her—you know him, I guess—Bunce. Oscar Willoughby Bunce! And he prepared divorce papers —— Oh, we had cause enough! And the next time Hawkins—that was the husband's name, Arthur P. Hawkins—came over to New York, to borrow some money from his wife, Bunce slapped a summons on him. It makes me squirm to think how delighted I was to know we had actually begun our case! Hawkins hired a lawyer, I believe, and pretended he was going to put up a defense, but I bought him off and we got our decree by default. Then, gentlemen"—Dillingham paused with a wry face—"I had the inestimable privilege of marrying my present wife!"

He sucked meditatively on his cigar for a few moments before resuming his narrative.

"Curious, isn't it—the fascination of the stage? You, gentlemen, probably have observed it even more than I have; but when he sees a slim girl with yellow curls capering around in tights behind the footlights a young man's imagination runs riot and he fancies her the incarnation of coquetry and the personification of vivacious loveliness. I admit it—the present Mrs. Dillingham was a dancer. On the stage she used to ogle me out of my shoes and off it she'd help me spend my money and drink my wine and jolly me up to beat the cars; but once I'd married her she changed completely. Instead of a dashing, snappy, tantalizing sort of a little Yum-Yum, she turned religious and settled down so you wouldn't have known her. There was nothing in it! Instead of a peach I had acquired a lemon. I expected champagne and found I was drinking buttermilk. Get me? You would never have guessed she'd been inside a theater in her life. Well, we got along the best we could and she made a hit at the church as a brand plucked from the burning. Used to tell her experiences Friday nights and have all the parsons up to five-o'clock tea. Meanwhile I forgot my romantic dreams of flashing eyes and twinkling feet and began to get interested in business. Today I'm worth real money and am on top of the heap downtown; but socially —— Good Lord! the woman's a millstone! She's grown fat and talks through her nose, and ——"

"You want to get rid of her," finished Gottlieb.

"Exactly!" answered Dillingham. "How much will it cost?"

"I think you had better give me your check for ten thousand dollars to begin with," replied my partner. "Such a case presents great difficulties—almost insuperable without money. I am not even sure that what you want can be accomplished without running grave personal risks—not on your part, but on ours. Such risks must be compensated for. What you desire, I take it, is to have your marriage annulled. To do that it will be necessary to prove that the divorce procured by Mrs. Dillingham from her former husband, Hawkins, was improperly and illegally granted. We must knock out the decree in Hawkins *versus* Hawkins somehow or other. To be frank with you, it may cost you a large sum."

"It is worth it," answered Dillingham. "Free me from this woman and I'll give you twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Make it thirty-five thousand dollars," coaxed Gottlieb.

"Well, then, thirty-five thousand dollars," said Dillingham after a pause.

"But you must promise to do exactly what we tell you!" continued my partner.

"I expect to," replied the other.

"Very good, then," said Gottlieb. "In the first place, the original decree is no good unless the summons actually was served on Hawkins and the suit properly commenced. Now perhaps Bunce served the wrong man. He didn't know Hawkins. The latter was merely pointed out to him. Already I begin to feel that there is grave doubt as to whether the proceedings in Hawkins *versus* Hawkins were ever legally initiated."

I Marveled That Dillingham Could Have Sacrificed Such a Charming Little Daughter So Easily

"Hold on, Mr. Gottlieb!" remonstrated Dillingham. "You want to go easy there. After Hawkins was served he retained a lawyer. I know that because it cost me twenty-five hundred dollars to get rid of him."

"What was his name?" asked Gottlieb sharply.

"Crookshank—Walter E. Crookshank—down on Nassau Street."

Gottlieb gave a short, dry laugh.

"Luck's with you, Dillingham. Crookshank died three years ago."

None of us broke silence for the space of about two minutes.

"You see now why this sort of thing costs money?" finally remarked my partner.

Dillingham wiped his forehead with his handkerchief nervously.

"Say," he began, "isn't that taking a pretty long chance? I ——"

"It is taking no chance at all," retorted Gottlieb, his little eyes glistening like a snake's. "You have simply retained us to see if your wife's original divorce was regular—not to see if it was irregular—catch on? You tell us nothing. We ask you nothing. We make our investigation. Much to our surprise and horror, we discover that the defendant never was served—perhaps that he never even knew of the proceeding until years afterward. We don't know what you know. You don't need to know what we know. We simply advise you the divorce is N. G. and you ask no questions. We'll attend to all that—for our thirty-five thousand dollars."

"Well, you know your business," responded Dillingham hesitatingly, "and I leave the matter in your hands. How long will it take?"

"Everything now depends on our friend Hawkins," replied Gottlieb. "We may be able to hand you your manumission papers in three months."

When Dillingham had written out his check and bade us good day I no longer made any pretense of concealing from my partner my perturbation. I had, of course, known that from time to time we had skated on thin ice; but this was the first occasion upon which Gottlieb had deliberately acknowledged to a client that he would resort to perjury to accomplish his ends.

"Don't you think we're running entirely too close to the wind?" I asked, pacing up and down the office.

"My dear Quib," answered Gottlieb soothingly, "don't agitate yourself over so trifling a matter. The only living man who can prove that Hawkins was served is Bunce—and Bunce is a fool. At best it would simply be one swearing against the other. We have a perfect right to believe

I Left Him Sitting in a Red Plush Armchair, Moaning and Mumbling to Himself

Hawkins in preference to Bunce if we choose. Anyhow, we're not the judge. All we have to do is to present the evidence at our command—if we can get it. And, by Gad! we will get it if it costs us ten thousand dollars! Why, Quib, the thing is a windfall! Thirty-five thousand! Why, thirty-five *hundred* for such a case would be a good big fee!"

"I don't know!" I answered, for I felt a curious premonition in the matter. "Something tells me that we ought to take no chances."

"Come, come!" quoth Gottlieb, with a slight show of irritation. "Don't lose your nerve. You've done many a worse thing than this, to my own knowledge!"

I do not pretend to any virtue in the matter and yet I must admit to some feelings of compunction about Mrs. Dillingham. Truth to tell, I had taken a strong dislike to her husband, with his sleek confidence and cold-blooded selfishness. In addition, I was quite sure that there was some other fell reason why he wished to divorce her—probably he had another marriage in contemplation, even if he had not admitted it.

"I wish we could make the beggar do his own dirty work," I exclaimed.

"But what does he pay us for?" inquired Gottlieb innocently. "Quib!—Just think of the money!"

I had, in fact, been thinking of the money and it looked very good to me. Since my days in Haight & Foster's law office, a great, great change had come in my manner of life; and, though my friends to a great extent remained among the theatrical and sporting class to which I had received my first introduction on coming to New York, I now occupied a large brick house with stone trimmings in Washington Square, where I entertained in truly luxurious fashion. I had a French cook and an English butler, and drove a pair of trotters that were second to none except those of William H. Vanderbilt.

Though I had never allowed myself to be caught in the net of matrimony, I had many friends among the fair sex, particularly among those who graced the footlights; and some of my evening parties did not break up until dawn was glinting over the roofs of the respectable mansions round about me. It was a gay life, but it cost money—almost more money than I could make; and my share in the thirty-five thousand dollars offered by our friend Dillingham would go a long way to keeping up my establishment for another year. So I allowed my qualms to give me no further uneasiness and told myself that Gottlieb was clever enough to manage the business in such a fashion that there would be no "come-back."

A week or so later I encountered in our office a narrow-shouldered, watery-eyed, reddish-nosed party that I instantly recognized for Hawkins. There could be no doubt about the matter, for he had a way of standing at attention and thrusting his head forward when addressed that were unmistakable. He was waiting, it turned out, for Gottlieb, who had sent for him to come on from Baltimore; and the readiness with which he had responded could be better accounted for by the five hundred dollars which he had received at the hands of our emissary for traveling expenses than by any desire on his part to regain the society of the present Mrs. Dillingham.

"I suppose," began Gottlieb when he had retired to the seclusion of his inner office, "that you fully understand that the divorce secured by your wife is inoperative —— Tut! Tut! Don't interrupt me!"—for Hawkins had opened his mouth in protest—"for the reason—for the very good reason, I repeat—that you were never served with any summons or notified that the proceeding had been commenced. Am I correct?"

Hawkins grinned and turned his watery eyes from one of us to the other.

"Quite so, sir!" he stuttered. "Exactly, sir!"

"Now, on the contrary, if any one says you were served with such a paper, it was quite impossible, for the reason—by the way, what *was* the reason?"

Hawkins dropped one eyelid and pursed his lips.

"Quite impossible, sir! The fact is, sir, I was waitin' on a dinin' car that ran at the time between San Antonio and New Orleans, sir."

"You see, Quib!" exclaimed Gottlieb. "My suspicions in the matter were quite correct. This gentleman has been most outrageously treated! If you will kindly retire for a moment—I will then turn him over to you for the purpose of taking his affidavit."

A few moments thereafter Hawkins appeared in my office, apparently in the act of stuffing something into his pocket, and announced that he was ready to sign his "davy." Although I had no taste for the business, there was nothing for it but to do my part; so I called in a stenographer and dictated the following:

SUPREME COURT,
COUNTY OF NEW YORK
RUFUS P. DILLINGHAM, Plaintiff
against
LILIAN DILLINGHAM, Defendant
} ACTION FOR ANNULMENT OF MARRIAGE

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, ss.:

ARTHUR P. HAWKINS, being duly sworn, deposes and says: that he is forty-three years old, a waiter by occupation, and resides in the city of Baltimore, Maryland; that he was married to the defendant herein on the eighteenth day of June, 187—, and thereafter lived with her as man and wife until the month of December, 1882, when for some reason unknown to deponent the defendant left his house and did not thereafter return; that he has recently learned that said defendant, in July, 1887, procured a decree of divorce against him in the county and state of New York, upon grounds of which deponent is totally ignorant, and that thereafter said defendant contracted a marriage with one Rufus P. Dillingham, the plaintiff herein; that deponent was never served with any summons or complaint in said action of divorce and had no knowledge or information that any such proceeding was pending against him; that he never appeared in such proceeding and until recently always supposed that the defendant was his lawful wife.

Sworn to before me this fourteenth day of September, 1894 } ARTHUR P. HAWKINS

ISAAC M. COHEN,
Notary Public, New York County.

There was something about this seedy rascal that filled me with disgust and suspicion, and he looked at me out of the corners of his evil eyes as if he knew that by some trick of fate he had me in his power and was gloating over it. Even while he was swearing to the paper he had a sickly sneer on his pimply face that sickened me; and when Cohen, my clerk, administered the oath to him he had the audacity to wink in his face and answer:

"It's the truth—*not!*"

Cohen, who knew a thing or two and had taken affidavits before, merely laughed, but the words sent a shiver down my spine and I snarled out:

"Be careful what you are saying! Do you swear that this affidavit of yours is true?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" he hastened to answer, chagrined at my not taking as a joke what he had intended for one.

"Very well," said I to Cohen. "Show the gentleman out. I'm very busy. Good day."

Afterward I would have given all the money I possessed to undo what I had done.

. . . . . .

The case of Dillingham *versus* Dillingham duly came on for trial, with Oscar Willoughby Bunce as the chief witness for the defendant. He had visited our office several times in an attempt to convince us that we were entirely misinformed in regard to the service of the papers in the original action and had insisted vehemently that he had personally delivered them to Hawkins in the office of the Astor House. Gottlieb had gently assured him that he must be mistaken and bowed him out, but Bunce for once in his little toy career was "all up in the air." He felt that his own integrity was, in some mysterious way, at stake, since it was upon his own testimony to the effect that he had made the service of the papers in question that the original decree had in part been granted. The case was sent to a referee for hearing, and on the morning of the day set Gottlieb called me into his office and said:

"Harkee, Quib! I've a plan that will put our little friend Bunce's nose out of joint for good. It is nearly seven years now since he has seen Hawkins."

"Well," said I, "what is your game?"

"Come along to the hearing and you'll find out, my lad," answered Gottlieb. "Don't fail to be on hand."

Curious to discover what trick Gottlieb would be able to play, I accordingly arranged my work so as to attend the hearing which was to be held in the referee's office in an old wooden building on Broadway. As I climbed the stairs I caught sight of Hawkins skulking on one of the landings, but he laid a finger on his lips and I passed on and up to the attorney's office. The room, like most old-fashioned lawyers' offices, was but dimly lighted, and on entering I found the other side, with the exception of Mrs. Dillingham, already there. The referee sat at one end of a large table, surrounded by his books, with the stenographer beside him; and to his left sat Bunce and a lawyer named Stires, the present "attorney of record" for the defendant. I took my seat opposite them, introduced myself to the referee, and waited. In a few moments the door opened noisily and Gottlieb entered with much bustle, accompanied by a clerk carrying books and papers and by a perfectly strange man, arrayed in very new clothes, who seemed much embarrassed and doubtful as to what he should do.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," exclaimed Gottlieb breezily. "I regret to have kept you waiting, but I was unavoidably detained. Shall I sit down here? Yes? Very good. Please take your seat beside me, Mr. Hawkins."

The stranger blushed, fumbled his hat and sat down bashfully in the place designated.

"Are you ready to proceed, gentlemen?" inquired the referee over his spectacles. "Call your first witness."

Bunce, who had been fidgeting in his eagerness to tell what he knew, instantly bobbed up and asked to be sworn.

After giving his name and age, he detailed how he had prepared the papers in the original case of Hawkins *versus* Hawkins and served them upon the defendant personally at the Astor House.

"I handed them to Mr. Hawkins myself and explained them to him. He was dressed very much as he is now," cried Bunce.

"Do you positively identify this gentleman on your oath as the person you served with the summons and complaint?" inquired Gottlieb as if the matter were merely one of routine.

"Absolutely!" retorted Bunce hotly. "I could identify him anywhere by the shape of his nose. I took especial pains to remark his appearance in case the service should ever be disputed."

"Thank you. That is all," said Gottlieb. Then turning to the stranger he directed him to take the stand.

"What is your name?" he asked sternly.

"Aaron Finklestein—as you know very well, Mr. Gottlieb," answered the stranger.

"Do you recognize this gentleman who has just testified?" indicating Bunce.

"As far as I know I never saw him in my life," answered Finklestein.

"Did he ever serve you with any papers—in the Astor House or anywhere else?"

"Never."

"What is your business?"

"I am an undertaker."

(Continued on Page 44)

"Did He Ever Serve You With Any Papers—in the Astor House or Anywhere Else?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2 75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 12, 1911

The Fleece and the Fleeced

THE Census Bureau has issued its report on sheep. This shows that the total number of sheep and lambs in the United States has not increased in the last decade, and the number of wool-producing sheep has slightly decreased. In the North Atlantic division of states the decrease is a million head, or forty per cent. In the South there has been a decrease. In the North Central division the number has remained stationary. In the Far West there has been an increase of a million head, three-quarters of which occurred in Montana.

The association which speaks for ninety-seven per cent of the leading clothing manufacturers in the United States has declared that, under the beneficent operations of Schedule K, woolen clothes worn by the American people have deteriorated fully one-third in weight, though the price has materially advanced. Wool Senators declare we must endure Schedule K, with its duties of more than ninety per cent on manufactures of wool, in order to foster the sheep industry. During the last census period prices of sheep and wool were high—but the sheep industry refused to be fostered. It expanded in Montana, where there was a vast area of cheap, unimproved land. Almost everywhere else it stood still or receded. The total number of farms in the United States reporting sheep decreased in the decade by one hundred and fifty-five thousand, or twenty per cent. In the South Central division, where crop values increased one hundred and eleven per cent, the number of farms reporting sheep dropped forty-four thousand.

What is it that Schedule K's ninety per cent duties are really fostering?

Who furnishes the fleece for this shearing?

Swollen Government Revenues

NEARLY two hundred cities, located in twenty-seven states, have already adopted the commission form of government, the grand merit of which was recently described in the Senate as "complete centralization of power and responsibility in a small council or commission."

About the time this description was given, the Treasury statement showed that in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, revenues of the Federal Government exceeded all records, topping seven hundred million dollars. This is an increase of a full hundred million dollars in two years, and is almost double the largest revenue ever received by the Government from taxation in the period between the Civil War and the Spanish-American War. Special internal revenue taxes levied during the Spanish-American War caused receipts under that head to jump a hundred million dollars in a year. These special imposts have been repealed, and the only new impost is the corporation tax, which yielded thirty-two million dollars last year; yet internal revenue receipts last year exceeded the maximum of the Spanish-American War, while import duties now yield above three hundred millions yearly against two hundred millions in 1899.

Excluding the Panama Canal, expenditures last year were some forty millions less than receipts; but, in the main, outgo has kept pace with increased income. Much, undoubtedly, of this enormously increased revenue is well and profitably spent. The point is that nobody in particular is responsible for it. If the business of a city with an income of fifteen or twenty millions a year cannot be conducted efficiently when power and responsibility are scattered among thirty or forty aldermen and executives, how about the business of a nation spending nearly seven hundred millions a year, with power and responsibility scattered among about five hundred Senators, Representatives and executives?

We cannot, of course, have a ministry in which complete financial responsibility is centralized; but we could have a greater consolidation of fiscal authority and responsibility.

War and English Credit

IN 1899 the debt of England stood at the lowest point since the Napoleonic wars, and for four years Government bonds bearing two and three-quarter per cent interest had sold at a premium averaging about ten per cent. Then came the Boer War, increasing the debt by eight hundred million dollars and making the total nearly four billions. "This," the editor of the Economist recently observed, "was the highest point since 1867; so that the national savings of thirty-six years of peace were swept away by national borrowings during three years of war." And in April, 1903, interest on consols was reduced to two and a half per cent.

For a good while consols have been selling at a discount of about twenty per cent, and in the middle of July they dropped to seventy-eight and a quarter—the lowest price in eighty years. The drop was attributed to apprehension over the Morocco situation—which naturally raises a question as to what would become of consols if there were a real war scare.

Money cannot be had at two and a half per cent because there are too many competitors for the world's savings. The relative prices of British two and a half per cents and French three per cents suggest that investors do not like a very low-rate bond, even at a discount.

The more important point is that about a year of actual fighting with a handful of Boers caused England's debt to increase three-fourths as much as twelve years of fighting with Napoleon at the height of his power. That suggests the colossal destructiveness of modern warfare.

German in the United States

IN 1850 the population of this country was twenty-three millions, and in the next ten years nearly a million German immigrants arrived. Relatively to population this was our biggest consignment of any single foreign tongue. In the following thirty years we received nearly three million more Germans; but in the last twenty years German immigration has been comparatively small, and the German language in the United States has suffered a great relative decline. Carl Schurz' value to the Republican party as an orator was vastly enhanced by his ability to address German audiences in their native tongue. Long afterward it was the practice in Wisconsin and elsewhere to send German speakers into districts heavily settled by immigrants from the Fatherland; and in several cities having large German populations newspapers printed in that language were nearly as influential and prosperous as their English contemporaries. Relatively to population the German newspaper has greatly declined and the German political orator is rare. A recent report says, as to Wisconsin, that English is now understood practically everywhere. It is taught in all public schools, and in some of the parochial schools—formerly a stronghold of German—the teaching is entirely in English.

The children, of course, not only learn English but generally prefer the English newspaper and the English theater. The offspring of Teutonic parents whose German in range, construction and accent closely resembles that of his New England-born neighbor is by no means uncommon. Many Germans and non-Germanic lovers of that tongue grieve over this; but business is business. The language that is most widely useful will prevail.

Thackeray

THERE are two distinctly virtuous characters in Vanity Fair. One is a simpleton, the other is a bore. There is a more or less "happy ending," upon reading which one feels as though he had stepped back for a moment into a theater where he witnessed an overpowering drama, but which is now deserted by players and audience, with the curtain dropped and the lights turned down. The book doesn't tell one that if he is honest and industrious he is sure to succeed. It informs him, on the contrary, that, as he is a good deal of a fool anyway, he cannot expect very much, no matter what he does.

Thackeray's centenary naturally brings these things to mind. His fiction, perhaps, is the most vital in the English language—his total influence greater than that of any other of our novelists. He did not win this position by conforming to the view that fiction should be a form of flattering the feeble-minded—a weak soothing syrup to make flabby souls temporarily forget about death and taxes. There may be something in the world more banal than the "happy-ending," "sunny side" doctrine of fiction. If there is it has been our good fortune to miss it.

Making Transportation Dear

THE first parcels-post difficulty that we recall occurred at the close of the fifteenth century. Arabs controlled the overland routes from India to the Mediterranean and so monopolized the spice trade, which they worked in partnership with the Venetians. Directly after Vasco da Gama reached India by sea, however, Portugal sent thither a fleet of trading ships. In spite of bitterest opposition on the part of the monopolistic Arabs the ships succeeded in securing cargoes of spices and other Oriental wares which they brought to Europe. The result was a panic in Venice, the price of spices there falling fifty per cent. That the Arabs had made thrifty use of their monopoly is indicated by the fact that, in spite of this fall in prices, the Portuguese are said to have sold their spices at a profit of six hundred per cent. Probably the Arabs argued, like our express companies, that they were really benevolent persons and engaged in trade mostly for their health.

The dearness of transportation at that time was a matter of small importance, for commerce was chiefly confined to articles of luxury. Only barons could buy spices anyway. Nowadays, when transportation enters into the cost of the necessaries of life, there seems decidedly less excuse for tolerating a monopolistic toll upon it.

Peers by Wholesale

AT FIRST blush it seems odd that English Conservatives should shrink from forcing the King to create some five hundred new peers in order to pass the veto bill through the House of Lords. In 1828 that body contained a hundred and twenty-eight Liberal members. Since then various Liberal ministries have created over two hundred peers. During the last thirty years, however, the Liberal party has been able to muster only about fifty votes in the upper chamber, while the Conservatives, upon occasion, have mustered more than four hundred. At the same ratio, five hundred new Liberal peers would presently be resolved into about seventy-five Liberals and four hundred and twenty-five rock-ribbed Conservatives.

Nor is there much force in the objection that old peers would lose caste by the creation of many new ones. Historically, there are no old peers to speak of. As Disraeli long ago pointed out, "The Wars of the Roses freed us from those gentlemen." Out of five hundred peers, only sixty can count as many as nine predecessors in the title.

The danger to Conservatism lies in another direction. Some eighty-five per cent of the new peers having become intensely Conservative, it might ere long be necessary to create a thousand new peers in order to prevent the House of Lords from blocking Liberal legislation; then two thousand, four thousand, eight thousand. Thus the ratio of increase in peerages would overtake and outrun the ratio of increase in millionaires, and England would be afflicted with a nobility which was not only very numerous but impecunious. No danger to Conservatism could arise so long as there was a fortune of a million pounds or so to go with each peerage; but a nobility that is broke usually furnishes the most violent and dangerous class of radicals.

A Courteous Example

IN AN absent-minded moment, one warm July morning, the Senate passed a little four-line resolution abolishing a couple of petty jobs. What immediately followed is thus set forth in the Congressional Record:

The Vice-President: Is there further morning business?

Mr. Martin, of Virginia: In connection with the resolution just adopted, I ask if it has any relation to the colored man who is employed in the stationery room.

Mr. Lodge: It covers his case and one other.

Mr. Martin, of Virginia: I ask that the vote by which the resolution was adopted be reconsidered. The Senator from Mississippi desires to be present when it is considered.

Mr. Lodge: I put it over several times. It is a small matter and I think it ought not to be put over again. It has been pending three or four weeks.

Mr. Martin, of Virginia: It will do no harm to let it go over until tomorrow. I am sure the Senator from Mississippi is interested. It is of no great importance that it should be disposed of this morning.

Senator Lodge was almost inclined to insist that the resolution, having finally been adopted, should stand. Senator Martin, however, stuck firmly to his point that the Senate must not detach the colored gentleman from his job in the absence of the Senator from Mississippi, who had some interest in the matter. After debate the resolution was held up until the Senator from Mississippi could be present.

Such is "senatorial courtesy"—under which it takes one month to get a vote on a colored brother's humble job and anywhere from four months to a year to get a vote on matters of larger importance.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Capper of Kansas

A FEW times every generation things work out according to story-book schedule. Now and then the poor boy who walks into the bank and asks for a job, picking up a pin the while and thereby attracting the attention of the bank president, gets the job and becomes president of the bank. Frequently, of course, the boy is refused the job and chided for stealing the pin, but not always. Occasionally a brakeman gets to be boss of the road, and once in a blue moon a legislative page becomes the powerful statesman in the body where he once ran errands.

Life, as the philosopher remarked, is but one concatenation of circumstances correlating continually · meaning, of course, it is but one dodgasted thing after another; and the story-book boy who gets the job as bookkeeper doesn't rise to be president of the bank one-tenth of one per cent of the times he stays along as bookkeeper, until they fire him because he is getting old. Therefore, when we find a real story that proves up with a story-book story concerning young America, it may not be amiss to call attention to it.

Here and there, scattered through the history of the graphic arts, we have tales of the country boy who came in, got a place as printer's devil and finally became owner and editor and a power in the community. The histories of the country boys who came in and got jobs and did not become owners and editors are rarely referred to. However, we have the word of many eminent observers, usually unsuccessful themselves, that success is the only thing that counts –though there are some poems, I believe, celebrating the chap who fails; but such sentiments are not worth much as collateral, and the case I have in mind hasn't a flaw in it.

The Next Governor of Kansas?

Not far from the capitol in Topeka, and reasonably near to the Santa Fe offices and the new skyscraper, there is a big gray-stone building of considerable impressiveness and architectural beauty. The Topeka people tell you this is the finest commercial building in Kansas, and go a bit farther and say it is the finest building in the West devoted to the publishing business. When you ask, "Who owns it?" they pull that surprised-you-don't-know air and say: "Why, Arthur Capper, of course!"

Well, that's the story-book story. Back in 1884, Arthur Capper came into Topeka from Garrett, Kansas, aged nineteen, having some knowledge of typesetting, and got a job as compositor on the Topeka Capital. Now he owns the Topeka Capital, which is one of the best and brightest dailies in the West, half a dozen more publications with a combined circulation of about a million, the building which has been mentioned—owns them all himself—and is a candidate for Governor before the primaries .o be held this summer or fall.

Perfect, isn't it? A story-book story in real life. Let me give you the details. After he had worked as a printer for a time, Capper was made a reporter. He got ten or fifteen dollars a week. He was a good reporter. People living out there say his pieces on the legislative sessions were the best they have had in Kansas. There was nothing flossy or funny or sensational about them. What Capper had in mind was to tell the people what the legislature had been doing the day before; and he told them clearly, concisely and completely.

Lifting the Steer

HE WAS an earnest young chap and worked all the time. So the wise people who ran the Capital at that time, knowing how essential it is to have a city editor, especially in a small city, who can and will work, made Capper city editor. Presently he branched out a bit and went to Washington to be Washington correspondent for his paper; and, by way of getting experience, he went to New York and took assignments on Park Row.

There wasn't anything in that that Capper could see and he came back to Topeka and bought the North Topeka Mail, a weekly with a circulation of six or seven hundred. Here he had a full field for all the capacity for work he had—for running a weekly in Kansas or elsewhere, especially near a city, is no restful employment. Capper went at it and after a time bought and consolidated with the Mail a paper called the Kansas Breeze. This gave him his start and he went along and added the other papers, including the Capital, where he had his first job as a printer, to his string. Then the building came and as the business grew Capper grew with it. Today, if there is a more influential man in Kansas than Capper a reasonably good acquaintance with Kansas people does not identify him to me.

Tom McNeal wrote a piece about Capper when Capper announced himself for Governor. Tom is editor of one of the Capper papers and has known Capper always. He said the rise of Capper reminded him of the old story of the man who set out to lift a steer and began by lifting the calf when it was just born. Each day he lifted the calf, when was growing steadily, and kept lifting without noticing the increased weight until he lifted the two-thousand-pound steer without trouble. Tom McNeal says that is the way with Capper. He began lifting his publishing business when it was seven pounds lighter than a straw hat; and now that it has developed into an institution employing seven hundred people, with a big building of its own and all that, Capper handles it just as easily as he did the old North Topeka Mail, when you could tuck the circulation into a bushel basket

The impressive thing about Capper is that he has come along without any fuss, without any bloviating, without any grandstanding, without any horntooting. He grew along with the business sometimes faster—and now there isn't a detail with which he is not familiar, or any part of it all of which he is not master. Yet he is never in a hurry, never in a fret, never worried, but always calm, happy, imperturbable—but busy. Every man and every woman of the seven hundred who work for him swears by him. Everything he turns out is clean, decent and worth while. And personally he is modest and unassuming, but full of force and energy. He never thinks of using the great influence he has in Kansas for any but the best ends—a fine, clear-headed, high-minded young man.

He joined with the Progressives in Kansas when the movement to defeat the old railroad machine began and he has stood steadily for the real Kansas idea of state and national government ever since, fighting the Old Guard just as systematically and just as effectively as he does everything else. I don't think he had a political ambition six months ago other than the ambition to see his party in control of men who would govern it cleanly and creditably. Others had political ambitions for him, however, and Governor Stubbs and Bill White and Jackson and Dolley and the rest began to tell him the thing for him to do was to announce himself as a candidate for Governor before the coming primaries on a progressive platform. Capper hung back. He had much business and more in view. Then Charley Sessions came along and said: "Now, Arthur, you've just got to run. That's all there is about that!" Without aspersing the political judgment of the other eminent Kansans who urged Capper to run, let me say that Charley Sessions knows as much about Kansas politics and has as good judgment along those lines and as keen a sense of what is going to happen as all of them put together—a fact which Capper understood perfectly. So Capper came out and printed his platform. It is a good, strong, square-toed, progressive platform. He stands for the lowest taxes consistent with public efficiency, for war on all forms of graft, for a non-partisan administration of all the state's institutions, the strict regulation of public utilities, fair and equitable transportation rates, reasonable supervision of corporations, and for the enforcement of the laws—which means, in Kansas particularly, there will be no let-up in Governor Stubbs' enforcement of the liquor laws.

At the time this was written, no Old Guard candidate had been proposed against Capper. There may or may not be such a contestor. That has nothing to do with the present case. The proposition herewith set forth is that if the people of Kansas nominate and elect Arthur Capper for Governor they will do themselves the very great credit of selecting a man who is fitted in every way to be their executive—as clean, strong, able and progressive a young American as lives in their state—or in any other state, for that matter.

Also and incidentally it will be a great impetus to Kansas literature. I can see Dave Leahy and Charley Sessions now collaborating on the book. It will be called, From Printer to Governor, and Dave will do the rhetoric and Charley will supply the politics; and there will be about three-quarters of it devoted to the newspaper business, for both Dave and Charley have turned a few tricks themselves in that line of human endeavor.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Assisted by Carnegie

A CERTAIN congregation in a Western city built a new house of worship and wanted a new organ. Having heard that one of the philanthropic specialties of Andrew Carnegie was the giving of organs to worthy churches, the officials of this church applied for one.

The church was notified that a committee should be sent to New York to see Mr. Carnegie. The minister and one other person went. They saw Carnegie's secretary and explained the needs and merits of the church. They said they thought that a four-thousand-dollar organ would be about right.

"Very well," said the secretary; "but it is the invariable custom of Mr. Carnegie to require the churches to which he presents organs to raise half the price agreed upon. Go back home and raise two thousand dollars, and we will see what can be done."

The committee hastened home, filled with enthusiasm, and started a canvass. In two days the two thousand dollars was secured, placed in a bank, and Mr. Carnegie was notified of the success of the undertaking.

Presently this reply came back: "Mr. Carnegie is of the opinion that two thousand dollars is enough to expend for an organ for your church. Expend that sum wisely and you will have a fine instrument."

Cautious Culberson

IT IS not too much to say that Senator Culberson, of Texas, is a cautious and conservative man when it comes to making public utterances.

A reporter who went to interview him once gives this report of the interview.

The Philippine question being paramount at the time, the reporter started with the question:

"Senator, what do you think of the Philippine question?"

"As to that," the Senator replied, "I have not as yet formed a mature judgment. However, I can say that I am opposed to the retention or acquisition of undesirable territory by the United States."

"What about the Trusts?"

"That is another subject on which I have not yet arrived at such a conclusion as to warrant the discussion of the subject in print. I am engaged in looking into the matter thoroughly. However, I am against Trusts."

"What do you think of the Democratic state platform adopted yesterday by the state convention?"

"I have not read it, and so cannot discuss it."

"Well, Senator," the exasperated reporter asked, "here is a question that is very close to my heart. What do you think of the equator?"

"As to that," the reporter says the Senator replied, "I am not prepared to commit myself. There is, as you know, a north side of the equator and a south side; and I should hesitate to say anything concerning one to the disparagement of the other. However, you can quote me on the subject by saying I thoroughly agree with all the objects of the equator and have never said a word in disparagement thereof in all my public career."

THE LOBBY

By KATHERINE G. BUSBEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

"Wouldn't I Pet It and Dress It Though—if It Were Mine!"

AT A WINDOW six stories up the cream-colored side of Washington's "remodeled and most up-to-date hostelry" stood the wife of the Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker screening her fashionably compact form behind the tiger lilies in the lace curtain. Her shapely, resolute hands supported steadily at the curtain's edge a ladylike pair of opera-glasses that were leveled at the sixth floor of the hotel across the street.

Mrs. Stryker was tall and of commanding appearance; her face had the freedom from lines of the much massaged woman, and still she looked worried. Her eyelids snapped nervously, and the three-ply burden of silk, gilt tissue and chiffon across her broad chest lifted and fell with her deep breathing.

She failed to hear her husband enter the room, though for that omission her absorption may be held accountable only in part, there being colleagues of the Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker in the House of Representatives who maintained that he could put on wooden shoes and walk over a tin roof, and make no more noise than a tabby-cat mincing over a Brussels carpet. The unusual detail in Congressman Stryker's appearance was the amount of emotion reflected over the large surface of his stern, consciously statesmanlike face. "Most folks take Stryker for cold," once remarked the campaign manager of his Middle West district; "but those people ought to lift one of his griddles; they would find him blazing inside." And, not to put too fine a point upon the homely metaphor, at this moment the top of the stove showed red.

"What are you doing now, Emma?" He addressed his wife or remarked on the weather with the heavy earnestness of public utterance, and Mrs. Stryker started; but she turned to him with the composed expression of a married saint.

"Now?" she evaded, with ostentatious indifference, and tried to achieve an abstracted gaze; but the opera-glasses thrust hastily behind her made an attitude slightly belligerent. The Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker, who had a particularly impressive manner of keeping silent, merely waited with patience and entire politeness.

"Well, J. P., I was looking over at the Arbuckles—not their own rooms, of course—you know I wouldn't do that; but his Exposition headquarters—and I can tell you of several men you think you've pledged to our side who've been over there in your rival's office," she ended darkly.

"But, Emma, what I just came upon you doing—that's shocking—my gracious, it's—it's discreditable ——" he struggled to overcome his usual niggardliness of adjective and expletive.

"But, J. P., we don't propose to have those Western Coast people capture this Exposition, do we?" There was the stillness of stern dignity about the corners of Mrs. Stryker's mouth when she used the term "we." This editorial banding to her husband's career made her feel herself a brief for all womankind in politics today, with the romantic touch of being in accord with Nature of the last régime when women ruled emperors. "You know," she continued, "getting the Exposition for our state is going to give you a big jog toward the Senate when our poor old senior Senator's term is up—or when he dies, as he's really quite likely to do. And then we ought to consider that having the Fair out there would boom our stock in the Interurban Electric." She spoke with creamlike propriety.

"You do put things so dreadfully, Emma! You shouldn't state it that way; you really mustn't!" There was a wide vein of caution in the Hon. Joseph Peabody's nature.

"Well, I'm not shouting it from the housetops, J. P., but it does seem as if we might be frank when we're alone. But you never did speak out and never will, I suppose. I always have to do all the talking."

The Congressman looked at the ceiling—at some moments one may claim sympathy from inanimate things.

"And at least, J. P., I haven't resorted to sordid trafficking"—she shot an injured and meaning look at her husband. "What about all those hams our headquarters has been sending to members whose votes were doubtful, and the crates of oranges the Arbuckle people have been distributing? If that isn't bribery!"

"And much good it did—not a vote!" The Congressman spoke bitterly, his wife's knowledge having surprised him into candor—but only for a moment.

"You must be very careful about charging people with bribery, Emma. Bribery is a very serious offense, very," he ended impressively.

Mrs. Stryker made an impatient movement with her free hand and lifted her head proudly.

"Well, I've been working in a perfectly straightforward way. I ask for votes for your bill candidly, as man to man ——"

"How's that?"

"Why, yes, I've talked to at least fifty Congressmen. I intended to surprise you with the results of my canvass ——"

The Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker may be said almost to have snorted, but he suppressed the snort. The result was a guttural cluck—one of his meager ways of expressing deep emotion.

"It's a surprise," he said grimly. "But now suppose you tell me whom you've approached."

"Why, I didn't keep a list, J. P. How could I, catching them just whenever I had the chance—as they came out of the dining room, at receptions, and all that? But they were all lovely about it—all but one." The expression in Mrs. Stryker's fine eyes made it evident that, a woman full of high purpose, she had been cruelly misunderstood. "That old Congressman Hutt—he's always so bearish!"

"There isn't a more honest man in Congress, or a more influential. Whoever gets him ——" There was a momentary glitter in Stryker's glance.

"Oh, I know you men hate to give women credit, but I just have helped. Now at the club I gave all the good committee places to the wives of members we want to get; and I gave a little talk." Noticing her husband's slow facial change from vague disapproval to shocked protest, Mrs. Stryker paused.

The Congressman shifted his position and snapped open the newspaper he had brought with him before he spoke:

"I should say you did." It was well said, with an almost austere quietness. He made another dramatic pause before he proceeded to read: "Wife of Congressman Stryker urges clubwomen to cease to be 'unawakened and rural.' Asks that their influence ——" The voice trailed off in a sonorous mumble as the Congressman tossed the paper aside and faced his wife: "How do you think that will strike my constituents, Emma?"

"Those farmers!" Mrs. Stryker inhaled deeply and arose to adjust her narrow skirt.

"But how often must I remind you, Emma, that I am a farmer. I represent an agricultural district. I own several farms, and fifteen years in Congress does not make me forget that I am a farmer—I am a farmer."

His wife coughed.

"I hear, and I quite understand, J. P. I am singularly quick to take a hint. You are a farmer. We've never lived nearer a farm than the hotel in Oil City, but—you are a farmer." Usually she was very tender with the harmless hypocrisies in her husband's career, and this agricultural pose was one of the traits that really endeared him. It was amusing, but it was so human. She knew that when, during campaigns for reëlection—which were the only times, thank Heaven! that they returned to the district—his voice took on the deliberate inflection of the countryside, deliberately assumed, he was convinced that his audiences heard through his words the whirr of a thresher, the whinny of a colt or the tinkle of a cowbell, as it were, and she would feel something akin to the "bless-his-heart" thrill of the mother whose small boy believes himself a redskin on the warpath. But today things rasped. "Perhaps, J. P., you want me to be like that simple little Arbuckle woman over there!" she cried, on her mettle and gesturing boldly with the opera-glasses.

"Well, I guess she doesn't interfere ——"

"Perhaps not. But, thank goodness, I don't sit around with my mouth screwed in one perpetual simper, looking religious and wondering whether my new gowns will fit ——" The concise line of Mrs. Stryker's lip wavered upward. "And what do you suppose she is doing now? She's sitting there idly, right in the midst of this Exposition lobby, holding a baby—some one else's baby!"

Here was opportunity for cutting rejoinder, but the Congressman stood looking at his handsome wife and something very like sympathy crept into his look. It had been terrible to watch Emma's suffering when their children had come—and died. This dabbling in his politics, all this new woman business—at least it made her forget. Perhaps she feared calmness that might bring recollection.

"Emma!" The blood poured back into his heavy face, swelling the veins on his temples and reddening the lobes of his thick ears. He couldn't go on. He had surprised himself with the sudden and unaccustomed compassion that had gone into that word. Yet—such is the contrariety between intentions and effects—his wife fancied expostulation in his voice, and she flurried into one of those piteously vain attempts at final self-defense that we spend our lives in making.

"Well, it just happened that for only one instant, while I was focusing, my glasses took in her room."

Thus what might have been a big moment was lost. His frown vanished but it left a scar, and she pressed on for sympathy a little querulously:

"Oh dear, my head aches badly enough to make me long for death or bedtime; but I must go up to the Puffers' rooms tonight to a bridge. I wonder whether I should be nice to the wife of that fat new member from the Northwest somewhere; whether he'd ——" Her voice trailed off vaguely; she had turned to pat and finger her marvelous coiffure before the mantelpiece mirror.

"My dear, it is almost as easy to do wrong for a good motive as it is to do right for a bad one." The Congressman could not resist the oracular, and this small flight had always been most effective in his speeches; but it did not prevent his wife's departing into the next room with a sort of sorrowful grace.

"Perhaps when we've won others will give me credit for all I've done," she rebuked him with restrained pride over her shoulder.

Across the street a chubby little woman sat placidly regarding the baby asleep on a pillow across her lap. She

"Well, a Fool and His Job are Soon Parted," the Congressman Finished Grimly

might have been an exquisite aquarelle, a well-known kind of Academy picture, she was so motionless, and the light from the window revealed such delicacy of grain in cheeks and throat. Hers was a singularly innocent face and characterless, except in so far as the gift of faithfulness gives an expression of lofty simplicity that amounts almost to strength. She was no more self-conscious than the very small child she held, and she had something of a child's charm—the appealing charm of trustfulness.

Fate is a stage manager with a quaint idea of cast, and apparently she never made a more haphazard selection than when she had sent the whirlwind spellbinder, young Martin Arbuckle, down into the Dutch section of his western city, where Lotta Stolpt presided demurely over her father's household. Yet without ever a rehearsal Fate threw this human antithesis into the opposite parts of a love drama.

Lotta's father, as ward boss, was prominent at the meeting that Arbuckle addressed with Celtic hilarity and American fury, and Lotta was sitting on the platform. Afterward they met, and if their first words were not exactly "strong lines," as modern stagecraft reckons, if the circumstances were ordinary, their hearts at all events were heroic—and it is the heart that makes the situation.

Lotta's father had said a great many many-syllabled expletives when he had found his daughter contemplated marrying that "Irish office-seeker," and further demonstrated his Teutonic ability to deal with the situation by locking Lotta in her room. So Lotta, who had always before been pliant as the coil of her long flaxen hair, broke the lock with her silver-handled buttonhook and was married at noon in the City Hall to big Martin Arbuckle, with his kind mouth, fierce chin and humorous eyes.

Later she took this hot-tempered husband home, literally hanging on his arm—her height was five feet nothing—and presented him to his bellicose father-in-law; and a year later Gustav Stölpt died of pneumonia, contracted one rainy night while marching in a parade with a transparency on which appeared the legend: "Martin Arbuckle for Congress—An Honest Man for the Twelfth." Arbuckle had dropped tears into the little German hymn-book at the funeral; he had been smoking a long pipe with the old man every evening for months.

After Stölpt's death it developed that he was a silent partner in the brewery where he had worked for years as bookkeeper, and Mrs. Martin Arbuckle, wife of Congressman-elect Arbuckle, came into a fortune.

Although she had spent all her life among politicians, Lotta Arbuckle's knowledge of politics was of the slightest. She did not even put to her husband those vague feminine questions most women ask. She accepted their life frankly and naturally as based on the primitive needs of the heart, with nothing from his political career required to explain or justify or confirm her complete happiness. She had a soft air of being passively adequate to their position in Washington. She wore just as elaborate frocks as Martin desired, but through complicated creations she still breathed a sweet odor of peace and good housewifery. They had had no children; the baby on her knees was, in truth—as the wife of the Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker had charged—a borrowed baby. She had heard it fretting in the next room and had gone in and taken it from a tired nurse. Now she heard her husband bringing some one into the sitting room of their suite; the hearty roll of his voice came to her through the closed door. The man with him answered in a sort of breath voice, no tone behind it; and she knew that it was the younger Senator from their state. He always spoke almost in a whisper; she wondered whether he had throat trouble. He was certainly very thin, and his thin hair brushed tidily back from his hollowed temples made him look thinner. Martin seemed to have great respect for him, but for her part she smiled as she thought of Martin's lionlike head and that splendid wavy lock of hair that had to be tossed out of his eyes continually when he was making a speech. Of course she must have loved Martin if he had been only a sausage seller, but how wonderful had been her fate—a Congressman, and the handsomest man in Congress!

Some light seemed gradually to strike up from the baby's face to her own; it was a light that dazzled her, and for a moment she closed her eyes.

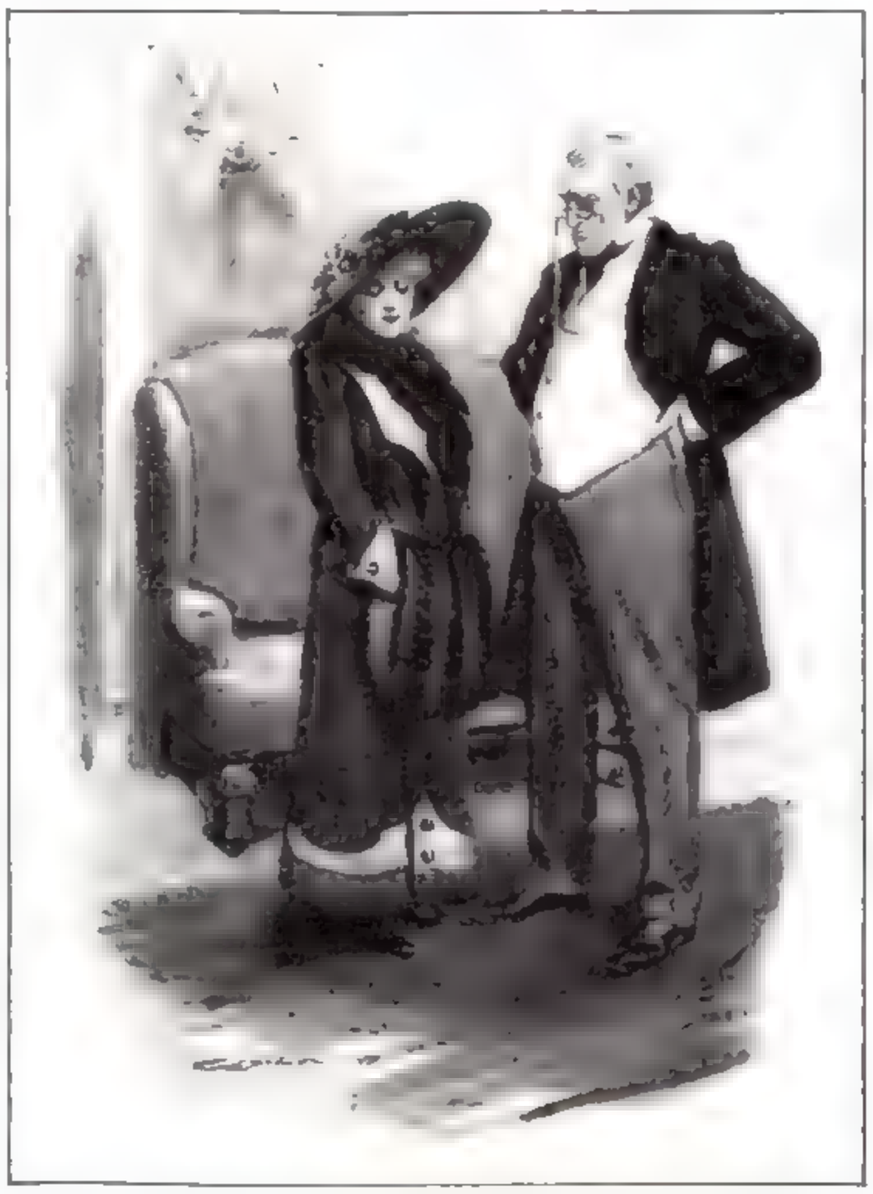
"Wouldn't I pet it and dress it though—if it were mine!" she thought eagerly, flushing a little.

Then she gathered the baby close and made a careful progress across the room. She put her soft burden in a pillow nest in the center of her bed and stooped over to press a kiss in that crease in the back of the neck, but there was no sweet moisture there and the tiny hands started up nervously. Mrs. Arbuckle, the faintest of puckers across her smooth brow, sat down by the bedside to watch.

Away below, the afternoon torrent of taxicabs from the trains rolled by the hotel entrance, fretting and fizzing and hiccoughing, the grind and clang of electric cars came from both sides, carriages rattled and hard-tired vans brought groans from the block pavement, but it all blended into a distant rumble and the room was very still. Mrs. Arbuckle found herself overhearing even the Senator's words:

"That's well enough, Arbuckle," came in his strained, extinct voice, "but we haven't a look-in unless we can get Hutt with us." The Senator's mysterious whisper sounded cross. "Old Buzz-saw!" she heard Martin interject with spirit. "I haven't any use for him." The listening wife smiled approvingly—Martin never, in his own phrase, "fooled around the edge of an idea."

"Well, you better had—that's the point." The Senator's whisper came like a jet of cold water. "You know as well as I do that he's the bellwether of that sheep state—the whole delegation sneezes when he takes snuff—and you're



"Precisely, Madam. You Didn't Know Whose Child it Was. It Didn't Matter—You Just Went in and Saved its Life"

embarrassing us, Arbuckle, and going to lose the Exposition to the state, sure thing, because of that quarrel with him. Why, he says he'd vote against a pension for his own grandfather if you had charge of the bill!"

"Talk about making a specialty of revenge—wow!" But Arbuckle's robust voice carried an anxious undertone.

"That letter you wrote him would have been audacious from the powers above! And, anyway, the boys want me to put it up to you—you get Hutt or we smash!"

"Yes, it's quite likely I could, Senator, isn't it, with the vote coming up tomorrow at one o'clock!"

"Well, go out tonight with glucose and whitewash—only do something to plaster up things."

The dialogue rushed along until the little woman on the other side of the door had the bewildered sensation of sitting in a railway station, trying to distinguish the cars of an express train as it dashed by. But the nurse came for the borrowed baby and she busied herself with a calling list; proceeding to enhance her plump prettiness with some furs and a hat that would make "copy" for the young woman supplying the hungry public with "fashion notes from the Capital."

Her husband heard her moving about.

"Bunch! oh, Bunch!" he called.

Both men rose as Mrs. Arbuckle opened the door and came to where they had been sitting inclosed in the intimacy of their blended cigar smoke.

If Martin Arbuckle's life had shown him the inner ugliness of life, at least "the world's coarse thumb" had not as yet left its mark in his face; and today he looked not unlike a cherub who had talked long hours with Puck, his expression was at once so subtle, so artless and so shrewd. His beardless lips were pliant, and when he spoke to his wife a chuckle lurked in the deep recesses of his eyes.

"Where are you going, little woman?" he asked. "Say, but doesn't she sparkle some?" he finished with a flourish of his hand toward the Senator.

"Oh, Martin!" Mrs Arbuckle still blushed as prettily as at eighteen.

The Senator bowed low over the hand she extended.

"Arbuckle has all the luck," he averred. "Think of me, a poor old bachelor!" Which, considering that the junior Senator was wealthy and in demand socially, he deemed worthy a deprecatory smile. "But tell me, Mrs. Arbuckle," he continued, his whisper again investing his utterance with a character of secrecy, "what kind of a speech is that hot-headed husband of yours going to make tomorrow?"

Mrs. Arbuckle was all lustrous smiles.

"Why, I don't know. Martin says——" She had never spoken her father's tongue, but her voice, deep and throaty, was the voice for German poetry.

Martin Arbuckle perceived the admonition lurking in the Senator's playful colloquy with his wife, and he pinched her pink little ear. "Well, run along, Bunch, to your teas and parties. See you later," he urged; and Mrs. Arbuckle withdrew, much as an attractive, well-behaved child might have done.

It was about four o'clock the next morning when the borrowed baby's nurse again appeared at Mrs. Arbuckle's door.

"Seein' yer loight, mum, I made so bowld as to cum to ye f'r help." The girl's teeth were chattering.

"Not the baby?" Mrs. Arbuckle was a little dazed. She had been napping, although she had felt quite sure that she could not sleep until "poor tired Martin" should come in.

"'Tis f'r that I cum, mum. He do have a quare look, and that hot his shmall head is—the pore darlint. Wud yer, in the goodness of yer heart, mum, sthep in a bit?"

"Why, of course." Mrs. Arbuckle caught up handfuls of her soft negligee. "I'd better take my clinical thermometer." From her trunk she produced a first-aid case, shiny in unused orderliness. "But where's the poor little thing's mother?" she cried.

"His mother, mum, she'd a turrible fall this afthernoon; comin' down the stheps back in a candy and sody-water store—her and some uf th' young ladies she used to go about wid whin she was here a gurl hersilf. She's been married but two year—we cum from Lancaster but yisterday to visit wid her father, though he cudn't git her a room near to his'n—bad cess to it!"

Mrs. Arbuckle had found the thermometer, and as they hurried along the corridor the girl continued her lamentations in a husky whisper:

"She broke her collard bone, she did, an' they tuk her to the horspital; and her father—'tis a widderer he is—has gone there to her. And now the pore babby—the pore bubby!"

The room was in half darkness and the little form hardly rounded the coverlet on the bed at all; but Mrs. Arbuckle had nursed her father, and even in this scrap of humanity she recognized the struggling breath and stupor. She asked no questions but went to work, *Hausfrau* instincts defying the years of hotel life. Before the doctor could reach there she had made that room into a hospital ward.

As she bent over the mite with the first hot application there was a moment when faint consciousness seemed to flutter across the heavy eyes, then with a sigh of world-weary old age the little frame settled back against her arm. Her blue eyes became mother eyes, dark and cryptic and tender. Few artists have caught that look, but prosaic family physicians know it well.

The windows in the room lighted with the dawn before two trim, highly trained nurses arrived.

"Oh, no, I'm not its mother," she told them, blushing. "I'm just Mrs. Arbuckle from next door——"

The doctor looked up quickly. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Well, God is good and the race is strong, but this baby is going to pull through, thanks to you, Madam." At this the little blond missionary slipped away.

Back in her room her first glance was at her husband's untouched bed.

"Poor Martin! He's had to make a night of it; and I went off and forgot everything about the Exposition!" The contrition in this thought gave her placid little face a wistful look, which lasted as she moved softly about the room. Just as she was washing the clinical thermometer her husband strode in, the hue of wrath spread over his face. Thunder sat on his brow, and he stood before her, breathing hard like a powerful engine stuck on a grade.

"Why, Martin, has something gone wrong?" She wavered, and her voice was very sweet.

"Hurrumph! Hurrumph!" he growled, or words to that effect. "Hutt can throw the Exposition to the pork-packers if he wants to; and my constituents can elect some one who likes to be a messenger boy better than I do——"

"Oh, Martin!"

"Well, running around all night trying to get hold of a man who lives in the same hotel may sound funny ——"

"No, indeed it doesn't, Martin, dear. It's just a shame!" She had reached up to stroke his auburn hair standing out from his head in a porcupinish way, but her hand touched his cheek.

"Why, Martin, you're—you're feverish. Quick, let me take your temperature ——"

"This ish nonsense!" came thickly over the glass tube his wife had instantly thrust between his teeth.

"A hundred and four and four-fifths!" Mrs. Arbuckle's voice trembled, and the terror in her wide eyes absolved the tactlessness of her announcement.

Martin Arbuckle staggered to the bed and sat there, his hands nervously worrying at his throat. What had he eaten at dinner! He had heard, too, of such a thing as walking typhoid. Suddenly he felt very sorry for himself, but a little proud too. He shook his lowered head sadly.

"I've been feeling mean," he muttered.

"Giddiness?"

"Yes. Not at all well. But don't worry, don't worry, little woman."

There was heroic patience in his tone, and he seemed to his wife to be wearing a cassock and biretta, with a saint's nimbus plainly visible.

"Martin darling ——" She took his head from between his hands to press it fiercely against her bosom. After which exhibition of passionate defiance to his spiritual translation she proceeded with the placidity of an experienced wife. "You must go to bed right away. The doctor's just in the next room."

"I'll die before I'll have a doctor!" Arbuckle's voice was surprisingly militant for one approaching dissolution. "You brought one once"—Mrs. Arbuckle recalled her crime with a shudder—"and I'd rather die than have what he did to me done over again. Can't you let me be in peace?"

But as she was tucking him in he caught the plump little hand, and there was a moment's silence, moist and tremulous on her part, awkward and slightly drowsy on his.

"Good little Bunch!" Arbuckle's voice was muffled. "There's every reason why I should have loved you and none why you should have cared for a rough beggar like me."

"Why, Martin, it's just the other way," she quavered. "I often wonder why you didn't marry some smart woman like Mrs. Stryker. She's told me all she's done to help her husband's bill—she talks so well. I suppose if I tried I could say something, too, but it wouldn't sound a bit like the conversations in novels. I always think in such short words. But oh, Martin, I ——"

Despite the splash of tears upon the hand she held her patient had gone to sleep. Three hours later he still slept.

A devoted chambermaid helped Mrs. Arbuckle's stumbling fingers over a toilet hastily made in the drawing room so as not to disturb the invalid. With her lovable want of conceit there was not so much as a handglass in the process.

She ate the breakfast that had been sent up to her, tied the telephone into silence with the napkin, and sat down to the sad contemplation of a vision of a marble angel weeping over a broken column, which was none the less real because her husband's regular breathing heard through the closed doors continued to belie such premonition.

Suddenly a blast of music from the street below drew her to the window, a warning finger on her lips. Banners flaunting the claims of the rival Exposition city snapped and stiffened aggressively from the windows of the Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker's rooms; while at the curb a sightseeing van—a trireme manned by a red-coated band—and several automobiles gay with streamers waited.

She distinguished the stately figure of Mrs. Stryker entering the first car with her husband and two other men.

"They say she writes her husband's speeches for him. Poor Martin!" And in rueful humility Mrs. Arbuckle felt all hope of securing the Exposition crushed under the wheels of that triumphal procession as it swept down the cañon between the two hotels and out into the broad avenue flowing to the Capitol.

Later in the day Martin Arbuckle stirred; motion rippled jerkily up from his knees through his body and shoulders and there divided into three, one opening his mouth in a yawn and the other two sending his arms flying out in a gesture distinctly pugilistic. His wife bent over him anxiously.

"Why, Martin, you're perspiring!"

"Eh? What is it, Bunch?" He yawned again, but caught her hand.

"I say, you feel as if your fever were gone, dear, but I'm going to take your temperature."

Martin Arbuckle relaxed with closed eyes. He remembered now. He was a sick man. He endured the clinical thermometer with stoicism in which there was a touch of holy submission. Then he lay very still.

A sharp cry from his wife broke in upon his patient resignation. She was standing halfway across the room facing him, the thermometer poised tragically.

"Martin, Martin—I—oh, poor Martin!"

"Don't get frightened, girl—perhaps you'd better get a doctor after all."

He said it shakily; evidently the ravages of his disease had shocked her.

"Why, no, Martin; your temperature's normal! But when I went to shake it down—the mercury, you know—why, it all came over me that I hadn't shaken it down that other time—I'd just washed it. So, don't you see, you've probably been normal all the time—it was the baby's temperature."

"What baby?" Martin Arbuckle, suddenly alert, eyed his wife sharply, but there was not the least hint of hallucination in her transparent gaze.

"Why, a baby next door, Martin. It's sick, and I had been in there ——"

The Congressman sat up as if some one had touched a secret spring in his big body. His face was livid.

His wife sent him an imploring glance.

He Addressed His Wife or Remarked on the Weather With the Heavy Earnestness of Public Utterance

"They take a baby's temperature under its little arm," she vouchsafed, futilely seeking to mitigate that look of horror in Martin's face. "I'm so sorry, Martin."

Her husband received this with sublime if highly colored indignation.

"Sorry, Bunch, sorry! I suppose that's about the way you would have talked if I'd been actually sick—and had died. You'd have been 'so sorry.' Lotta, you imposed on me, deceived me!"

"But you said you felt sick," Mrs. Arbuckle whispered dolorously.

With one sudden movement her husband swung out of bed. He made a noticeable figure, clad in pink flannelet pajamas and wrath.

"What time is it?" he asked sternly.

"N-not quite two, I think," replied Mrs. Arbuckle, catching her breath.

"What? Two? Two o'clock?" He spoke with a devastating gesture that, however, ended in a violent raid on the chair that held his clothes. From the interior of the first garment he vociferated:

"And I was to speak first! This'll destroy me out home, all right—not even to go on record for the Exposition! Stryker's probably holding forth now."

"Shall I telephone to the Capitol and find out?" Mrs. Arbuckle offered droopingly.

"No, thank you. You've done enough. You've ruined my career, Lotta, that's what you've done."

His wife swallowed this terrifying statement with an audible gulp, and at once, as if it had been swift poison, sank limply in a sitting posture on the edge of the bed.

"Well, a fool and his job are soon parted," the Congressman finished grimly, reaching for his shoes. It was a long-established custom between them that he should call himself names while she expressed horror at the blasphemy. And now she offered dutiful, literal refutation.

"Why, Martin, you've been Congressman eight years already, and you're not a ——" But her husband was eying her with caustic reproach, and her voice wavered, her eyes with it. It was awful having suddenly to reckon with this stranger who looked at her coldly out of Martin's eyes. "Oh, don't!" she broke off incoherently.

His hand on the doorknob, the other arm yet struggling into his overcoat, his hat temporarily poised on the back of his head, he turned.

"I trust you are not going to get the habit of upsetting everybody's applecart, Lotta," he said, with what he felt to be sardonic dignity; but to the little pink woman he addressed his utterance was negligible—it was his look that set her down like a concertina on the nearest chair. That I-am-brave-in-defeat smile with which he closed was the last straw.

Mrs. Arbuckle never exhausted herself by restraining her emotions; tears now sprang to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks so softly and so sweetly that to see her one would have thought weeping was as easy as breathing. She sat there a long time, her sense of her desolation becoming more and more afflicting.

After a time, it is true, she felt sleepy, but the whole body of fiction bears witness to the fact that the female in mental anguish never is able to "close her eyes"; so, since one may not take a broken heart on a round of teas, she decided to visit her manicure.

As she sat at her dressing-table a moment putting on her hat she was surprised that her reflection was not more grief-stricken, and there fluttered through her mind the vague apologetic hope that her hair would show white in the morning. She decided to walk, eagerly embracing every opportunity for mortifying the flesh.

The manicure was a discerning person. She looked at Mrs. Arbuckle's eyelids and talked of "colds in the head." It was altogether a soothing experience, having one's nails done, and on the way back to the hotel the little woman left her thick veil up, her eyes cleared, her girlish color came back, and a vague excitement fought with the sadness that was itself a little vague by now.

The hotel lobby was seething with tall-hatted, frock-coated, badge-plastered humanity—a great press of people now and again forming into groups where some *raconteur* had the floor—a constant eddying to and fro and a flowing in and out through the revolving doors and elevator entrances. The noise was a roar with an undercurrent of buzzing, and was punctured now and then by some articulate note of "Howdy, Senator?" or the staccato call of liveried gnomes sliding about the marble floor with cards and telegrams. The superheated air was heavy with the fragrance of the flower-stand and pungent with stale tobacco smoke. The voting up at the Capitol must be over, Mrs. Arbuckle thought with a shiver, then the group before the elevator absorbed her and comment tossed back and forth above her head.

"Cute speech, that of Arbuckle," were the first words that came to her distinctly, and she drew in her soft lower lip to veil a tremor of surprise.

"I should say so!" The talk went on above her Gainsborough's brim. "Sort of 'Vote for my imperial city, and you may go there when you die if you're good in this Congress'—eh?"

"Yes; but parts of it were really rather fine—I didn't suppose Arbuckle had it in him."

"And coming after Stryker's venomous spluttering!"

"I should say! Why, what got into the old fellow suddenly to become what the old statutes call a 'common railer and brawler'?"

"Well, I heard there's bad blood out in his district—peanut politics over something Mrs. S. has said or done—and the poor duffer's been badgered by telegrams all the morning."

Little Mrs. Arbuckle had kept her eyes on the furry heads on her muff, her astonishment and mystification deepening at every word. She wanted to hear more, but just then she was swept forward into a waiting elevator. Anyway, Martin had had a chance to make his speech! He would forgive her now, she felt sure—oh, if she could only find him!

Just as she reached their door, however, a large figure intervened—a vast, square man who positively loomed. He checked her progress with a large gesture.

You are Mrs. Arbuckle." His voice had a dreadful, cavernous effect, but he took her hand, shook it, retained it for a moment in his great cushioned palm with unembarrassed friendliness, and Mrs. Arbuckle, rearranging her mental impressions behind the immobility of her pretty face, decided that after all he had a winning countenance in spite of the pucker between his eyes.

"I am Congressman Hutt," he announced, and the hotel corridor echoed it, "and that, madam, was my grandchild you nursed last night."

Mrs. Arbuckle quailed. Her thought was what would Martin say his enemy! But she managed a smile.

"I—I didn't know," she stammered.

"Precisely, madam. You didn't know whose child it was. It didn't matter you just went in and saved its life. Mrs. Arbuckle, this isn't a town where one makes many real friends and I know I've got the reputation for making as few as anybody. But when I meet a friend to humanity—a friend 'at large,' we might say—I generally find a way to show I appreciate the event; and I think your husband will agree that I've done my best today."

He paused, and little Mrs. Arbuckle tried to think of something to say. She wished to goodness Martin would come and "do the talking," and suddenly the door opened and Martin Arbuckle stood on the threshold. All the boyish sullenness was gone from his face. He stood very straight, but looking so moved, so jubilant, so full of life!

"I couldn't help hearing over the transom, Hutt, and indeed I am grateful!"

The big man allowed himself a half smile as he put out his hand.

"Oh, that's all right. You love to be funny, Arbuckle, and notice excites you, but those are the faults of youth, and I suppose we may accept them—there are no violets in public life. At any rate, if you're willing we'll pull together after this."

"I looked for you last night," said Arbuckle, drawing down his lip.

"So I heard."

"I was going to apologize ——"

Congressman Hutt interrupted with his large gesture.

"Well, it wouldn't have done one bit of good! What did, was finding that Mrs. Arbuckle here"—he inclined his bulk slightly—"is a real woman, a great rarity these days." And he was gone.

"Phew!" Arbuckle relaxed completely. "I feel more than ever as if a thunderbolt had missed me by an inch!" His wife gave the laugh his brilliancy exacted.

"But he likes you now, doesn't he, Martin?"

"Seems ready to eat out of my hand."

"Martin, Martin, did you win after all? Why, Martin, you're smiling! Of course you did—you always do. I ought to have known."

She was growing fragmentary, and her husband drew her into the room; but the junior Senator, striding from the elevator, was on their heels.

"Congratulations! Congratulations!" he called huskily, shutting the door with a bang. "Can't you hear the steam whistles blowing out home! The Fair's ours—it will go through the Senate without a hitch after such a victory in the House."

"Oh, Martin, I'm so glad!" Mrs. Arbuckle breathed a comfortable sigh, but the presence of a little flaxen-haired woman was of small moment to victorious men.

The Senator grasped Arbuckle's square hand in both his fleshless ones.

"And Hutt lined up his delegation for you to a man?"

"He did."

"Well, I never! You're a wonder, Arbuckle! And the way you let old Stryker's vituperation fall flat—that was great! We'd have won with just Hutt for us, but they tell me the impression you made threw us the overwhelming majority. And to think our fellows had been losing sleep for fear you'd burn up what votes we did have by a hot speech of your own. For my part, I feel we owe you an apology. But how on earth, Arbuckle, did you manage to hold down that red-headed temper of yours?"

For three ticks by the clock Martin Arbuckle looked away in owlish pensiveness, then he shifted his feet uneasily, but at length he met the Senator's glance and returned it steadily:

"To tell the truth, Senator, I didn't know anything about Stryker's speech until afterward. I—I was here—in bed until two o'clock. I'd just rushed on the floor in time to be recognized, and I was going to make a scorcher of a speech—the way Stryker sneaked his bill in after he'd found out about ours made me mad. But I knew there were only a few minutes of our time left, so I just gave them my flowery peroration." Arbuckle felt the beautiful generosity of this confession and held his noble chest high.

"So sick?" sibilated the Senator; "I hadn't heard. I was held up in the Senate and couldn't get over to see how things were getting along. But you look fine now."

Mrs. Arbuckle drew a long breath and flushed. The Senator turned toward her: "He had a good nurse, I guess." He swept cheerfully on, ignorant of houses of glass in the vicinity.

"Oh, no, no, I don't deserve any credit! I ——" she stammered sweetly, then smiled helplessly and turned to the window. The winter twilight was folding down, but she saw a fair world.

She felt happy and at peace. Suddenly her attention was riveted!

The Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker and his wife were entering their hotel. Not as they had departed that morning, with the glory of the conquering, but from the democratic depths of a street car they had issued heavily, and a spirit of dejection seemed to communicate itself even to Mrs. Stryker's clothes as they dragged over the sidewalk like old and tired things. At the edge of the awning they paused; he was evidently leaving her, but he stretched out a hand and clumsily replaced the fur scarf that was slipping from her shoulders, and whatever he said made her put back her head and look at him quite suddenly. Then she brushed something off the collar of his overcoat, and when he had lumbered away the woman stood with her hand at her throat, looking after him for a moment before she trailed in alone. Little Mrs. Arbuckle, watching, remembered how desperately at odds with fortune she herself had felt a few hours before; the memory of her lonesome misery came to her. She knew exactly how the under dog felt, and when, after an incredibly brief interval, Mrs. Stryker's handsome figure leaned out of their windows and pulled in the banners with quick, vexed tugs, Lotta Arbuckle's blue eyes grew black with a tender human look of sympathy.

As she turned back into the room the Senator was speaking.

"Well, I'm off now, but some time I want to hear all about how you won over old Hutt. You're a wonder, Arbuckle!" he repeated with conviction.

For a moment the flicker of a self-laudatory smile invested Martin Arbuckle's round face with an expression seraphic and bland. Then a doubt came. For the first time he began to mistrust this gratuitous and accidental success of his, just because it had been thrust upon him. "A wonder," he repeated speculatively, looking not at the Senator but at that blond child who was his wife. A humorous idea seemed dawning. "Hutt the thermometer," he murmured. His lids wrinkled with amusement and finally the measure of his enjoyment overflowed in his big laugh. He let his great hands fall on his wife's shoulders.

"I'm thinking myself," he said slowly, "that Mr. and Mrs. Arbuckle have run a pretty successful lobby. I came right up here as soon as ever I could, looking for you, girl. You're all right, and a crackerjack of a lobbyist, that's what! I'm not caring, either, who hears me say it ——"

"Oh, Martin!" Mrs. Arbuckle's voice betrayed ecstasy out of all proportion to the intrinsic value of his words. For a long moment Martin Arbuckle looked at her face, pink like the dawn, at the fineness of her cheek, the clarity of her blue eyes, the glory of her yellow hair.

"Oh, Martin!" she said in the serious wistfulness of wonder. She hadn't quite grasped the situation, but the why and the wherefore and the psychological meaning did not trouble her in the least.

Their faces turned toward each other reflected but one light. It pierced with a thrill. Something had linked them closer. Martin's love was inalienably assured.

"Oh, Martin!" she echoed, this time out of a deep-breathed tranquillity of happiness. "Isn't it wonderful how everything happened for the best?" Her voice continued in its lyric rise and fall. And the bachelor Senator drew his brows together and went out, leaving them standing there.

The Turning Point In Player Piano Invention

WITH the Virtuolo the first real turning point in player piano invention has been reached. In playing the Virtuolo you find you do not have to put your mind on the buttons and levers to produce music that is full of expression. You use the Virtuolo control unconsciously. You feel that you are playing under inspiration.

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We make the Virtuolo Player Piano in our recently erected $500,000 model "Daylight" factory at Boston, and offer it in the Hallet & Davis Piano at $700 in a special Mahogany Colonial case. At $775 in a refined Arts and Crafts design. Also in the Conway Piano at $575 in a chaste design, either mahogany or walnut.

The Virtuolo is sold by the better dealers everywhere. We will send you the name of the nearest one, or we will ship to any responsible person a Virtuolo Player Piano for free trial in the home. Our faith justifies us in doing this and puts you under no obligation or expense.

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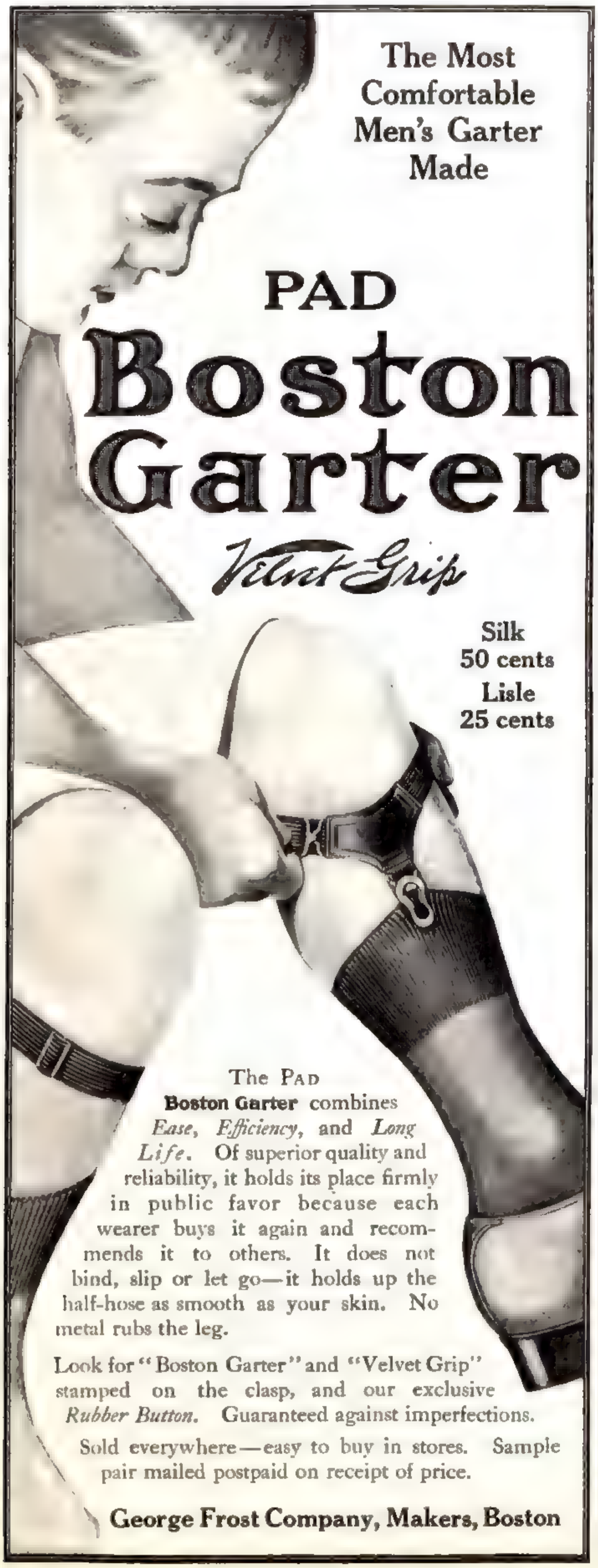
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Uncle Zebe's Cemetery

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

DEN you-all don' want me to work fo' you no mo'?" Uncle Zebe, one hand upon a tombstone, the other resting heavily on his rake, tremulously put the question to Mrs. Warren. As chairman of the cemetery committee she had come to inform Uncle Zebe that at the end of the month his services would be no longer required; and her task was a more difficult one than she had anticipated.

For a long term of years the old man had been sexton; but of late numerous sick spells and a "miz'ry" in the side had interfered seriously with his duties, and neglect had wrought havoc in the cemetery—usually so well kept and the source of much pride to the Aid Society.

"It isn't that we have any hard feelings against you, Uncle Zebe," said Mrs. Warren in as kindly a manner as possible. "You've done your work splendidly as long as you were well." She paused for a moment, hesitating to hurt him more than necessary. "You're not quite so strong as you used to be; and the work, especially since the spring rains, is more than you can manage."

"Who, me? Why, Mis' Mary, I's s'prised at you!" Uncle Zebe straightened up. "I has mighty nigh got de place back into shape agin, honey—'cep'in' de walks an' de driveway an' some o' de trees what was blowed down by de storm yistiddy. You see, I's done got my stren'th back, all right; but I cain't use all of hit at oncet jes yet, Mis' Susie!" It was Uncle Zebe's habit to address his hearer by various names. "An' as fo' bein' able to ten' to de place all alone, why, I has been doin' hit all dese yeahs an' you-all's been sa'sfied. An' now, all of a sudden, Mis' Annie, you's tuck a notion in yo' haids dat Uncle Zebe ain't fitten fo' to do de work."

Mrs. Warren bit her lip and the desire to temporize possessed her. She regretted that this disagreeable errand had fallen to her lot and wondered if, now that the summer months were at hand and the chances of illness lessened, the society could not be made to reconsider its original intention and retain its old sexton for a while longer.

As she cogitated the matter, her question, "How old are you, Uncle Zebe?" was put somewhat absent-mindedly.

"I'll be eighty-fo' yeahs ol' nex' November ef I lives an' nothin' happens," said Uncle Zebe proudly. "When I tol' Cunnel Slocum how ol' I is, de udder day, he say: 'Well, Uncle Zebe, you's a octogeranium sho' 'nuff, now—dat's what you am!' An', ef de cunnel say I is all o' dat, I reckon I kin stan' up under de cim'tery work yet a while. I has fo' chillens an' seventeen gran'chillens—an' dey ain't none of 'em as spry fo' dey age as I is. One er my gran'sons is down at de Tuxedo school, what Booker Wash'n'on runs; an' he's de onlies' one what bezumbles his gran'daddy in smahtness."

There was a moment of silence. Suddenly Uncle Zebe brought himself up with a jerk.

"Who is you gwine to put in my place?" he asked, peering sharply at Mrs. Warren from under his bushy gray brows.

"It hasn't been quite decided," she answered. "The matter is to be settled at tomorrow's meeting."

"Hit's dat no-'count Ike Moulton dat you's fixin' to give my job to, Mis' Sadie—now, ain't hit?" questioned Uncle Zebe. "'Cause now hit comes to my min' how he's been mosyin' roun' heah axin' me questions 'bout dis an' dat, an' talkin' 'bout de work—an' all de time me not bein' a bit sup'stitious dat he was figgerin' to git me turned loose. Dat's de way hit is," he went on bitterly; "when you gits ol' you ain't fitten to hol' a job no mo', an' dey hustles you outen de way ez quick ez dey kin."

"Now—now, Uncle Zebe, you mustn't talk like that!" said Mrs. Warren as soothingly as possible. "It isn't absolutely certain that a change will have to be made—for the present, at least." She was in hopes that something might intervene at the meeting that would turn the tide in his favor; and, with the desire to end the interview and think the matter over, she left Uncle Zebe to his work.

For a long time after her departure he stood motionless by the tombstone. Then, turning to a small cedar tree near by, he said: "You's a ol' no-'count hoss—dat's what you is; an' de buzzards has begun circlin' roun' an' roun', waitin' fo' de chancet to git yo' carcass!" Slowly he bent to his task of raking the gravel, muttering as he worked.

It was three o'clock of the following afternoon and the Aid Society was in full session. The report of the cemetery committee had just been read. The president rose. "Ladies," she said, "you have heard the report of the committee recommending that a new and efficient sexton be appointed. What is your pleasure concerning it?" Mrs. Warren rustled uneasily in her seat, then made a movement as though to rise.

At this juncture the door of the vestry room opened and Uncle Zebe, a shapeless object in his hand battered out of all resemblance to a hat, stood upon the threshold. In honor of the occasion he had increased his girth considerably by the addition of his entire wardrobe, put on over his usual workday clothes, the whole surmounted by an old frock coat which seemed in danger of bursting from the extra strain put upon its seams. With a courtly bow he advanced to the center of the room.

"Ladies, 'scuse me," he began. "I wouldn't acome up heah to you-all's meetin', 'cause I knows I ain't got no business at such; but hit was de onlies' 'petunity I's gwine to git to talk to you when you's all togedder; so I tuck hit." He cleared his throat. "Ladies, I un'stan's you-all thinks I's too ol' an' puny to ten' to de cim'tery fo' you an' dat you is aimin' to git a man what's mo' spry to take my job.

"Now, ladies, jes 'cause I has been a little po'ly dis winter, hit ain't no sign dat I ain't as good as I ever was. No, suh. You-all knows dat yo' helf gives out now an' den, an' you sorter has to set back a spell an' ketch yo' breff. Dese ol' ahms"—and he held up two bony specimens—"is as strong as dey evah was; an' I'm as peart.

"Hit'll be thirty-five yeahs dis very monf dat yo' ma, Mis' Fanny," and he turned to the chair, "got me dat cim'tery; an' I has been workin' at hit faithful evah sence.

"Dey ain't a blade o' grass, er a flower sca'cely, dat don' nod 'Howdy?' to ol' Uncle Zebe when I comes in de gate. Dey ain't a tree on dat groun' dat I ain't tended to lak hit was a baby. I knows dem graves lak I knows myself. Dey ain't one o' dem folks what's been laid away dat I ain't he'ped to put 'em in dey las' home. You-all knows I has looked after 'em lak dey was my own chillens. Hit jes seems lak dat place an' dem folkses is a part o' my ol' body.

"Why, when I walks in de gate of a mawnin' an' stahts fo' to ten' to things"—a far-away look came into Uncle Zebe's eyes and he seemed to forget his audience—"hit's 'Howdy, ev'ybody? How is you comin', dis mawnin'? Looks lak we's agwine to have some rain today, don't hit? Good mawnin', Mis' Clara. Lawd, how sweet dem vi'lets round you do smell! Howdy, Majah Brown? I hopes you's well today, suh. I reckon I'll have to put a piece o' sod ovah dat bal' place by yo' haid—de grass am so thin whar de shade is. Heigho! li'l' Mis' Bessie! Well, bless my soul! Ef dat syc'mo' tree don' jes love to kiver you up wid a blanket o' leaves ovah night. An' de tea rose on you's gittin' ready to bloom too! Hit jes beats my time how peart dat rose is 'bout bein' de fustes' one to say "Howdy?" to June ev'y yeah!'

"I stops at Mis' Martha's grave, what died endurin' de yeller fever nussin' de sick, an' I gives hit a lovin' pat. Den I stops to pick off a daid leaf fum de ivory vine on Jedge Wilson's grave, what I raised fum a slip. 'Cross de way is Mis' Ev'lyn an' Mistah Will, what was drownded in de rivah; an' 'tween de two graves is de moss rose what come outen Mis' Ev'lyn's yahd. I 'members how she use' to love dat rosebush—an' dat's how come me to plant hit.

"I has put flowers on ol' Mis' Allen evah sence her daughter had to go 'way off to

"Make it a regular order!"

YOU know how delicious and satisfying our Tomato Soup is; and how it saves your time and effort—to say nothing of the money it saves you. But how often do you get the benefit of all this?

You ought to give your grocer a standing order for

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Have him bring you a regular weekly supply; just as he does with any other staple necessity.

Almost every day in the year there is at least one meal where this wholesome nourishing soup is exactly what you want.

There are so many inviting ways to serve it; and it is always so pure and refreshing that it never wears out its welcome. And you are the gainer every time you use it.

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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

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"I love to mix
The bounding bat,
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I'm strong and fleet,
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Texas 'cause I knows how she use' to come ... ah on de university of her ma's death ... day a punch dos ... ev' ...g.

I keeps Mis Bar'ry's gravestone washed as clean as ef hit was her own kitchen flo', 'cause I knows she kin res' happier—she was dat clean on dis hean sinful earf.

"An' dat's de way hit goes—waterin' a flower heah, fixin' a grave dere; twel by-an-by de sun commences drappin' down an' de shadders o' de tombstones gits longer and longer; an' I takes my shovel an' rake an' hoe, an' stops fo' a minute to look all roun',

"'Good night, chillens,' I says. 'Good night, ev'ybody. Yo' Uncle Zebe's agwine to see you in de mawnin'.' An' den I goes on home."

He paused for a moment and looked about, as though just realizing the presence of an audience. The room was quite still. There was scarcely one present whom he had not known almost from infancy or whose history was not intimately bound up with that of the little town.

"White folks," said Uncle Zebe, "don' you see how hit is? Why, you-all jes nachully cain't take dat cim'tery away fum me. Why, dem folkses an' de flowers an' trees is so plumb use' to ol' Uncle Zebe's han' dat hit 'ud be lak givin' 'em a step-daddy to 'low anudder nigger roun' 'em. What's a no-'count young coon, wid gals on de brain an' yaller shoes on his feets, gwine to keer 'bout dat place ez long ez he draws his pay? Co'se he mought keep hit middlin' clean, but what's he gwine to keer 'bout dem graves er de peoples what's in 'em?

"Ladies, I ain't wo' out yit, nohow. An' ef I does git a li'l' miz'ry in de side off an' on, why, some er my gran'chillens, er dey mammy, 'll come ovah an' look arter de place 'cause, nex' to me, dey knows hit an' loves hit better'n any one." He bowed once more. "Dat's all I got to say, ladies; an' I hopes you'll excuse me fo' breakin' into de meetin'. Thanky."

He stepped back, closing the door after him.

A long sigh swept over his audience. Then a sudden hum of excited whispering rose and disorder held sway for a moment, until the rapping of the president's gavel. Once more the voices subsided to quiet as she rose.

"Ladies," said Mrs. Slocum, striving to make her tones as official as possible and not succeeding in the least, "you have heard Uncle Zebe's appeal. What is your pleasure concerning his retention?"

Mrs. Warren was the first one on her feet.

"Madam President," she said, "I move that we indefinitely postpone his removal."

"I second that motion," said another member excitedly.

And the reelection of Uncle Zebe was made unanimous.

Painless Sales

WHETHER selling to prospects that are strangers or whether selling to customers visited at regular intervals, always the principle remains the same—approach the prospect by focusing his eyes on the goods and away from the idea that he is going to be asked to buy. Many expert salesmen invent new plans from time to time to enable them to make their sales without pain.

A salesman for a big men's clothing manufacturer came into the shop of a well-known retailer.

"I haven't come to sell you anything, Mr L——," he said. "We're sold out to our full capacity. But I was going by and thought if you had time, you might care to look at some of our all-wool trousers. They're dandies and I'm proud enough of them to want you to see them."

Gravely the dealer went through the line and ended up picking out a pair of trousers to lay aside on a separate heap. "I'm sorry you didn't come a sooner with some of them. There are some numbers there I'd like mighty much to have," he said.

The salesman looked put fully perplexed. "Honest to goodness, if I had known you were buying I'd have called here first thing, Mr L——," he said. "Tell you what I'll do: I'll rob some of my other customers. I'll take a dozen here and a dozen there off an order. You just fire away and leave it to me."

"Only Heaven knows why men like to be fooled like that!" the salesman said, referring to this experience afterward. "I wonder whether they are fooled or if they only pretend to be."

The Latest Electric Devices For the Home

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC TOASTER-STOVE. This is a complete electric stove. You use it with your breakfast or tea things. Attach it to any electric connection and it is ready to cook. Will fry an egg, make toast or broil a chop. You can save a great deal of hot kitchen work and serve things gracefully, at first hand, dainty and hot on the table at the turn of a button. The price with attachments is Six Dollars upward

WHY put it off another day?

If your house is wired for electric light investigate these Westinghouse conveniences immediately.

Women in all sections of the country are writing us letters of inquiry. To all of them, and the many other readers of *The Post*, we wish again to say,—yes, these Westinghouse devices are intensely practical. They are not mere novelties or luxuries. They have back of them the Westinghouse reputation for thoroughness in everything electrical and the Westinghouse guarantee of efficiency.

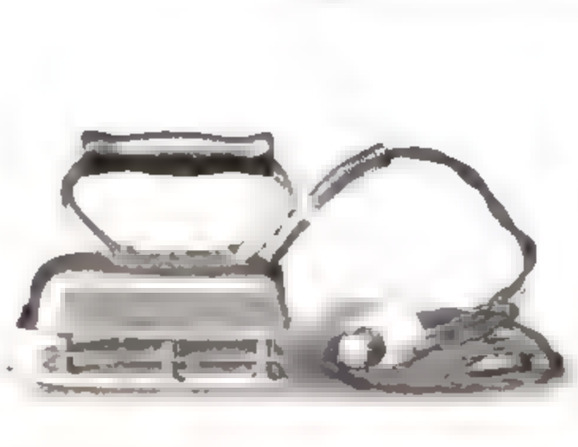
They are so made as to work perfectly with the electric connections now in your house. Dealers furnish them with cord and socket attached, all ready to slip into the electric light fixture.

For your protection and ours remember there is a great difference in electric devices. The slight extra cost of a Westinghouse appliance will mean everything to you in the using.

A cheaply-stamped-out appliance instead of giving honest service becomes only an annoyance, using up current far in excess of the value of the work it does.

In buying your electric iron, your toaster-stove, and your electric fan, you are as expert *for practical purposes* as the best electrical engineer if you only remember this—see that the electric device bears the name—

Westinghouse Electric



WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC IRON. If you once start to use this iron you'll never go back to the old-fashioned stove-heated method. Saves steps. Saves the changing and lifting of heavy irons. Move the ironing to the coolest part of the house. The heat is all in the iron itself—at the turn of a switch. One gets through a big ironing in less time and does absolutely better work. Absolutely safe. Lasts a lifetime. You'll find it easier to keep cool and to keep your mind at ease the day you work with a Westinghouse Electric Iron. The price is Four Dollars upward

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC FAN. For years the electric fan has been in summer use in office shops, stores, amusement places. It is absolutely necessary to the comfort of employes and patrons. *It is just as necessary in the home.* The life of the Westinghouse fan is the famous Westinghouse motor. Built for years of service with the lowest consumption of electric current. Fans from Nine Dollars up. The larger size Westinghouse 12 and 16-inch Oscillating Fans are powerful and silent, popular for home use.

The better class of dealers and most lighting companies carry Westinghouse goods in stock.

All prices are slightly higher west of the Mississippi

A free booklet telling about other electric household helps made by Westinghouse Electric will be sent to you. Send your name and address on a post card to Westinghouse Dept. of Publicity, East Pittsburg

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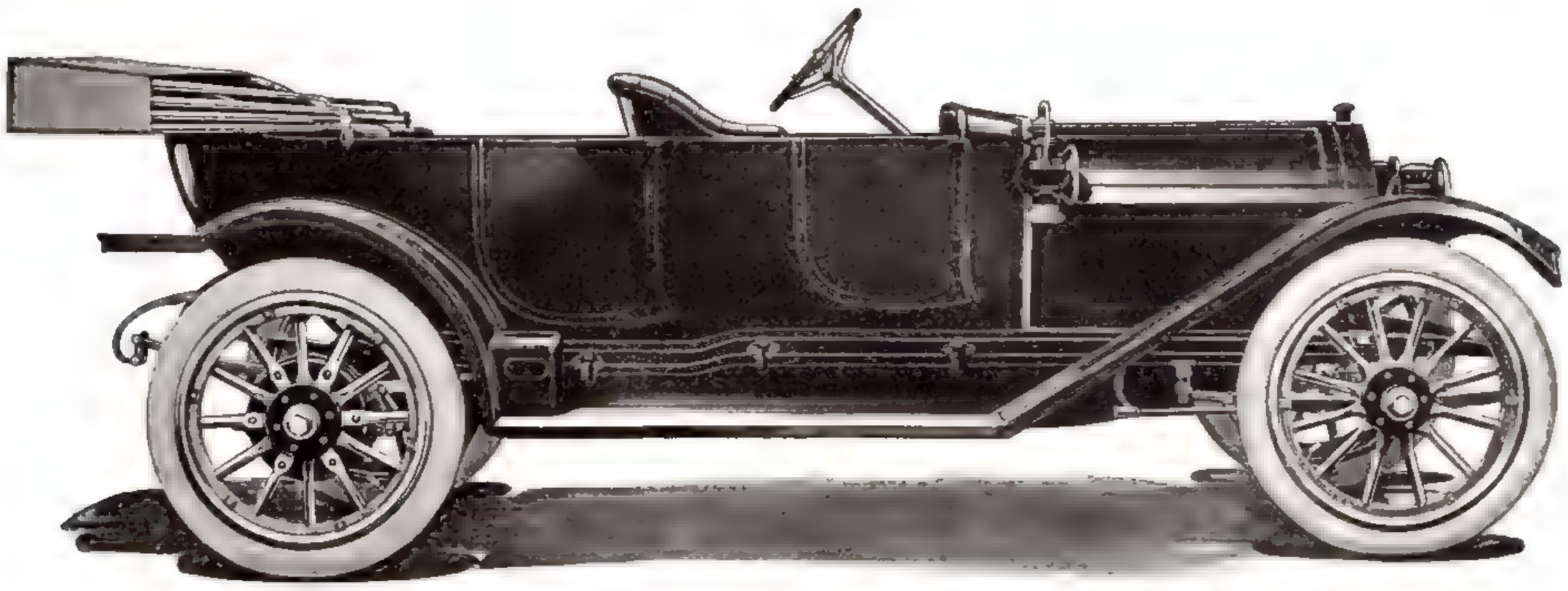


We have taken these two pages to claim three minutes of your time

If, after reading what we have to say about the 1912 COLE 30-40, you are not deeply interested in this wonderful car, it is because we know better how to build an automobile than we know how to tell you about it

Our 1912 Announcement, like that of last year, is a story of improvement. And of an increase in price; for in improving the 1911 Cole, we have had to raise the price from $1,650 to $1,800.

A better car than the 1911 Cole cannot be sold for $1,650.

If we were building cars to fit a price, we would continue the 1911 Cole for 1912. But we are building cars to meet a standard—the best car for the average man at a reasonable price. This, in a word, expresses our ideals.

When our Engineers proved they could substantially improve the Cole, both as a machine and as a vehicle, we told them to forget price and to go ahead. The result is a bigger, stronger, handsomer, more comfortable car—and a $150 increase in the price. Every cent of price increase is put into the car—and the car shows it.

You will pay $2,500 for its equal

The 1912 Cole is actually a better value at $1,800 than was the 1911 Cole at $1,650. It is our belief that you will have to pay $2,500 for its equal.

The 1910 Cole sold for $1,500. It was one of the value sensations and big sellers of that year.

In 1911 the price was increased to $1,650, and the Cole scored even a greater success. It was one of the very few cars whose production was *actually* oversold.

The 1912 car bespeaks its own future.

The Cole has made friends everywhere. Its numerous victories and triumphs in speed, endurance and economy runs, and its splendid service to users are the talk of motordom.

Our old customers are the backbone of our business. Hundreds of them buy new Cole cars every year. Already many Cole owners have spoken for their 1912 Cole without even seeing the car.

Frankly, that is because they believe in us, and they know that the Cole is perfect in mechanical principles.

Basic principles are unchanged

The 1912 Cole adheres to the basic principles of the 1911 car. It has the same wonderfully efficient, silent, dust-proof, unit power-plant; the same Bosch dual ignition; the same sturdy construction; the same smart design.

But the 1912 model is a bigger, longer, more roomy car. Its wheel-base is 122 inches instead of 118 inches.

It has 36-inch wheels, instead of 34, which makes for greater tire economy and riding comfort. The wheels are equipped with Demountable Rims, which makes it possible to change a tire on the road in two minutes.

Instead of brass trimmings, the 1912 car has Nickel Trimmings, like all high-priced machines.

Timken axle equipment, front and rear

The most important new specification of the Cole is the Timken Axle Equipment—the most durable and most satisfactory axle equipment known. This equipment greatly increases the power delivered to the driving wheels, because it reduces friction to a minimum.

Electric lighting system and self-starter

These devices have not yet been definitely settled upon for the new Cole. But as soon as we are sure which of those now under test

Henderson Motor Sales Co.
Indianapoli

COLE 30-40

$1800

1912 Features:

Cole unit power-plant
Enclosed valves—dust-proof, silent
Bosch Dual ignition
Timken axle equipment
36 by 4 inch wheels
Demountable rims
122 inch wheel-base
Nickel trimmings

are best suited to the Cole standard, they can be added, as the motor provides facilities for adding this equipment.

One chassis—seven models

The 1912 bodies are more roomy and more luxuriously appointed. All models are constructed on one chassis, with bodies interchangeable. It is this concentration on the production of one chassis that has brought the Cole to its high state of perfection. The lines of the car have been simplified, giving a long, low, rakish appearance to all models.

The five-passenger touring car has ventilated fore-doors, and control levers on the inside. It has two seat-sockets in the large tonneau which make it convertible into a comfortable seven-passenger car.

A smart Toy Tonneau, a Torpedo Roadster, a rakish Speedster and three distinctive types of enclosed bodies make up our 1912 line.

The Cole enclosed cars represent the highest development of the master coach-builder's art. The London Limousine and Colonial Coupé have inside drive, which will appeal to the man who prefers to drive his own car.

The 1912 Cole models are priced as follows:

Fore-Door Touring Car (Illustrated)	$1,800
Fore-Door Toy Tonneau	1,800
Torpedo Roadster	1,800
Special Speedster	1,800
Limousine	3,000
London Limousine (Inside Drive)	3,250
Colonial Coupé (Inside Drive)	2,500

Equipment: Standard equipment includes Bosch magneto; Firestone demountable rims with extra rim, tire holders; one pair large Solar gas lamps with generator, one pair side and tail oil lamps fitted with socket for electric lights; horn; large metal tool box; complete set of tools; pump; jack and tire kit; robe and foot rail. Special equipment on enclosed cars

Outline Specifications: Unit Power-Plant, 3-point suspension; 4 cylinders 4½" x 4½"; valves enclosed for silence; Bosch dual ignition; Cellular Radiator; Pump Circulation; Timken Axle Equipment, front and rear; Full Floating Rear Axle with two Universal Joints and Torsion Rod; Double Drop Frame; 36" x 4" Tires, with Quick Detachable, Demountable Rims; Wheel-base 122"; Nickel Trimmings throughout

General Sales Agents for **Cole Motor Car Co.**
s, Indiana

A quality car straight through

The Cole differs not only in specifications from other moderately priced cars. It is superior to them in quality. It is quality—quality in workmanship, materials and refinements—that makes the Cole a high grade car.

Not all quality can be seen in a car, but it proves itself in the car's performance, in its reliability and durability. It is quality that has seen the Cole through each of the many Twenty-four Hour Races it has entered, with splendid scores—though the rack of the terrific pace put many more expensive cars out of the race.

A stranger to the repair shop

It is quality that makes the Cole a stranger to the repair shop. It is quality that has kept in commission every Cole ever built. It is quality that makes the Cole stand up—not only the first year, but many years.

All Cole owners speak of the fine luck they have had with their cars. It is *not* luck. It is simply the regular Cole service—the result of quality materials and quality construction.

The experienced motorist accepts Cole silence as a proof of quality. To him it means refinement in construction, perfect alignment of moving parts and soundness and stability of other parts. It indicates minimum friction and absence of lost power. It means things are running right and likely to continue to run right.

The silent car is the only one an experienced motorist will buy. That is a good tip for any buyer. The inexperienced will do well to buy accordingly. But remember—there are mighty few silent cars at the Cole price.

The wonderful Cole power-plant

And it is quality that makes the wonderful Cole power-plant deliver power far in excess of its A.L.A.M. rating. By actual brake test, every Cole motor will deliver 40 H.P. The Cole is really a 40 H.P. car.

The attractiveness, roominess and luxurious appointment of the inside of a Cole car suggest perfect taste and utmost quality. In fact, Cole body comforts and seat comfort are unmatched, except in high-priced cars.

Write for advance catalog

Its complete construction details—told by word and illustration—will substantiate our claims that the Cole at $1,800 is the rival of many cars selling at $2500 and more.

To Agents: While not seeking new agency arrangements for 1912, we are anxious to improve our agency connections in certain localities, just as we are any part of our business or manufacturing organization. We would like to hear from responsible Agents who can give good service to Cole owners and proper attention to Cole cars.

Cole agents have received their 1912 demonstrating cars. See them

---

Henderson Motor Sales Co., Indianapolis, Indiana

Please send copy of your Advance Catalog for 1912.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

A Document In Evidence

We have a bulging box of "Bouquets" and from near the top picked out this voluntary expression from a valued customer. It speaks for itself and is typical of the experiences which Farm Journal advertisers are constantly reporting.

West Chester, Pa., June 24th, 1911.

The Farm Journal stands first upon our list, among nearly all the prominent agricultural publications of the United States and Canada, in keyed inquiries received per dollars expended, for the year ending February 1st, 1911. The same condition is true for the years ending February, 1910, and February, 1909. In all the years in which we have used the Farm Journal it has always been a leader in service, and mostly first in both number of traceable inquiries and in lowest average cost per inquiry, although space used in the Farm Journal has been conservative. With cordial acknowledgment of the good and continuous service of the big little paper, and hearty good wishes for its future, we are

Yours very truly,

The Sharples Separator Co.

Farm Journal is just as resultful a medium for selling sox as separators—or anything else that farmers use, wear or enjoy. It has more than volume of circulation—it has *quality* circulation—and, most important of all, it has the confidence of its readers.

Farm Journal is at once the Oracle, Optimist and Purchasing Guide in hundreds of thousands of prosperous country homes.

Maybe you haven't considered the vast possibilities in advertising to the farmer—then you need our Book "Tests and Testimony." Full of facts about agricultural conditions, information about the tastes of the farmer and his purchasing ability and lots of other valuable data that you really ought to have handy. The book is free for a request on your business letterhead.

The October number of Farm Journal will go to press September 5th. It is none too soon to take steps to get in.

Wilmer Atkinson Company, Publishers

Farm Journal

Philadelphia

How's Business and Why

THE business of a country possessed of a population of ninety million souls and having commercial dealings with the rest of mankind must be of large dimensions when at the minimum and very large when at the normal average. Could the people of this country acquire the habit of comparing existing business with the normal average instead of with the maximum, and be content with something less than the maximum of the so-called "boom" times, they would probably be happier and, on the whole, quite as successful as at present. If the business of the United States today were compared with the normal average of the past occasion would be found for considerable satisfaction. The truth is that the country has developed capacity for a maximum business; and as the volume has decreased to something like normal it may have been a little below that a short while ago [illegible] reporting.

It is a true remark that there is compensation in this unrest, arising from the excess of productive capacity, in that it tends to correct price excesses and finally stimulates a search for broader markets for the country's products. An amount of discontent is useful to the human race, albeit there appears to be too much sometimes in people like those inhabiting this country. The present is one of the occasions when it would seem better to accept conditions as they are and deal with them understandingly. To discover these conditions is the present purpose, and it is certain that an interesting general situation will be revealed as the task is proceeded with.

Favorable Features of Trade

The community at large is as busy as the excess of heat will permit it to be. What idleness there is, except among the shiftless, is rather forced by climatic conditions than by lack of employment and is temporary. The farming class is already engaged in harvesting the 1911 crops and will not cease until winter shall put an end to outdoor employment. The producers of certain raw materials and of certain manufactured goods have all they can do to supply the current demand, while in many lines of industry improving conditions are noted. The United States Steel Corporation is operating at least seventy per cent of [illegible] capacity, according to oft-repeated report; and seventy per cent of the capacity of this concern quite exceeds the full capacity of not many years ago. Joplin, Missouri, advices are that the local zinc market is in the healthiest position it has occupied this year. Certain of the electrical manufacturing concerns, notably those supplying the trade with electric fans or other seasonal necessities, are wholly unable to fill the demand.

The manufacturers of newspaper print made a new record of production in May, when 110,165 tons were produced and 107,242 tons were shipped. The month's production was ninety-eight per cent of normal, computed on twenty-seven working days. There were gains in other grades of paper, particularly in wrapping, book and writing papers; so that, on the whole, the situation in the pulp and paper trade is looked upon as good. The United Fruit Company finds it necessary to meet its growing trade in tropical fruits by adding three new and powerful steamers to its fleet. Other evidence of the growth of that business is seen in the organization of a competing company in New York.

The foregoing are but examples of pronounced trade activity, and are offset by other and less pleasing examples. The United States Rubber Company has closed its great plants in eastern Massachusetts for an unusually long summer rest, because the demand for its goods is so light. The curtailment of operations in the textile mills of the country is declared no less than epoch-making, so extensive is the shutdown; and this is but the culmination of trade conditions that have existed nearly two years. Upward of seventeen million spindles or sixty per cent of the country's cotton spindleage became idle in early July. This is especially felt in New England, the great center of the textile industry. Fall River mills are curtailing about thirty per cent, New Bedford some ten to fifteen per cent, and other Massachusetts mills in a similar ratio. So is it in other eastern states, while in the South the curtailment among the larger mills has been about forty per cent for some time. Every mill in North Carolina was closed for a couple of weeks at the beginning of July. Though these stoppages are in most instances temporary, it is said there is apprehension that they will have to be repeated. How much this condition is due to fear of tariff changes is unknown, but it is clear that the prices of raw cotton and manufactured goods have been too close to admit of a satisfactory profit in the manufacturing end of the industry. The lower price for raw cotton, consequent on the promise of an almost record-breaking crop in 1911, may afford some relief to the textile industry, [illegible] manufactured article shall [illegible] greater ratio than the crude article. [illegible] the prospect of a cotton crop this season exceeding fourteen million bales.

The very recent rains in the western part of the cotton belt are assuring in this connection. The condition of the woolen industry is scarcely more satisfactory than that of cotton, and anxiety is felt regarding the matter of possible tariff changes that appear to seriously threaten. The wool trade is affected somewhat by the weather which has militated against activity in nearly all lines of trade since July came in. Many eastern manufacturers, jobbers and retailers suspended operations partially or fully in the torrid weather of early July.

The copper industry has felt some encouragement from recent large sales for home consumption and export. Deliveries, home and foreign, were quite the best for any month this year—no less than one hundred and thirty-three million pounds in round numbers, against one hundred and twenty-six million five hundred thousand pounds as the next best month in May. The foreign demand was excellent, the seventy-one million four hundred thousand pounds sent abroad outranking by over nine million pounds the exports of any previous month this year. The price of the metal improved fractionally on the good June buying and was close to thirteen cents a pound before the buying ceased. The metal went into July and continued at about twelve and three-quarters cents, demand falling off. The foreign demand is the more promising, it not appearing that any unusual inquiry will be made for the metal to be used in this country until the electrical equipment of the railroads, now operated chiefly by steam, shall become more general, which it is fancied will be the case in time. The huge item of cost militates against providing the public with electric equipment for the present; but, as competition of electric roads increases and the traveling public becomes more exacting, it can but happen that the steam roads will be compelled to meet the competition regardless of expense by doing away with the discomforts incident to the use of coal for fuel.

Squaring Business With the Law

These discomforts and the comforts of electric propulsion were never more appreciated than in the hot, stuffy weather during July. Whether the production of copper will increase faster than the uses multiply is necessarily debatable. There is a desire, still to a considerable extent latent, to place the production and sale of copper where it will be directed by a central body. In other words, the ambition is present to constitute a monopoly of the copper industry so far as it can be lawfully done under the antimonopoly provisions of the Federal statutes. It has frequently been declared in stock-market and mining circles that bankers were ready to proceed with the organization of the copper monopoly as soon as the courts had made it plain, in the American Tobacco and Standard Oil cases, how the thing could be done.

It has been hinted that the new financial company organized by the National City Bank of New York suggests a model or principle under which the tobacco and oil companies can successfully reorganize. The national bank in question has devised a method of practically accomplishing indirectly what it may not lawfully do as a

Your Brain is Your Capital

Unnecessary jars and shocks disturb the brain's delicate balance.

The Cushion Insoles used in Dr. Sawyer's Cushion WHITE HOUSE SHOES, take up all the jar and shock, leaving your brain free to do its work.

Study the cut below and learn WHY.

"A" shows a Genuine "Piano Key" Felt Insole extending from heel to toe, producing the most permanent cushion yet devised in shoe construction, which costs three times the price of the leather insole used in other cushion sole shoes.
"B" shows the perspiration-proof chrome leather covering for "Piano Key" Felt Insole.
"C" shows cork filling which lies between the "Piano Key" Felt Insole and Slipsole.
"D" shows the Slipsole below the cork filling next to the Outersole.

DR. SAWYER CUSHION SOLE

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

For Men **For Women**

PATENTED JULY 2, 1907, U. S. Register No. 858,168.

Combine Comfort Style and Wear. Made in a variety of styles and leathers.

Prices, $5.00 and $6.00

B-278½—Men's Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole White House Tan Kangaroo Bucher and Double Sole Welt. Foot Form Last, 5-11 **$5.00**

B-278.—Same as above, right last **$5.00**

Ask your dealer for them. If not found in your town, write at once to "Department A" for Style Book and we will see that you are supplied.

The Brown Shoe Co.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

ALSO MAKERS OF

Buster Brown Shoes

For Boys **For Girls**

$1.50 to $3.50

Assorted to Size and Age

commercial banking institution—that is, buy and sell securities and perform acts not contemplated when the national bank act was passed. It may be recalled that the capital stock of the new concern is really provided by the national bank through the declaration of a dividend of ten million dollars cash; and shareholders of the bank are permitted to obtain a "beneficial interest" in said new concern by applying the dividend to payment for the shares. The bank will give recognition to such beneficial interest by stamping the fact upon the shares of the bank, thus definitely branding the speculating company as the child of the bank.

The application of the principle to the tobacco and oil companies lies here: Let the parent organization declare a dividend to its own shareholders in an amount equal to the stock of the several companies which it must form under the decree of the United States Supreme Court. Then apply the dividend to the acquisition of the shares of the subsidiary companies and stamp the beneficial interest in said shares upon the certificates of the parent organization. The parent organization would thus maintain its monopoly and perhaps comply with the command of the court. "Perhaps comply" is said because there is some doubt whether the Federal court having jurisdiction in the matter would approve of such a plan as this. The parent organization itself thus really becomes and controls a holding company, an institution which the courts have seemed disposed to frown upon.

Pessimistic Mr. Guggenheim

When Mr. Daniel Guggenheim sailed for Europe recently he spoke in condemnation of the attitude of the National Government of this country toward the business interests of the country and contrasted it with the favorable attitude of Germany toward business interests there. The decision against the Guggenheim coal exploits in Alaska had just been given by Federal officials when the gentleman sailed for Europe, and he was presumably smarting from the effect of that decision—forgetting, perhaps, that the United States did not furnish the conditions under which the Federal authorities were compelled to act. Mr. Guggenheim and his associates were the authors of those conditions, and public policy, as determined by Congress, led to Government interference. If the capitalists of this country are to continue shaving as close to the line of prohibited action as they can in disregard of public rights, whether it be in exploiting coal lands in Alaska or establishing branch banks or speculating machines in the United States proper, then it ought to be expected that the Federal Government will continue to perform acts more or less disturbing to business. There is no indication of any modification of aggressive purpose on the part of the Federal Government in these matters. The suit begun against the Lehigh Valley Company for alleged violation of the commodities clause of the Hepburn act in the conduct of the coal business suggests that the Government intends that the spirit as well as the letter of the law shall be regarded.

Among the more interesting foreign financial publications is the monthly letter of the Swiss Bankverein, which in its latest issue reviews the decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases. This publication commends the reception of those decisions accorded by American interests and says it becomes the question, from now on, to look for means by which an adaptation to the requirements of the law will be possible without endangering the basis of national prosperity. The foreign critic is certain that the great companies will not have insurmountable difficulty in adapting their organization to the actual law—but this, it says, cannot be done without transforming, from the bottom, their general fundamentals; and the reconstruction of these corporations will, on account of the almost omnipotent position they hold, quite naturally exercise an unfavorable influence upon general trade and hinder an immediate revival in business. No considerable expansion of industrial enterprise is looked for by the foreign critic pending the reconstruction of these great companies.

However, it is quite within the power of the corporations to disarm the so-called hostile Government by adopting, as some are doing, a course of sincere and willing

Why inch along like an old inchworm with that antiquated hand spacing of the typewriter carriage when you can go right to the spot with a single touch on a Column Selector key of the model 10

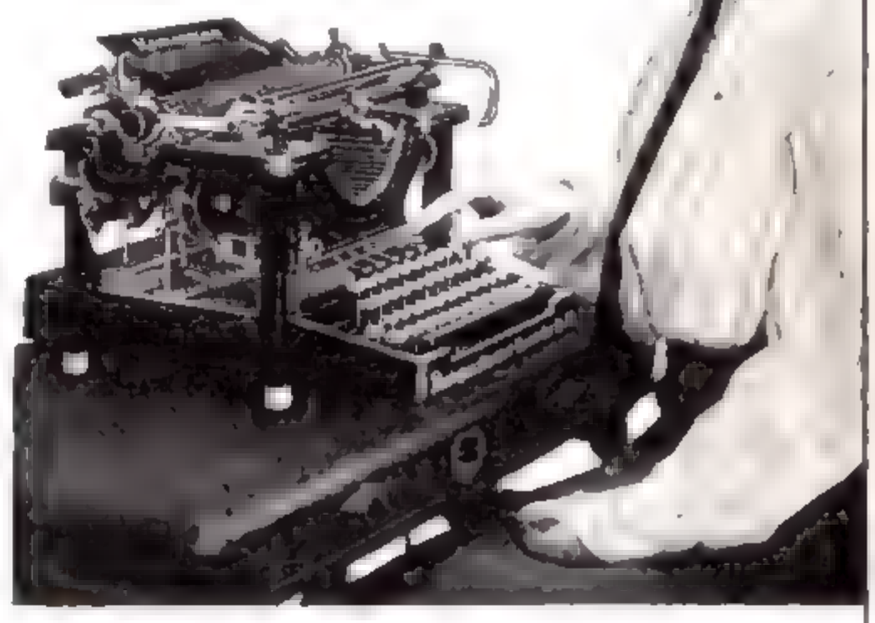
Remington

The Remington Column Selector is the greatest of all recent typewriter improvements. It enables the operator instantly to place the carriage where she wills, *skipping as many columns as she wills.* By eliminating the hand spacing of the carriage it saves from ten to twenty per cent. of labor according to the work to be done.

And this is only one of a score of notable improvements on the model 10

VISIBLE Remington

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere



"HERE ARE THE FIVE COLUMN SELECTOR KEYS"

The Atlas is a Real Jar

built on a principle that has common sense sprayed on it. It *preserves* fruits and vegetables instead of spoiling them. It seals absolutely air-tight. The all-glass cover clamps down with a grip like steel—by light finger-pressure—and it lets go as easily by another light pressure. It hasn't any crevices or crimps. There's nothing to twist, turn, screw or unscrew. Construction, simple and sensible. Put your fruits and vegetables in the wide mouthed

ATLAS E-Z SEAL

fruit and vegetable jar—peaches, pears, plums, cherries, corn, peas, beans, tomatoes, beets, onions—all will be fresh, flavory and summery-sweet all winter in Atlas E-Z Seal Jars. Preserve them yourself and you'll have better food in your pantry than you can buy at any price. Finally, be *sure* to ask your grocer for Atlas E-Z Seal Jars. And be just as sure that you *get* them.

Send for our booklet of Famous Preserving Recipes. Tells what to preserve, and just how. No charge to you. Write *now.*

HAZEL ATLAS GLASS CO.
Wheeling, W. Va.

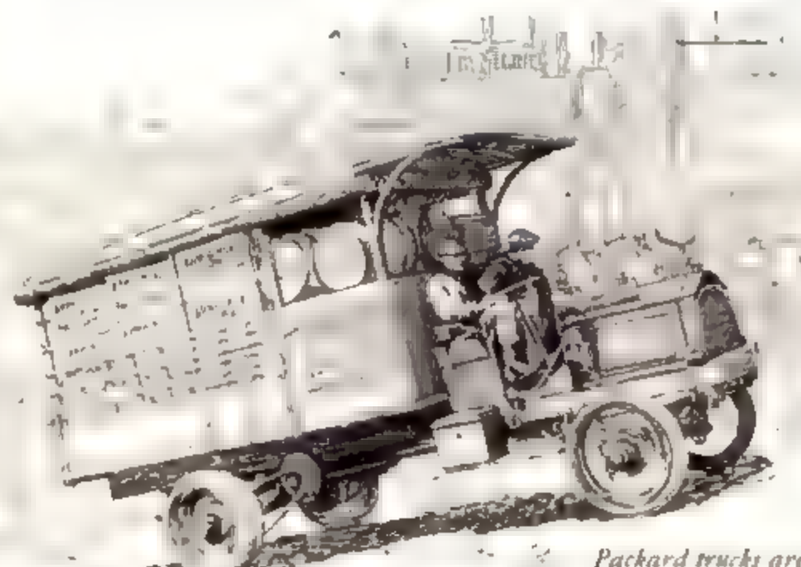
Packard

MOTOR TRUCKS

THIS truck has never missed a trip in the 15 months it has been in use on the hilly streets of Pittsburgh. It is on the job every day, 304 working days to the year. It replaces three horse teams. After Arbuckles & Company had used this truck 10 months and knew exactly what it would do they bought another just like it.

Forty per cent of the sales of Packard Trucks are orders from previous purchasers for additional trucks

Ask the man who owns one



Packard trucks are used in 126 lines of trade and in 174 cities

Packard Motor Car Company Detroit

Saves the Gums, Cleans the Teeth

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

This *flexible* curved handle instantly adjusts itself to the shape of the gums, passing over them gently but firmly.

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic fully guaranteed. We replace if defective.

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Flexible Handle Tooth Brush

It gives a new sensation and preserves the gums—keeps them in a healthful condition.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic (rigid or flexible handle) thoroughly cleans *all the teeth* back and front alike. It's the one tooth brush with a well defined purpose.

Packed in an individual yellow box which protects against handling before the brush gets to you.

Prices: 25c., 35c., 40c.

Our interesting booklet "Do You Clean or Brush Your Teeth?" is yours for the asking. Send for it.

Florence Mfg. Co., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes.

The Original

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

The public's confidence in Shirley MERIT is proved by our constantly increasing sales during a period of over ten years.

Our own confidence in Shirley MERIT is proved by our Money Back Guarantee. Insist on our Shirley Guarantee when buying suspenders.

Price 50c from all dealers or from factory: light, medium or extra heavy, extra lengths for tall men.

The C A Edgarton Mfg Co

SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS

718 Main Street Shirley, Mass.

compliance with the statutes of the country touching these matters. Until compliance shall be general it must be expected that business will be interrupted at intervals by the manifestation of the restrictive power of the Government. The reason that tariff agitation hurts is because business people have enjoyed unjust privileges of taxation conferred by the tariff, which taxation has become burdensome. Nor will business become immune from disturbance by tariff-reform agitation until it rests upon other than the basis of protective duties.

Prominent among the factors affecting business, therefore, are the insistence of monopoly upon its alleged rights, the determination of the Government to combat that position, the effort of business men and corporations to restore former conditions of commercial and industrial activity in a legitimate way, the crops of 1911 as a stimulating or deterrent force, and the position of money. The least important of these factors is that last named, for money is in large supply, though somewhat concentrated in the big institutions, and is to be readily had where credit is deserving. Credit is at present closely related to the crops, in which much money is locked up to await the harvest. Should this be fair and should all sections of the country share the benefits, there ought to be no trouble anywhere in borrowing what is needed. Unhappily, the sections which were poorly served with rain last season are again in ill luck, and the baneful effect of deficient moisture and high temperature is somewhat generally felt in the country. The winter-wheat regions have been favored more than other regions, barring the cotton districts of the South; and even there, and more particularly in Texas and Oklahoma, droughty conditions of soil and hot climate have had to be faced. Lately there have been showers in that region, which have ameliorated conditions somewhat.

The Doubtful Crop Outlook

Spring wheat has possible trials before it but it is hoped that the spring and winter varieties of wheat combined will make a large, though not record, crop. Corn is in an uncertain position, its condition in midsummer being materially below what had been looked for; and it is only by dint of unprecedented acreage that there is hope of a crop exceeding two billion nine hundred million bushels. After two fairly bountiful oats crops, that grain again has poor prospects, the outlook favoring about eight hundred million bushels, against over one billion one hundred million bushels last season and an even billion bushels in 1909. The hay crop of the country this year is poor, hardly exceeding—if it equals—two-thirds of last season's crop; and the loss extends all over the country. The potato crop has not been so unpromising in more than twenty years at this time of the year, and there is certainty of a light yield of the tubers. Other crops are variable, but make fair promise as a whole. These things are recited for their bearing upon the business situation—broadly considered—and upon credits. Where crops are good, as they promise to be in the eastern section of the South, credits and business should be good, save as they are affected by conditions elsewhere.

The outlook in the Southwest and in the Northwest is far less cheerful. The outlook in the eastern and middle states is none too good, because of the unsatisfactory condition of the textile industry and the poor condition of the potato and hay crops. The drought in those sections has been quite severe. As illustrating the extremely high temperature of the eastern as well as western districts of the country in early July, it is to be incidentally remarked that some small fruits, notably currants and gooseberries, baked upon the bushes and, unless heavily protected by leaves, were a total loss.

Broadly speaking, the crop outlook at this juncture does not suggest that business will receive a material fillip from the products of the soil in 1911; neither do traffic receipts nor bank clearings suggest anything like a spurt of business activity. Bank clearings do, nevertheless, demonstrate the presence of the large volume of business mentioned at the beginning of this article. The bank clearings of the cities of the United States for May and June record a gain of one per cent over the same months of last year, which is cheering so far as it goes, though it does not point to large development of activity. It is, at least, better than the showing of the country for the half-year ended with June, which was a decrease of a little more than seven per cent compared with 1910.

Looking outside of the city of New York, where the speculative factor is frequently the determining one, the decrease was only one-half of one per cent for the six-month period. The best showing for June was a 9.3 per cent increase in New England, 3.7 per cent increase in the South, 0.6 per cent increase in the Pacific states, and 0.3 per cent increase in the middle western states. Elsewhere there was a decrease in clearings for June; and for the whole country there was a decrease of 0.2 per cent for the single month, against an increase of 2.5 per cent in May, a decrease of 11.8 per cent in April, a decrease of 10.6 per cent in March, a decrease of 6.7 per cent in February, and an increase of 15.8 per cent in January. It thus appears that the tendency of clearings is in the direction of improvement, barring the first month of the year—though not so distinctly so as to encourage hope of anything like extraordinary expansion, a thing not to be looked for and not desirable until liquidation and readjustment shall have completed their work.

It is ease and abundance of money, following liquidation and readjustment, that will promote constructive and expanding enterprises when conditions shall be ripe for the event, which they as surely will be as that the agricultural harvest will take place, though not, perhaps, at the same time.

Alkali Water

MOST people, if asked what they would think of the idea of drinking molten rock, would be horrified at the suggestion. Yet all of us do this very thing every day of our lives. If we did not we would soon die. What we call ice is merely a kind of rock, which becomes molten at a relatively low temperature; and in its molten state we drink it.

We call this molten rock "water," and chemical analysis discloses the presence in it of perceptible quantities of lime, magnesia, soda and various chlorides, sulphates and carbonates.

Water, however, varies a good deal in its makeup; and it often happens that some of the mineral ingredients are present in such quantities as to render it unfit for drinking—and even for consumption by plants. When such is the case the fluid is called "alkali water." Sometimes this alkali water is so heavily loaded with objectionable mineral constituents that the camper cannot even cook beans with it, inasmuch as it hardens their outer coats, making them like so many bullets and preventing the saturation of the interior.

From the viewpoint of the average Western man, alkali water is always alkali water—and, as such, damnable; but, as a matter of fact, some such waters are much worse than others. It all depends upon what sort of stuff they have in them and how much. All of them are bad for plants, but those which hold in solution considerable quantities of sodium carbonate are worst. Roughly speaking, sodium carbonate is ten times as bad as sodium sulphate.

The undesirable chemical ingredients in alkali water come from rocks. Rain falls upon mountains and, making its way into and through the rocks, takes up in solution from them more or less of the substances of which they are composed. One of these substances is gypsum, which yields calcium sulphate. From other rocky materials the percolating water carries away magnesium sulphate, which is Epsom salts, and sodium sulphate, which in its commercial form is known as Glauber's salts. As everybody knows, these are medicinal.

The dependence of such matters upon the composition of rocks is strikingly illustrated in the San Joaquin Valley, lying between the Sierras and the Coast Range, the east side of which is one of the most fertile districts in the world. Many streams flow down into this district from the Sierras, bringing soft and pure water, suitable for irrigation; but on the west side conditions are entirely different—the waters, derived scantily from the Coast Range and pumped from wells, being heavily loaded with mineral stuff. The good water flows westward underground and the bad water makes its way eastward in like manner. Doubtless the two mingle to some extent in a sort of dividing line which runs along the middle of the valley.

Butter of *Certified* Purity

THERE'S a big difference in guaranteeing what someone *tells* you is good and wholesome, and what you *know* is good and wholesome, because you *made it yourself.*

That's the difference between *Blue Valley* Butter and other brands; scores of which are bought in bulk, worked over, cut up, then sold by packers under a guarantee of purity based on the *say-so* of *somebody else.*

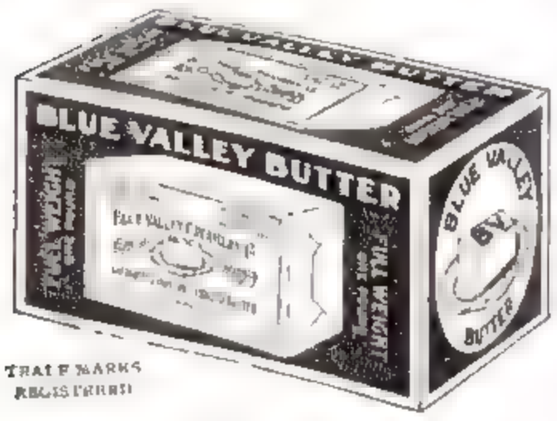
Blue Valley National Butter

EVERY ounce of *Blue Valley* Butter originates at one of the *Blue Valley* Creameries. And they are the sweetest, the most sanitary and best equipped creameries in the world.

Blue Valley experts *buy* the cream. They *test* it—inspect it—*pasteurize* it—*ripen* it—*churn* it—*ship* it. And when it reaches you in the original Blue Valley package, you are as *sure* of what you are *eating* as the Blue Valley Creamery Co. is *sure* of what they are *guaranteeing.* For they know this butter from the *ground up.*

In the last 12 months it has taken over 18,700,000 packages of *Blue Valley* to satisfy *satisfied users* of Blue Valley Butter.

Ask *your* butter man for



IF your dealer doesn't carry Blue Valley, send us his name and *yours.*

An attractive booklet describing this famously fine butter and giving the reasons why it excels all other butters in wholesomeness and nourishment will be sent you by return mail.

Mr. Butter-man:

Blue Valley is a great *trade stimulator. One* customer brings *another.* It doesn't have to be *pushed,* and it doesn't have to be handled by an *expert Butter-man* to grow into a successful butter business.

Introduce it! Write for Free descriptive booklet telling all about *Blue Valley* Butter, its distribution and how, if you are a wholesaler or retailer, you can capture the lion's share of the butter business in your territory.

Orders filled at any one of our six creamery plants below.

Blue Valley Creamery Company

Chicago, Ill. — St. Joseph, Mo.
Indianapolis, Ind. — Sioux City, Iowa
Grand Rapids, Mich. — Hastings, Neb. (9)

BUSINESS HELPS

THE most valuable asset that a store can have," said a prominent businessman to me some time ago, "is the confidence and loyalty of its customers. If people feel proud to have their friends know that they buy of a store the prosperity of that store is assured. There are stores—and some of them are big ones too—that a great many people feel a little ashamed to be seen in; if they buy there they do it almost furtively and take the label off the goods so that no one shall discover where they were bought! It is only by years of effort that a firm gains the other kind of standing—the desirable kind that makes people proud to deal with it; and the efforts not only must be along the line of fair prices and good quality but must also aim at a certain exclusiveness and at maintaining personal relations with its customers."

I was reminded of this talk just a few days ago when walking through the establishment of a firm that has precisely this kind of reputation; for its general manager said, as we went through an office lined with long rows of index-files:

"You see here one of our principal means of keeping in personal touch with our customers. In these files are the names and addresses of over thirty thousand of them. For each customer there is a separate card, divided into spaces for the several large departments of our store; and every time he makes a purchase the fact is noted there, with the date. See, this is the way—so that we can tell at a glance, in regard to any customer, just when he bought of us last and in which department. The reports are kept noted up every day, for every clerk and mail-order employee understands the importance we attach to the record and keeps sending in memoranda for it. Through this record as a basis we send out a constant succession of circulars and circular letters. The customer who buys steadily and in a variety of departments gets one kind; the customer who buys, say, in suitings but not in anything else, gets circulars regarding steamer rugs or shoes or leather goods. The man who has been buying only underwear or haberdashery is reminded that we have other departments as well. And those who have fallen away for a while—perhaps for a year or two—are tempted to come back by circulars that we try to make alluring."

Successful Follow-Up Methods

"The out-of-town buyer and the man right here in the city are treated in just the same way, and the cash customer is treated precisely like the one with an account. Of course many sales are made right over the counter of which we can keep no record, as we don't know the names; but whenever the clerk knows the name, from remembering the customer or getting his address for delivery, the record of the sale goes to this file.

"It costs something, but very little compared with the results we get; for it pays for itself many times over. It takes several clerks to keep it going and they are mostly young women chosen for intelligent discrimination. It is a matter of daily record and of constant watchfulness and judgment. We keep up quite a number of kinds of printed form-letters which have been prepared by our regular advertising writers, and we keep changing to new forms; and every effort is made to have them attractive and even unique in appearance, always with an effect of artistic restraint and with just the right touch of cordiality.

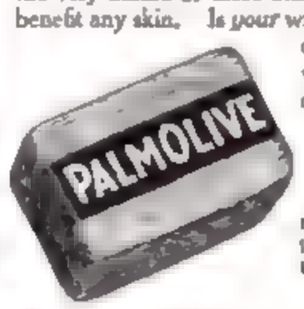
"The kind of circulars that a good many houses use, shoved into envelopes at random—along with bills or notices of shipment, or merely for general advertisement—is apt to be merely annoying. A man takes out a bunch of the things and tosses them angrily away. You know the kind—just haphazard; put into an envelope for Jones just the same as for Smith, and with no thought or knowledge of the individual circumstances. Our aim—and the results show that it is a good one—is as different as possible from that random sending of circulars; for I may almost say that no two customers get precisely the same treatment. The carefully prepared things that we get up and the carefully

"My Wife"

The pride a man puts into those two words! Or the apology. It most depends upon her beauty. Or her plainness.

Beauty is more a matter of complexion than of features, and a good complexion can be won by almost any woman.

Sometimes it is a matter of exercise; sometimes care of digestion; but more often it is a matter of personal care of the skin. Palm and olive oils combined in Palmolive Soap—from the very nature of these oils—must necessarily benefit any skin. Is *your* wife taking advantage of this fact? Many women in every community are. A little inquiry among your friends will reveal this. Ask them about Palmolive, then buy a cake from your dealer and convince yourself. Aside from the real benefit, note how Palmolive softens any water; note how smooth and pleasant it is to use. Palmolive Cream is especially prepared to supplement Palmolive Soap.



(106) *15c per Cake*

Palmolive

Experience the comfort of Palmolive Cream after motor trips or exposure of any kind. These two dainty products mean "Perfection in Complexion" if used together every day. Ask your dealer.

B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
382 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.

50c per Jar

Go to the store that shows the sign and buy the package that gives delight

An appropriate gift for any occasion where good taste decrees simplicity and elegance. *Whitman's*

Pink of Perfection Package

CHOCOLATES OR CONFECTIONS

$1.00 a pound package, sold everywhere by our special agencies. Sent postpaid if our agent is not convenient.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate

A cardinal consideration in your luggage is *Safety*.

You have safety *plus*, if you rely on Indestructo quality.

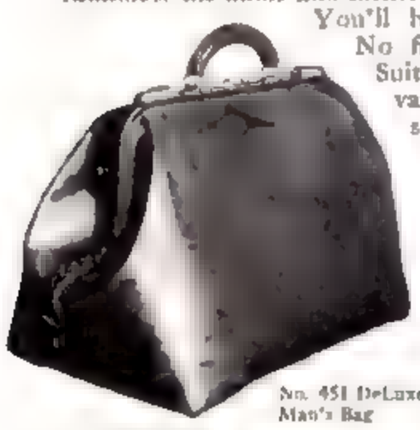
Indestructo Trunks and Hand Luggage are made to withstand the *usual* and the *unusual*—the *incidents* and *accidents*—of *ordinary* and *extraordinary* travel.

It has *style* as well—that *class* that stamps you as a thoroughbred traveler. With

INDESTRUCTO LUGGAGE

you can always have full faith in certain service. The Indestructo Trunk this year is canvas covered—doubly reinforced corners—Government bronze finish. Only trunk on the market with *all* corners and edges *round*. Interior finish tan linen lining, full paneled with cedar. All raw edges finished with brass valance. Indestructo Trunks are sold north, east, south and west.

Remember the name and insist!

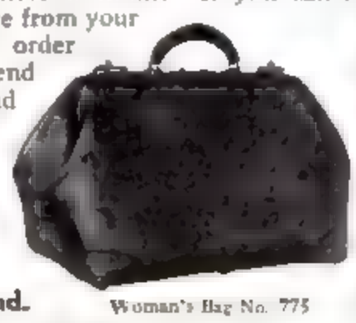


No. 451 DeLuxe Man's Bag

You'll be proud to carry Indestructo Hand Luggage anywhere. No finer frames, hardware and leather used. Made in Bags, Suit Cases, Hat Boxes, Thermal Cases, Golf Bags, etc. Ample variety—specially constructed veneer bottoms. If you can't secure Indestructo Hand Luggage from your local dealer, address our mail order department. We'll gladly send catalog and full information and the name of a nearby merchant who sells our goods.

National Veneer Products Co.

Station H-5 Mishawaka, Ind.



Woman's Bag No. 775

An Enthusiastic Habit

No halfway measures to Sanitol—it's thorough—its use is an enthusiasm. No taking it on faith—you see, feel and taste results. The tooth whiteness and mouth purity of it—the healthfulness—the brisk, refreshing joy in its use; these are the things that make the prime dentifrice—a thing of science rather than a bare commercial product.

White teeth follow its use. Destroys unhealthful germs. An acid mouth becomes sweet, clean and pure.

SANITOL POWDER or PASTE

Clean, White Teeth

Oral Hygiene means nothing more nor less than keeping your teeth and mouth in a pure, healthy condition. Keeping them free from germ life—preventing and overcoming acidity in the mouth. The result of careful attention to oral hygienics is bound to be white, sound, clean teeth—a fresh, clean mouth taste—a nice breath. Sanitol Powder or Paste (and semi-annual inspection by your dentist) is your surest guarantee that you are observing *all* the rules of oral hygiene.

An Individual Package

of any of the Sanitol Tooth or Toilet Preparations sent free on receipt of your dealer's name and address and 4c to pay postage and packing.

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"And it touches people's pride too. There is scarcely a man or a woman who, when the clerk asks suavely, with pencil poised in air, 'You have an account?' would not rather answer 'Yes.' It makes a customer feel bigger—feel of more importance. This feeling may be absurd or unnecessary, but it certainly exists. And so, for all these reasons, we cater to the charge customer more than to the cash one, and in various ways that the cash customers never think of as intentional make the treatment of one class better than the other. The charge customer finds nothing to delay him in transferring from one department to another—in each department he merely says 'Charge it,' and we do all the work; while the cash customer, with a transfer card in her hand, goes along much more slowly. In questions of mistake or supposed overcharge the customer with an account also has the advantage by virtue of his position; and he also has the better position when there are goods to be returned. Suppose a customer isn't quite sure of the amount of material wanted—say, in upholstery goods—if it's a charge customer we often send out a whole piece, let her use what she wants and return the rest. And the customer feels mightily pleased—she has been granted a favor; but with a cash customer we couldn't do this. I know all this doesn't seem right, but we have to do the best we can to get practical results.

"We make it also a point to get people on our books with very little formality or investigation; we don't want to drive the cash customer away, but would make him a charge customer. We aren't reckless; but if they can make—as most people can—a fairly reasonable showing as to honesty and responsibility, we are glad to get them on our books. Our losses through poor accounts are very far from totaling up to what we make in increased business through our liberal policy in passing on our customers' credit."

And I thought, as he said this, of a department store in another city that, in a determined effort to get more credit customers, announced that any one who was a telephone subscriber in that city could, on the strength of that alone, open an account. Of course, the store was flooded with applications, and the credit men were swamped with work. Many of the applicants were rejected, and the store lost the good will of many people who felt insulted at the implication that they were not good for credit.

studied conditions of each customer's case give us our advantage. A customer is apt to feel interested, for the chances are that we are not only telling him something interesting about our store but something that he recognizes as applicable to himself personally. He will probably feel mildly flattered, too, by being individually remembered, and especially so if he has been away from us for a while; and he is likely to drop in on us or to mail an order or an inquiry, for people have a liking for stores where they are kept in mind and made much of. Cash customers are especially surprised and pleased, for they don't expect to be remembered, not having accounts on our books and never suspecting the existence of a system of this kind. The cash customer usually feels so neglected by most stores that it gratifies him to know that there is somebody who remembers him and caters to him, and really wants his trade."

. . . . . .

This remark about cash customers touches upon a curious condition of modern business—that of the depreciation in importance of the cash customer as compared with the increased importance given to the customer with a charge account. In theory and in popular belief the cash customer is the one who is most courted, most desired, most coveted and wished for: with him there is no risk of bad debts, no expense of bookkeeping and collection, none of the loss that comes from not having the use of money. Theoretically the buyer with cash in his hand is the one most keenly desired.

"But, as a matter of fact," said one of the heads of a large department store when I spoke of this point to him, "the cash customer is not at all the one we like best. We like the customer who runs an account—the one who says: 'Charge it.' The cash customer will not buy nearly so many goods in the course of a year as will the charge customer, for the reason that it is much harder to take money out of one's pocket and count it and hand it over than it is to tell the clerk airily to 'add it to the account.' Not only will the charge customer buy more in quantity than does the man with cash but he will also average a more expensive quality."

How Liberal Credit Pays

Mildness

IT'S a *mild* cigar for the all-day smoker. And it's Flor de Mendel for a mild cigar. Has the fully developed taste of rich, ripe tobacco. A smooth, aromatic, won't-hurt-you smoke from fire-up to finish. Pure Havana inside. Fine Sumatra outside. The exact combination for the appreciative smoker

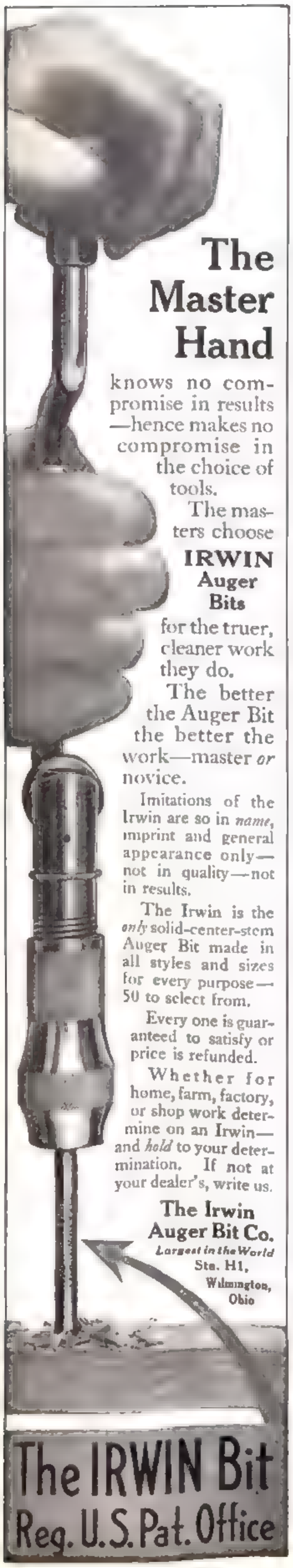
FLOR DE MENDEL

Try one—that's enough. 3 for 25c, 10c straight. 2 for 25c,—according to size.

Your dealer should have Flor de Mendel Cigars. If he has not, send us his name with $3.50 and we will see that you are supplied with a box of 50 three-for-a-quarter size.

MENDEL & COMPANY

202 E. 100th Street, New York



The Master Hand

knows no compromise in results—hence makes no compromise in the choice of tools.

The masters choose **IRWIN Auger Bits** for the truer, cleaner work they do.

The better the Auger Bit the better the work—master *or* novice.

Imitations of the Irwin are so in *name*, imprint and general appearance only—not in quality—not in results.

The Irwin is the *only* solid-center-stem Auger Bit made in all styles and sizes for every purpose—50 to select from.

Every one is guaranteed to satisfy or price is refunded.

Whether for home, farm, factory, or shop work determine on an Irwin—and *hold* to your determination. If not at your dealer's, write us.

The Irwin Auger Bit Co.
Largest in the World
Sta. H1,
Wilmington, Ohio

The IRWIN Bit
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

account—and that was one of the old and conservative stores!

The problem of the cash customer, so vitally important to every business man, is met in one of the great houses by an ingenious system, under which, though every sale is for ready money, any one may be not only a cash customer but at the same time, in spite of the apparent contradiction, a customer with a charge account! For the house runs a bank as one of its departments under the same roof as all the rest of its business; and any one who has an account with that bank need merely have the amount of a purchase deducted from the balance to his credit. Of course an important part of the system is that no one may buy beyond the amount of that balance. And, to make the plan attractive and draw people's money, the company pays four per cent interest on deposits; and this is a vital feature, for without it the public would be very unwilling to leave money there just to lie idle and not earn anything.

A curious point is that no one in the establishment claims credit for the inception of the idea. It was a natural outgrowth of the conditions and needs of a great establishment that insisted on selling only for cash, and it really came about through the sending in of money from time to time by out-of-town customers, with the request to take out the pay for goods ordered and hold any balance to their credit.

It is impossible to talk long with a successful business man without finding that his mind keeps running to the general influence of human nature on business plans and schemes. Business, in fact, seems to hinge largely upon psychology! A good business man must from necessity be a good student of human nature; and this does not mean that he must be able to read the character of specific individuals, but that he must have a wise understanding of the general springs of human action. He must not only understand how to act upon parsimony and prodigality, and draw both the parsimonious and the prodigal to his store, but he must understand how to work upon people's pride, how to make them feel flattered, how to please and interest them; and he must understand that the appeal to woman is a very different thing from the appeal to man.

Men, Women and Bargains

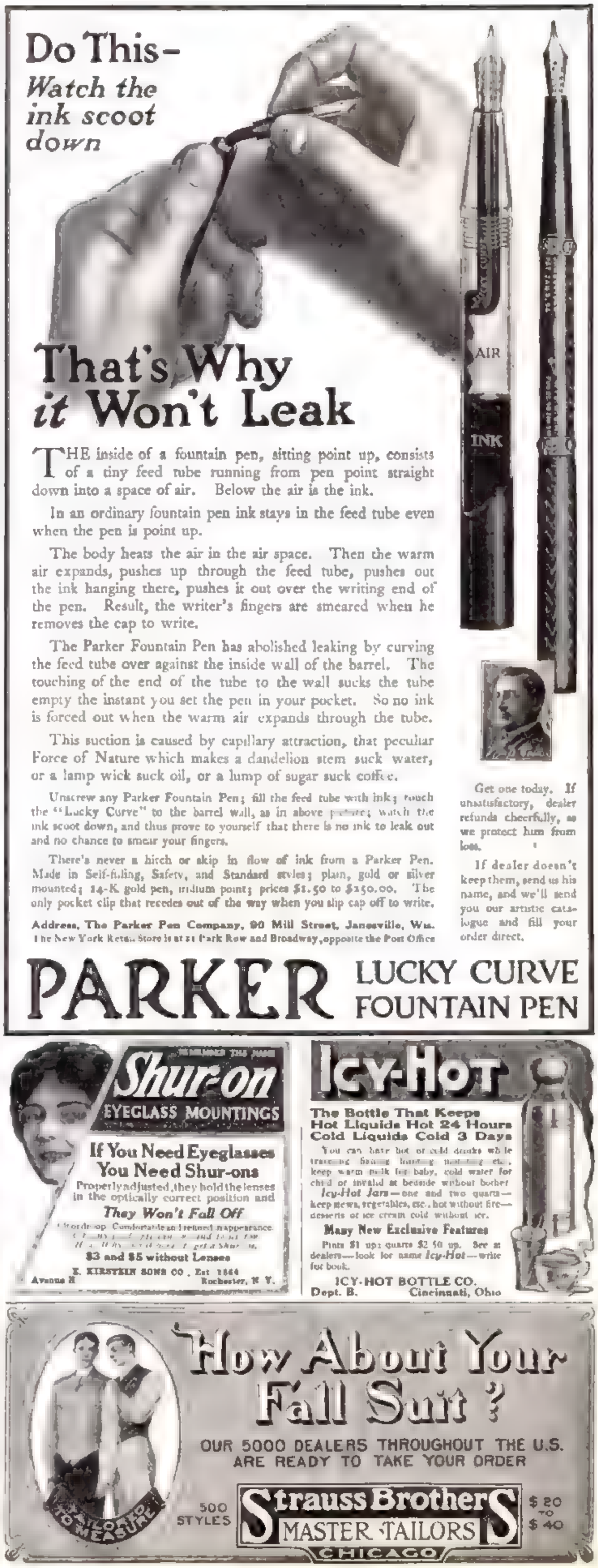
"There is a great deal of talk, these days," said a Broadway dealer, "about the equality of the sexes. Well, maybe they are equal though, when the women say that, what they really mean is that the men are decidedly inferior—but, whether equal or not, they are mighty different."

Perhaps nothing so shows the difference between the sexes as their attitudes toward bargains and bargain sales.

"The majority of men who go to a bargain sale go because they really want the particular thing they have seen advertised. The majority of women go because they see a splendid chance to do triumphant shopping." Thus said one of the proprietors of a big department store. "The woman may wonder, when she gets her bargain home, just how she is ever going to use it—but there, again, is an important difference, for a woman's ingenuity will twist and adapt a thing to make use of it in some entirely different way, if necessary, from the obvious one; while a man, on the contrary, if he can't use a thing in the obvious way, will merely toss it aside and put the cost of it down to profit and loss.

"We make it a rule never to offer a bargain sale of things for men unless we have an actual overstock or want to close out some line that is threatening to go out of fashion or that hasn't caught hold. Bargain sales for men don't pay as do similar sales for women; and so it is good policy to make up a bargain sale for women as often as we can make or find an opportunity.

"And here is the reason for it: A man, though he prides himself on getting a bargain, generally holds it as a matter of private pride. If he gets a thirty-dollar article for twenty he is glad of it, but he would rather have his friends think he paid forty. It sort of touches his self-esteem, his vanity, for he wants his friends to think him a buyer of expensive things; he wants to be thought both freehanded and prosperous. Of course there are different kinds of men, but I am speaking of the average.



Do This—
Watch the ink scoot down

AIR
INK

That's Why *it* Won't Leak

THE inside of a fountain pen, sitting point up, consists of a tiny feed tube running from pen point straight down into a space of air. Below the air is the ink.

In an ordinary fountain pen ink stays in the feed tube even when the pen is point up.

The body heats the air in the air space. Then the warm air expands, pushes up through the feed tube, pushes out the ink hanging there, pushes it out over the writing end of the pen. Result, the writer's fingers are smeared when he removes the cap to write.

The Parker Fountain Pen has abolished leaking by curving the feed tube over against the inside wall of the barrel. The touching of the end of the tube to the wall sucks the tube empty the instant you set the pen in your pocket. So no ink is forced out when the warm air expands through the tube.

This suction is caused by capillary attraction, that peculiar Force of Nature which makes a dandelion stem suck water, or a lamp wick suck oil, or a lump of sugar suck coffee.

Unscrew any Parker Fountain Pen; fill the feed tube with ink; touch the "Lucky Curve" to the barrel wall, as in above picture; watch the ink scoot down, and thus prove to yourself that there is no ink to leak out and no chance to smear your fingers.

There's never a hitch or skip in flow of ink from a Parker Pen. Made in Self-filling, Safety, and Standard styles; plain, gold or silver mounted; 14-K. gold pen, iridium point; prices $1.50 to $250.00. The only pocket clip that recedes out of the way when you slip cap off to write.

Address, The Parker Pen Company, 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.
The New York Retail Store is at 31 Park Row and Broadway, opposite the Post Office

Get one today. If unsatisfactory, dealer refunds cheerfully, as we protect him from loss.

If dealer doesn't keep them, send us his name, and we'll send you our artistic catalogue and fill your order direct.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN

Shur-on
EYEGLASS MOUNTINGS

If You Need Eyeglasses You Need Shur-ons

Properly adjusted, they hold the lenses in the optically correct position and

They Won't Fall Off

Can't droop. Comfortable and refined appearance.

$3 and $5 without Lenses

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO. Est 1864
Avenue H Rochester, N. Y.

Icy-Hot

The Bottle That Keeps Hot Liquids Hot 24 Hours Cold Liquids Cold 3 Days

You can have hot or cold drinks while traveling, fishing, hunting, motoring, etc., keep warm milk for baby, cold water for child or invalid at bedside without bother.

Icy-Hot Jars—one and two quarts—keep stews, vegetables, etc., hot without fire—desserts or ice cream cold without ice.

Many New Exclusive Features

Pints $1 up; quarts $2.50 up. See at dealers—look for name *Icy-Hot*—write for book.

ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO.
Dept. B. Cincinnati, Ohio

How About Your Fall Suit?

OUR 5000 DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE U.S. ARE READY TO TAKE YOUR ORDER

500 STYLES

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
CHICAGO

$20 TO $40

Look Inside the Watch Case for the Name "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss"

The cheapening process that has crept into the watch-case business has hurt the legitimate jewelry store.

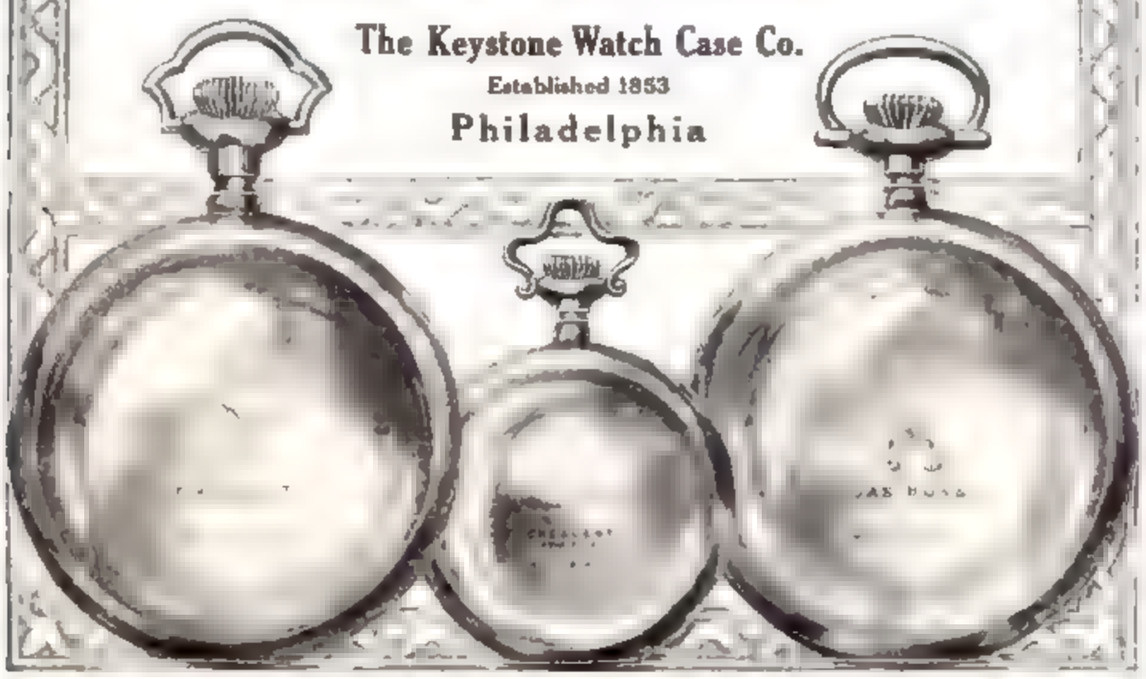
Too often the jeweler himself has been blinded by the "*guarantee*" stamped inside a low-grade case.

You are partly to blame because you inquire about the *movement* of a watch and pay little attention to the case.

Thousands of filled cases are sold every day with the layers of gold so thin that the engraving or engine-turning can not be done with a diamond-pointed tool. It is merely burnished on. Such a case may be stamped "guaranteed for 20 years" when it will not wear twenty weeks.

You can be sure of legitimate value if you will insist on a "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss" gold-filled case and look for our trade-marks. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for fifty years.

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Established 1853
Philadelphia



"With a woman, however, the whole thing is different. In the first place, she actually loves to shop—loves to look into windows and go into store after store, and have clerks show her interminable variety. There is hardly a man who likes to shop, but there is hardly a woman who doesn't - hardly a woman who doesn't find a positive happiness in it. Being a man myself, I don't pretend to understand it; I merely recognize it as a fact that every business man must constantly have in mind.

"A man wants to be shown things in the briefest and most direct way, whether it is a bargain sale or just a matter of everyday buying; and he wants a clerk to understand at once what it is he wants and show him nothing else. But a woman, unless she is in a hurry to catch a suburban train for nome, never feels annoyed at having everything possible shown to her. She will grasp quickly, if need be, at some particular bargain, and then wants to go on looking at one thing after another. She loves to look and handle and fondle. It titillates her fancy; it makes her dream. Whereas a man would feel ashamed of not knowing just what he wanted, a woman would accept the imputation as a compliment.

"Of course she doesn't know what she wants! Where would be the pleasure in shopping if it were all a cut-and-dried affair? In the matter of shopping, all women are from Missouri and want to be shown!

"When, however, she has bought something for five dollars that ordinarily would cost ten, she runs and tells every woman of her acquaintance—she shows the purchased triumph and gloats over it! Best of all, she tells her friends just where she got it; and she not only wants to go back again herself, and keeps the place in a warm corner of her heart, but sends the other women there too. So that's why we prefer to run our bargain sales for women."

The Newly Rich

DEALER, pray send up some thirty-cent ham, forty-cent bacon and fifty-cent eggs, sixty-cent lemons, a fifteen-cent yam, gold-dollar broilers—those prime yellow-legs; an ounce of potatoes, a gill of green peas, some fifty-cent butter, four ounces of bread. Put in a sliver of gold-plated cheese; one small, new cabbage—a fifty-cent head; send up some lettuce—a twenty-cent leaf; celery?—yes, send that half-dollar stuff. Put in a three-dollar loin roast of beef—no, make it two pounds—I must have enough. Spinach? No, thank you; we don't care for greens. Send up a couple of ounces of lard; add half a dozen or so of string beans. Send it all promptly, with two men on guard. Oh, we're in Bradstreet's, as every one knows. I know it's reckless, but you'll get your pay. We could afford a whole ham if we chose. Father inherits a million today!

DEALER, no longer we live by our wits. Send up some ice, for the day's growing late; we will want one of those two-dollar bits that will about fill a big dinner plate. Send up a gill of your real yellow milk—nothing's too rich for the blood of us now—we can robe milkmen in jewels and silk; so set Monte Cristo to milking the cow. Some squander riches in crossing the sea—well, let them waste all the money they please; who's to say anything to us if we bankrupt ourselves buying good bread and cheese? Send up some cream at a dollar a quart; one ounce of tea and a two-dollar steak. We're not afraid of the bankruptcy court—we're out for pleasure; so take off the brake. Pack up those treasures and send right away. Send up a sight draft for them if you will. Father inherits a million today—almost a half a year's grocery bill!

SET the lights burning with two-dollar gas! Fill up a pitcher with real lemonade; spread bread with butter and let the steak pass; food is gold-plated, but who is afraid? Drink of the milk—it is nectar for gods; quaff it right off—every swallow's a dime. Cut off some coupons of ham—what's the odds? Father is wealthy; so have a good time. Crack some more ice at a quarter a pound; broil us some bacon—it's ten cents a slice; send the ten-carat fried chicken around. Food, you may break us; but, say, you are nice! Blessèd the poor who inherit the earth, and with the meek make the picture complete! Blessèd the rich, who, though not of much worth, are with economy able to eat! —*J. W. Foley.*

PHOENIX GUARANTEED SILK HOSE

Pure thread silk identical with that used in the costliest hose.

Men's 50c pair—Women's 75c

Of remarkable strength, yet luxuriously soft, cool and lustrous — qualities possessed by *real* silk only. Phoenix is the first *genuine* silk hose sold at the price of lisle, and it is

Guaranteed—no holes—3 months

This written guarantee is in every four pair box of men's hose at $2 the box; women's $3 the box: "No holes, three months or new hose free."

At every good dealer or direct from us on receipt of the price.

Phoenix Knitting Works
299 Broadway, Milwaukee
Makers of the Famous Phoenix Muffler

PHOENIX REGISTERED HOSE. Sold [illegible] Pair Guaranteed against holes six months. Men's, $.50 box. Women's [illegible]

How careless!

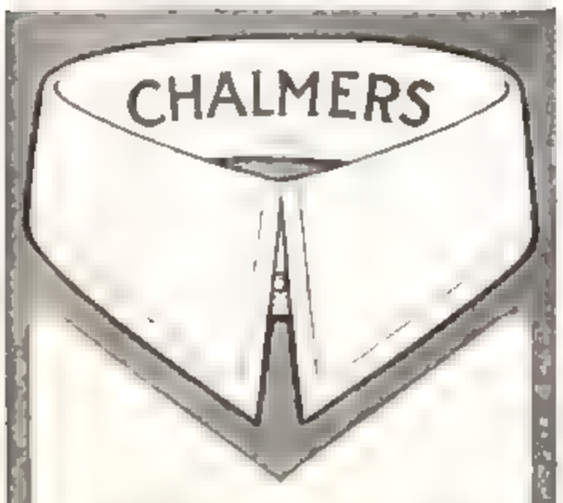
Most toothbrush bristles act like false teeth—only you can't put them back.

Our flexible bristles come with the brush from Europe. Of course they know how to make brushes over there. But you wouldn't expect the bristles to desert such an old friend anyway—would you? Well, they don't. They stay with the brush.

Brisco-Kleanwell
Toothbrush

Sold by accommodating shops
Alfred H. Smith Co.
38 W. 33d St., New York

Frisbie Collars



THE "Chalmers" is a *high-low* shape. It unites the fashionable air of a *high* collar with the free comfort of a *low* one. Hand-made and four-ply.

For Sale by Most Good Dealers.

15 Cents. Two For 25 Cents

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will (prepaid) on receipt of price.

Frisbie, Coon & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

A Pipe For a Pal

After all there's no man-comforter on earth like a tried and proven briar pipe.

Tried and *proven*—mark well the words. They describe nothing quite so well as they do a

Briar B B B **Pipe**

Made in England

Awarded Grand Prix Franco British Of[illegible] Brussels (1910) Exposition

Just the very finest briar that grows—selected by rare experts in that wood—aged for three years, and then modeled by master hands. That's the B B B way of pipe making.

B B B are pipes without a flaw—a fact insured by three series of rigid inspections. So it is that out of every 100 bowls turned, on an average of 64 are rejected by the makers.

Now, perhaps, you'll understand why your father, and his father before him, smoked B B B pipes. You will, at any rate, when you follow their example.

All Styles—All Prices

B B B pipes are made in England and sold in every country in the world. If your town has none, send us your dealer's name on a postal. We'll see that you are supplied.

Adolph Frankau & Co., Ltd., 117 W. 23d St., New York

PRINT FOR YOURSELF

Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy rules sent. Write factory for press catalog. TYPE cards, paper.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

"At the seashore, in the mountains, at the country club, or on the boulevards, wherever you meet people of wealth and discrimination—there in increasing numbers, you find the Lozier."

Talk With Men Who Know

When you consider buying a motor car you will probably seek advice from friends. Whether it is your first or your tenth car, you will want to know what others think of the various makes.

You may want to find out what others think of the advisability of paying $5000 for a motor car. Or, if you are already convinced that you can be satisfied only with the best, you may want to ask what others think of the Lozier in comparison with other high class cars.

To all such inquiries we say: "Talk with men who know." Base your decision on the opinions of men whose experience fits them to judge of motor car value. Merely having owned one automobile does not necessarily qualify one to speak with authority. The comparison of the Lozier car in service with other cars is responsible for the increasing sales everywhere.

Who Are the "Men Who Know"?

The *man who knows* about motor cars is the man who calls on his car for real service—the man who drives thousands of miles each year. He is the man who frequently takes the wheel himself, who likes to feel the thrill of mastery that comes from driving a splendid high-powered car. He is the man who has owned several cars—who bases his judgment on comparison. Such men as these all recognize Lozier supremacy among American cars—and American supremacy means world's supremacy.

Six-cylinder in Fifth Season

These men know that the Lozier has always had right engineering ideas behind it; that the House of Lozier has never marketed a mechanical mistake; that it has led in America in the use of improved features now recognized as standard—such as fore-doors, 36-inch wheels, ball bearings, four-speed transmission, multiple disc clutch, Bosch magneto, double ignition. Lozier was among the first to produce six-cylinder motor cars, the Lozier six-cylinder car being now in its fifth successful season.

Men who know will tell you of the *safety* that is built into every bit of Lozier construction—the freedom from break-downs that comes from the knowledge gained through the twenty years of manufacturing experience of the House of Lozier.

Ralph Mulford in a Lozier stock chassis at Elgin, Illinois, winning the Elgin National Trophy race and 1910 Stock Championship

A Champion Car

These men know from automobile history how by consistent performances in great contests this car has won the title "Champion of the World"; they will tell you of the remarkable Lozier record for durability never equalled in automobile history. Twenty consecutive starts in great long distance National Road or Speedway races without a single failure to finish through mechanical trouble—always appearing at the finish of every great race *either as winner or among the first five cars.*

And remember, Lozier does not build racing cars, but races with the same models which can be bought from any dealer.

Lozier Luxury in Touring

Lozier comfort is another thing about which these men can tell you from experience. For the *men who know* are men who tour. In a Lozier, touring becomes a real luxury—with former discomforts and hardships eliminated. Big and roomy, solidly built, with large tires and wheels, and a motor of remarkable power, this car takes you over the roads—even at high speed—in restful comfort, smoothness and safety.

Lightest Car of its Power

Notwithstanding its strength and durability, it is the lightest weight stock car of its power built in America. Its admirable distribution of weight, scientific spring suspension and flexible steel disc clutch makes it exceptionally economical in tire wear.

Lozier good looks, style, beauty of finish, you will appreciate for yourself. No one need tell you about these features. To see the car is enough. But for those hidden elements of a motor car which mean the difference between perfection and mediocrity; between a champion car and an ordinary machine—we refer you to the *men who know.* Lozier owners, owners of many cars, men in the trade, automobile engineers, salesmen for other cars, garage managers, tire and accessory men—all, you will find, will endorse the Lozier. Can any other car show such a unanimous verdict of superiority?

We have compiled a series of "Talks With Men Who Know"—including men from east and west, heads of great corporations, manufacturers, bankers, technical men, men who want a car for its reputation and style, men who want a car for the service it gives, and men who *know* what constitutes real motor car service.

1912 Models

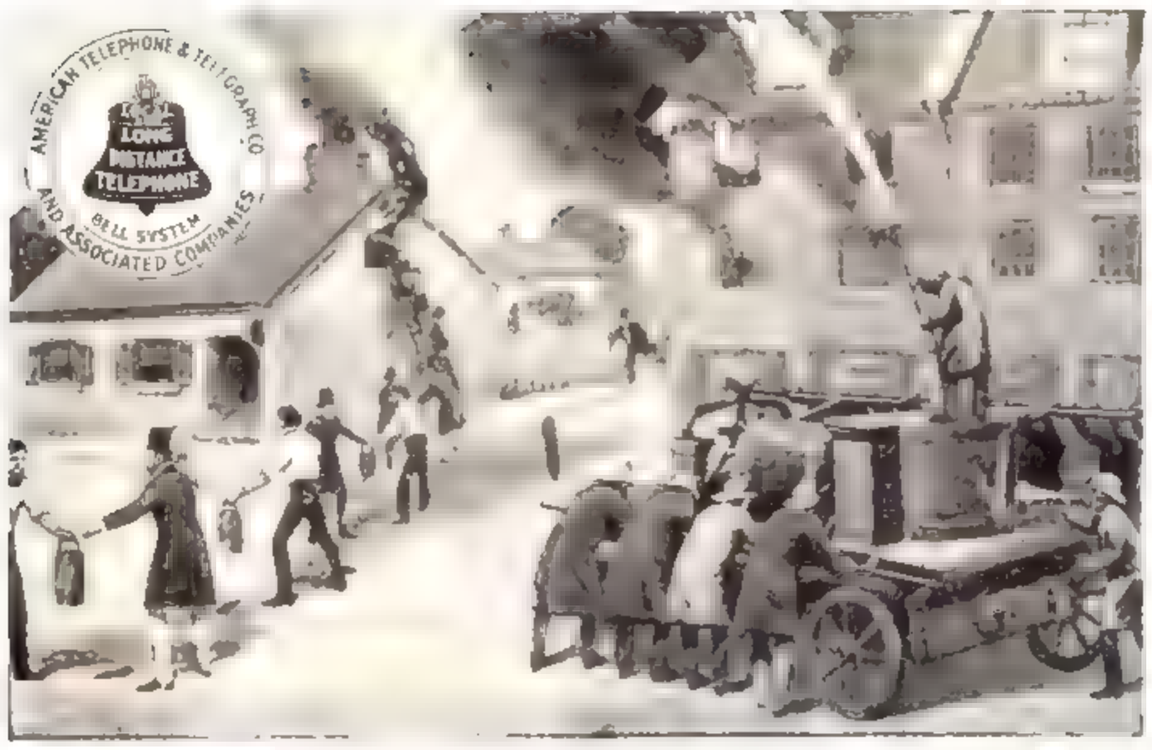
6 cylinder	*51 h. p.*	*$5000*
4 cylinder	*46 h. p.*	*$4700*

Two chassis only—7 styles in bodies
Send for illustrated catalog and name of nearest dealer

We shall be pleased to send you the "Talks" and full information about our 1912 line.

LOZIER

2108 Mack Avenue, Detroit, Mich.



Fire Fighting and Telephoning

Both Need Team Work, Modern Tools and an Ever Ready Plant, Everywhere

Twenty men with twenty buckets can put out a small fire if each man works by himself.

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THE PENDLEBURY TREE

(Continued from Page 15)

Pullet's no good as a salesman and —— By-the-way, where is Pullet? I ain't seen him since noon."

"I wonder if the poor critter's sick?" I says. Just then Amos Hallett's boy come into the store with a note.

"It's for you, Cap'n Zeb," he says, all out of breath. "I meant to give it to you afore, but I just this minute remembered it. Mr. Beanblossom he give it to me at the depot when he took the up train."

I was too astonished to think at all, but Jim Henry was cool as usual.

"Yes, yes, son," he says. "It's all right. You trot right along home before you catch cold in your freckles." Then, after the youngster'd gone, he turns to me quick. "Open it, Skipper," he orders. "Somethin's happened. Open it."

I opened the envelope. Inside was a sheet of foolscap covered from top to bottom with mighty shaky handwritin'. I read it out loud.

"'Dear Sir: When you receive this I shall have left Ostable—it may be forever. I have made a horrible discovery which has wrecked all my hopes and my life. In accordance with Mr. Jacobs' kindly counsel I recently summoned courage to ask Miss Pendlebury to become my wife ——'

"Good heavens to Betsy!" I sung out, almost droppin' the letter.

"Go on!" shouts Jacobs. "Don't stop now."

I went on as well as I could, everything considered:

"'She did not refuse. She was kinder than I had a right to expect. I realized my presumption, but ——'"

"Skip that," orders Jim Henry. "Get down to brass tacks."

I skipped some. . . . "'She told me she must have a few days to consider. I waited. Today I received a communication from the Genealogical Society which has dashed my hopes to the ground. It was in connection with my work on the Pendlebury family tree. For some time I have been very much troubled concerning developments in that work. The later Pendleburys have been ladies and gentlemen of repute and worth; but, as I delved deeper into the past and approached the early generations in this country, I ——'"

"Skip again," says Jacobs. I skipped.

"'And now, to my horror, I find the fact proved beyond a doubt! Ezekiel Jones Pendlebury—whose name should be inscribed upon the trunk of the tree, he being the original settler in America—was hanged in the Massachusetts Bay Colony for stealing a hog upon the Sabbath Day.'"

Then I did drop the letter. "My land of love!" was all I could say.

"Oh, dear me!" says Jim Henry, wipin' his eyes. "The original Pendlebury hung for hog-stealin'!"

"Stealin' it on Sunday!" says I. "Don't forget that. Sabbath-breakin' was worse than stealin' in them days."

"Well, go on, go on," says he. "There's more of it, ain't they?"

There was. The writin' got finer and finer as it got close to the bottom of the page. Poor Pullet had caved in when that revelation struck him. Honor compelled him to tell Letitia the truth—and how could he tell her such a truth? She, so proud and all! He had led her into this dreadful research work and she would blame him, of course, and dismiss him with scorn and contempt. Her contempt he could not bear. No; he must go away. He could never face her again.

His name was squeezed in the very corner. I looked at Jacobs.

"Well," I says, some disgusted, "it looks to me, as a man up a tree—not a family tree neither, thank the Lord!—as if, instead of cinchin' the Pendlebury trade, your 'advice' had queered it forever."

He didn't say nothin'. Just scowled and kicked his heels together. Then he grabbed the letter out of my hand and begun to read it again. I scowled, too, and set starin' at the floor and thinkin'. All at once I heard him swear—a sort of joyful swear-word it seemed to me. I looked up. As I did, he swung off the counter, crumpled up the letter, jammed it in his pocket and grabbed up his hat.

"Skipper," he says, his eyes shinin', "there's a night freight to Boston—ain't there?"

"Yes, there is; but ——"

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Then, too, its 4-ply cable-twist heels and toes mean *long wear* in spite of long walks and knockabout treatment—and it's soft and pliable as silk. Both summer beaux and summer maids will appreciate its beautiful fit and fascinating sheerness.

If your dealer has none in stock we will send postpaid a pair of Silk Lisle Lisle hose, Ladies' Lisle or Gent's ribbed Lisle on receipt of 25c, state size and colors. Pure Silk—with silk lisle heels and toes and tops—50c.

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"So long, then. I'll be back soon's I can. You and Bill"—that was the clerk—"must do as well as you can for a day or so. So long. But you just remember this: Old Doctor James Henry Jacobs, specialist in sick business, ain't given up hopes of this patient yet—not by any manner of means. By-by."

On Monday evenin' he come sailin' into the store, all smiles. 'Twas some time afore I could get him alone, but when I could I nailed him.

"Now," says I, "perhaps you'll tell me why you run off and left me, and where you've been and what you mean by it—and a few other things."

He grinned. "Been?" he says. "Well, I've been to see the last of Miss Letitia Pendlebury, of Pendlebury Villa, Ostable, Massachusetts. Miss Pendlebury is no more."

"No more!" I hollered. "No more! Don't tell me she's dead!"

"I shan't," says he, "because she ain't. She's alive, all right; but she's no more Miss Pendlebury. She's Mrs. Winthrop Adams Beanblossom now," he says. "They were married this forenoon."

"Married!"

"Married."

"But—but -after the hangin' news—and the hog-stealin'—and —— Does she know it? She wouldn't marry him after that!"

"She knows and she was tickled to death to marry him. Skipper, there was a P. S. on the back of that letter of Pullet's. You didn't turn the page over: I did and I recognized the lifesaver right off. Here it is."

He passed me Beanblossom's letter, back side up. There was a P. S., but it looked to me more like the finishin' knock on the head than it did like a lifesaver. This was it:

"P. S. I have neglected to state another fact which my researches have brought to light and which makes the affair even more hopeless. My own ancestor, at that time Governor of the Colony, was the person who sentenced Ezekiel Pendlebury and caused him to be hanged."

"And that," says I, "is what you call a lifesaver! My nine-times-great-grandad has your nine-times-great-grandad hung, and that removes all my objections to marryin' you! Oh, sure and sartin! Yes, indeed!"

He smiled superior. "Listen, you doubtin' Thomas," says he. "You can't see it; but Sister Letitia saw it right off when I put Pullet's case afore her at the Hotel Somerset, where she was stoppin'. Her ancestor was a hog-stealer and a hobo; but Beanblossom's ancestor was a governor and a nabob from 'way back. If by just sayin' 'Yes' you could swop a pig-thief for a governor, you'd do it, wouldn't you? You would if you'd been braggin' 'family' as Letitia has for the past three months. I saw her, and turned on some of my convincin' conversation; saw Pullet at his cousin's and convinced him. They were married at Trinity parsonage this very noon."

"My! my! my!" I says, after this had really sunk in. "And the Pendlebury tree is ——"

"There ain't any Pendlebury tree," he interrupts. "It's the kindlin' bin for that shrub. But the Beanblossom tree—with governors and judges and generals proppin' up every main limb—is goin' to hang right next to Pa Pendlebury's picture in the mornin' room of Pendlebury Villa. And the head of Pendlebury Villa is the senior partner in the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store."

He was wrong there. Letitia Pendlebury Beanblossom had another surprise under her bonnet and she sprung it when she got back. She sent for Jacobs and me and made proclamation that her husband would withdraw from the firm.

"I trust that Mr. Beanblossom and I are democratic," she says. "Of course we shall continue to purchase our supplies from you gentlemen. But, really," she says, "you must see that a man whose ancestor was Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony could scarcely humiliate himself by engaging in trade!"

So, instead of gettin' out of storekeepin', I was left deeper in it than ever; but Jim Henry says I ain't really been in it at all yet.

"This child is only beginnin' to set up and take notice," he says. "Skipper, you put your faith in Old Doctor Jacobs' Teethin' Syrup and Tonic for Business Infants."

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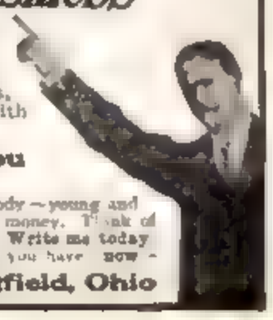

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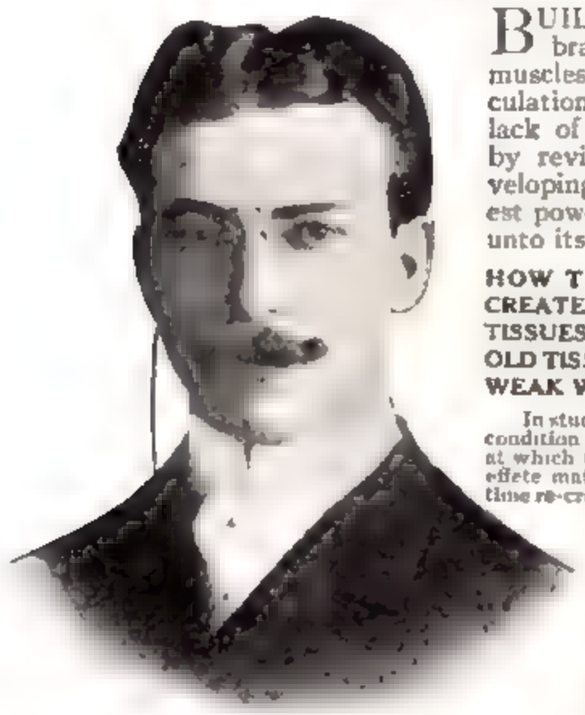

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Age and weakness in body are therefore the result and effect of the slowing up of the process of tissue destruction and re-creation. Whatever be the nature of the cause which has had this unfortunate effect it is gratifying to know that the SWOBODA SYSTEM again surely increases the speed of tissue exchange, thus producing a new body in a marvelously short space of time; restoring elasticity of tissue and preventing the advancing of old age in the body to an extent which is a source of great gain to all those who follow my advice.

In youth the tissue change and re-creation resembles a running mountain stream, full of life and animation, while as we become advanced in years unless we attend to the matter it is like a slow-moving brook having many stagnant pools, whereas in death it is absolutely stagnant.

The more often the tissues are re-created through the SWOBODA SYSTEM, the more vigorous and well developed they are and the longer and more successfully the body can live, consequently the SWOBODA SYSTEM increases vital and recuperative powers to a very unusual degree. It is because of these principles of exchange that the SWOBODA SYSTEM produces such a great increase in development, strength, vitality, also quick and permanent restoration of health and energy, therefore deficiency, weakness and disease cannot exist in a body built up and fortified by my system.

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My treatment is no experiment. I have given it successfully to pupils all over the world for the past seventeen years. It has become the standard of the world. I have among my pupils hundreds of doctors, judges, senators, congressmen, members of cabinet, ambassadors, governors, thousands of business men, farmers, mechanics and laborers and almost an equal number of women. When I say that I give something different, something new, more scientific, more rational and effective and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised for the uplifting of the human body to a higher plane of existence and restoring its health, I am only repeating what thousands of prominent men and women of every country on the face of the earth, who have profited by my treatment, are saying for me voluntarily.

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"Gained 20 pounds in weight."

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"It reduced my weight 20 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"It has bettered my digestion, improved assimilation and circulation, made me stouter, stronger, healthier and happier."

"Your system develops the will as much as the muscles."

"Was troubled a great deal with indigestion and malaria. Since taking your treatment I have not had the slightest trouble from either, and never in my life have I enjoyed such health."

"I believe it will do all you claim for it. It has certainly made me feel ten years younger."

"My nervous system was in that condition I could scarcely write my name, but the old has become new and I am in better health than ever."

"Your treatment has done me a world of good. Feel 100 per cent better. I am working again and that is more than medicine did for me. Everyone remarks how much better I seem to be. Before I started your course three weeks ago my chest measurement was 33 in. Today I measure 36 in. I sleep better and eat like a hungry man."

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Millions of men and women are failures entirely through a lack of physical and mental energy—they are subconsciously inclined to rest and neglect instead of being eager to work and think.

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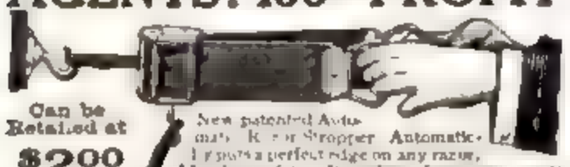

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IS RESTING RUSTING?

Concluded from Page 19

wins. Maybe he wins three or four times the first month, but in the course of the year he inevitably loses; and if he stays in the game, as many of these retired men do, he loses everything.

Not long ago a retired contractor whose wife thought he was worth half a million, but who had taken from his safe-deposit box all but four bonds of a thousand dollars each and had lost them in wheat, put a pistol to his head and blew out his brains.

A pathetic case truly, but by no means a solitary one. There are thousands of wives of retired men of trade and finance who think their husbands are rich, when as a matter of fact their money is going to the dogs, or rather to the brokers, as fast as it can be carried to them by these poor old deluded speculators. Moral: the way to retire is to retire—and to retire very far away from Wall Street and the voice of the siren.

Sometimes wives are at fault in begging their husbands to give up business. A big Boston produce-dealer, out of deference to his wife's importunities, sold out and went to live in the country, where he soon became weary of life and brooded about, full of melancholy. He had a matter of a million and a half, but somehow the consciousness of that did him no great good. He had been very active and what he missed now was the rigor of the game. One day one of his old business friends told him there was a good chance to get a corner on tea. It would take only a few hundred thousand. So, just for the excitement, he went into the tea deal—the wildest hazard in which he had ever engaged; but the corner was elusive, as corners often are, and by the time he had sold his tea at auction prices he had dropped the bulk of his fortune. His widow, who followed his body to the grave soon afterward, did not realize, however, that, had she encouraged him to remain in business, he would probably have been alive and happy.

Railroad men die, but never retire—so they say; but sometimes one of the factors of this fascinating life will be retired. When Harriman took charge of the Southern Pacific system he wanted to put in a new man as general superintendent. The old superintendent, who had held the position for many years, suddenly found himself out of a job. Though he was a man of advanced years, he was still a very able railroader; but the fact that Harriman didn't want him militated against his getting a position with any other big railroad company, and there weren't so many general superintendencies going begging anyway. So the poor old man, whose word had been law on the biggest railroad system in all the Far West and who had hired and fired thousands of men himself, was hard up for a place. He didn't know anything but railroading, but he knew all about that; and to see him in his club corner and hear him talk of the old days was a sad spectacle. He so yearned to get hold of the reins of a big system that they say he would have taken the job for nothing.

At last, when he couldn't stand the strain of idleness any longer, he accepted the position of manager of the North Shore Line, a little old seventy-mile, narrow-gauge road running from Sausalito to Cazadero, referred to contemptuously by real railroad men as "two streaks of rust and no right-of-way." It was a terrible comedown for a man who had been general superintendent of six thousand miles of eighty-pound steel track, over which ran the largest locomotives in the world; and the old man suffered as only a man of his expansive railroad mind could suffer.

One day I saw this pitiable figure get off a little toy engine at the Sausalito terminus and I asked him if it didn't feel good to be in harness again.

"In harness!" he repeated gloomily, as he looked with sad eyes around the child's playground of a yard, with its half-dozen tracks and forty-odd little freight cars. "I'm no more in harness than a rocking-horse. If I can't get a man's work to do pretty soon I'll die." And that's just what he did. He was buried within three months; and he didn't have a narrow-gauge funeral either, for he was one of the most popular railroad men on the Pacific Coast.

Railroad men of high-salaried positions are not retained so long in their offices as formerly, however. The day has passed for the retention of the palsied and paretic. It would hardly be possible for a man to keep his job as long as did the general auditor of one of the big western systems who had been suspected of signing documents in a state of coma and yet was retained until the general manager had somebody write out a small section of the Constitution of the United States alongside a column of unmeaning figures. To this hodgepodge the general auditor gravely affixed his signature. Of course his retirement followed at once. This man practically had been resting on his job for years and was rusting withal. He did not outlive his dismissal six months.

I have referred to intellectual pursuits as a means of interesting the mind and thus prolonging the life of the retired merchant or financier. And surely, when we look at the great age attained by the men of the highest mentality, there is a robust, ready-made argument for this sort of thing; but fifty-five or sixty is a poor age to begin to be intellectual. As a rule it won't work. If you cannot transform yourself into a scholar over night—and somehow most of us cannot—why not do as a certain rich septuagenarian of Chicago did when he thought he had made money enough and retired from the cares of business life? This man traveled in Europe for a few months and, on returning, went before the trustees of a big hospital and made a free offering of his business experience and training for the morning office hours three days a week. The hospital management made him honorary secretary, with general advisory powers. The work was light, but it suited his temperament; and he took hold with such aptitude and insight that in a few years the running expenses of the hospital were reduced over twenty per cent and the efficiency of the institution was increased wonderfully. The hospital is now esteemed a model affair and the "superannuated" man to whom this condition is largely due is still on the job. His eye is bright, his step elastic.

Southern California is the paradise of the retired rich. They go there from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other large commercial centers, where they have slaved to pile up a fortune. They build palatial country houses in Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Barbara and San Diego, and settle down amid picturesque surroundings to that life of ease which they have been picturing so long, but which, when achieved, is not ease, but something quite other than ease, unless, indeed, mental and physical torpor come under that heading—which I doubt. You see some of the saddest old faces in the automobiles along the Los Angeles roads and in the launches flitting aimlessly about in San Diego Bay.

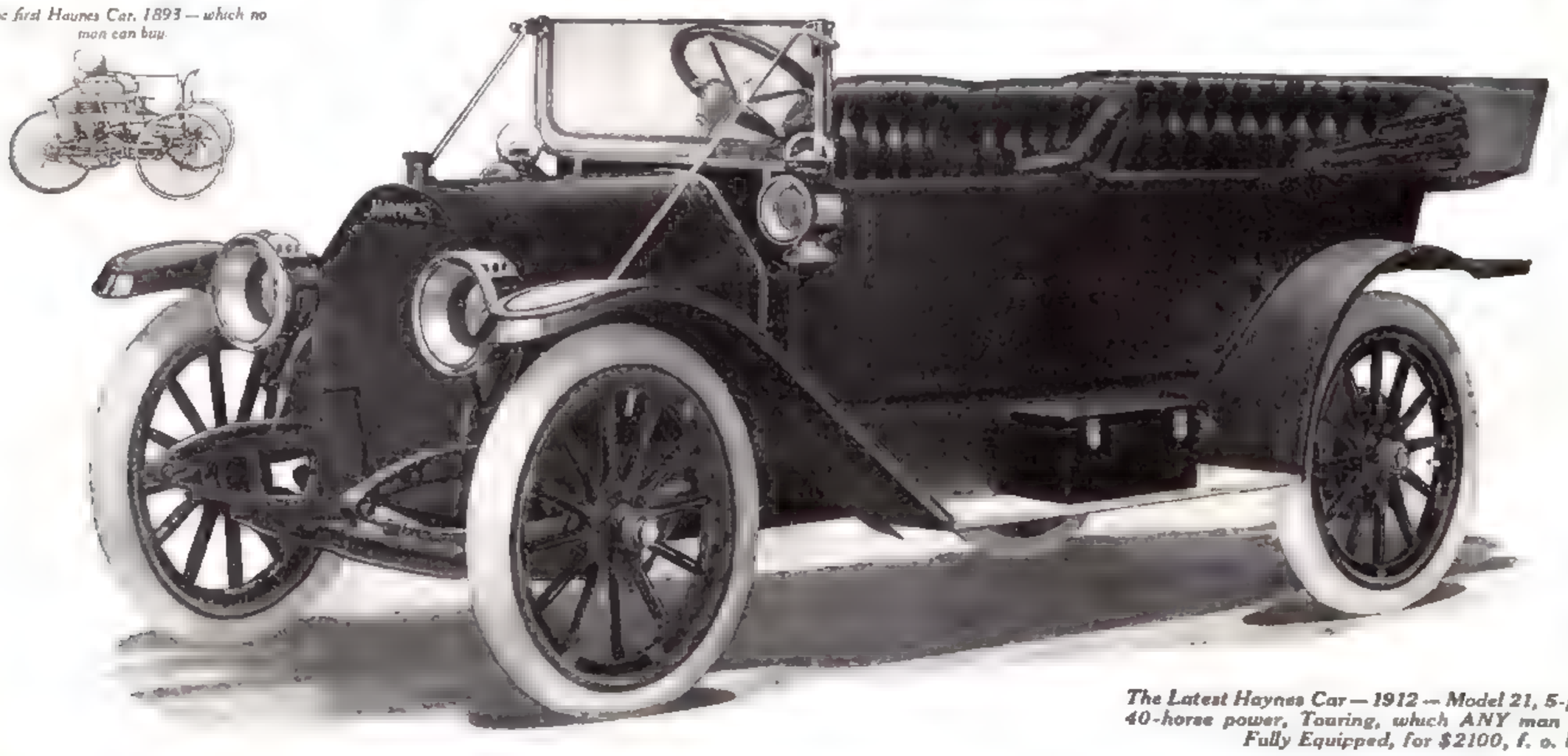
One of these sad faces was seen on the veranda of a vine-covered mission mansion in Pasadena, and the sad eyes that belonged to it gazed through the orange trees to the boulevard where the autos ran up and down. The man who owned that sad face and those sad eyes was a retired paint-dealer of Baltimore. One day he appeared at a real-estate agent's office and announced that he wanted to sell his house and grounds.

"Why, Mr. S.!" cried the agent in surprise. "I thought you were a fixture here in this paradise of fruit and flowers."

"Paradise!" echoed the retired dealer. "I have had about all of paradise that I can stand. I'm going back to paint. When I get into my office, with my sleeves rolled up and a lot of big orders piling up in front of me, I'll be the happiest man alive!"

You see, loafing is not living—that is, it is not living for men who know nothing but paint and such things. "I loaf and invite my soul!" declared Whitman; but Whitman was a poet—or, at least, a mighty good imitation of one—and he could live to be seventy-three and loaf all he liked. For loafing is an important part of a poet's business—that is, when he is laying in his stock. If we were all poets, however, who would make and sell and spread paint? So, then, resting for long periods is rusting for those of us who don't happen to be poets or scholars; and, like a little learning, it is a dangerous thing, except for such as those I have named and for those others who really understand the technic of rest, as they do in Europe—but that technic is hard to master in this step-lively nation.

The eighteenth annual production of Haynes automobiles offers a car of proven excellence in models of distinguished style



The first Haynes Car, 1893—which no man can buy.

The Latest Haynes Car—1912—Model 21, 5-passenger, 40-horse power, Touring, which ANY man may buy, Fully Equipped, for $2100, f. o. b. factory.

WHEN Elwood Haynes had constructed America's first automobile—the one-horse power "gasoline buggy" now among the treasures of Smithsonian Institute—he announced his work to a handful of faithful but doubting friends. Today we announce to an interested world-wide public the sturdy, reliable, speedy and stylish

SPECIFICATIONS Haynes Model 21

Frame. Pressed steel channel, 4 x 1½ inch, offset 3 inches at front.

Wheel Base. [illegible] inches.

Motor. [illegible] Haynes [illegible] points of [illegible] flexible and powerful.

Ignition. Eisman dual magneto, with dry cells for starting.

Carburetor. Stromberg [illegible] Model B.

Lubrication. Splash and force feed; reserve [illegible] and crank case and feed through header pipe to center of crank case.

Control. Stationary quadrant at top of steering post; spark lever for spark, long for throttle, and foot accelerator.

Steering Column. Worm and gear type. Timken [illegible] ball bearings; hard rubber [illegible] steering wheel.

Clutch. Hayes [illegible] spring steel cone with large drum. Supported by [illegible] easily adjusted and automatic.

Transmission. Selective type, three speeds forward and reverse, [illegible] gears; [illegible] operated by [illegible] lever; reverse gear [illegible] to be out of mesh when [illegible] two rear arms of engine base.

Propeller-Shaft. Tubular, with two universal joints [illegible] and packed with [illegible].

Rear Axle. Timken [illegible] floating type, pressed steel housing, [illegible] Timken ball bearings.

Front Axle. [illegible] drop forgings, [illegible] 5/16 inch diameter [illegible].

Wheels. Artillery type, [illegible] wire spokes front and rear, 28 inches [illegible] wheels. Dunlop demountable rims.

Tires. [illegible] 36 x 4 inch [illegible].

Springs. Front semi-elliptic, 40 inches long, [illegible] rear [illegible] 2 inches wide, [illegible] inches long, 2 inches wide, [illegible] inches long.

Brakes. Internal and external on rear wheels, [illegible] operated by [illegible] pedal; external brake [illegible] front wheels operated by [illegible] brake.

Body. Touring body [illegible] Black Hand [illegible] with [illegible] to both seats [illegible] with [illegible].

Colors. Body [illegible] with [illegible] Wheels black [illegible] gun metal, [illegible].

Equipment. See Motor [illegible].

1912 HAYNES Automobile

HAYNES superiority has been *built up* all the way from the cradle days of motoring—not absorbed from what *others* had learned or heard or read about the building of automobiles, but *established*, from year to year throughout eighteen years, on Haynes experience in Haynes laboratories, Haynes shops, Haynes testing rooms and the records of Haynes cars *in service*. And the 1912 Haynes car, product of America's oldest and most experienced automobile manufacturers, has reached a point of perfection and refinement which would seem to leave little or nothing that even Haynes skill can hope to attain in the future.

Consider the Haynes Model 21, five-passenger, 40-horse power touring car, fully equipped, at $2100—compare it, part by part, dimension by dimension, with any of the *highest* priced cars; then you'll realize we build Haynes cars to satisfy the most *critical* buyers, and that we *do not charge for experience and prestige.*

The Haynes car for 1912 does not differ radically from the 1911 Haynes, but all our models are bigger in every way, and more powerful. The time-tested, sweet-running Haynes motor has been built with greater stroke and bore, giving more power, greater flexibility and decreased vibration. The wheel base has been lengthened. Larger brakes, giving 1 square inch braking surface to every 13 lbs. of car. And with these improvements there are many refinements in style, such as the rich black body and running gear, with black enamel and nickel trimmings throughout. The 1912 Haynes is now ready for delivery. You can see the new models at our branches and agencies, or we shall be glad to send you a catalog and name of nearest dealer. Address

Haynes Automobile Company

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1715 Broadway

Dept. A, KOKOMO, INDIANA

CHICAGO
1702 Michigan Ave.

The OLDEST Car *from* the NEWEST Factory

The occupancy of our magnificent new factory [illegible] the plant which was destroyed by fire last February, gives us completely modern equipment, much larger floor space and very generally increased facilities for the manufacture of the superb Haynes. It also enables us to meet the demands of our dealers and patrons for a wider line. We take pride therefore, in announcing to the trade and public the following Haynes 1912 models:

Haynes 40 Touring Car, Model 21, 5-Passenger, $2100. Regular Equipment: Eisman dual magneto, Stromberg Model B Carburetor, [illegible] wind shield [illegible] Warner [illegible] Tanner [illegible] Kenosha [illegible] Rim Tanner [illegible] gasoline gauge. Full specifications gives a self-hand cocking.

Haynes 40 Close-Couple Model 21, 4-Passenger, $2100. Regular Equipment, same as Model 21 Touring.

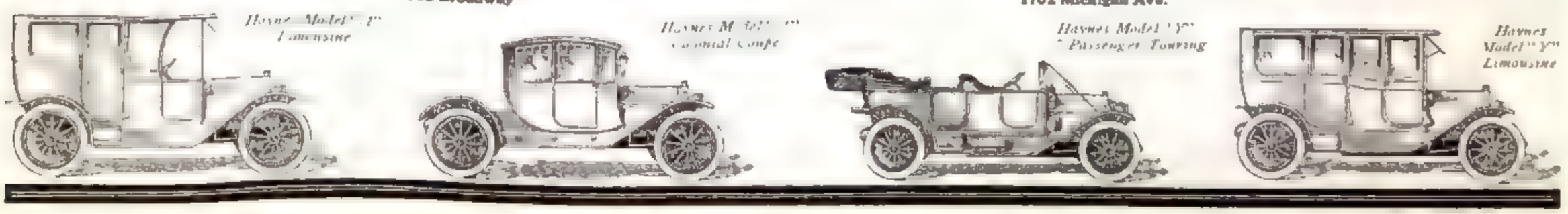
Haynes 40 Limousine, Model 21, $2750. Combination electric and oil lighted. Fully equipped.

Haynes 40 Colonial Coupé, Model 21, $2450. Combination electric and oil lighted. Fully equipped.

Haynes 50-60, 7-Passenger Touring Car, Model Y, $3000. Not a better car than our Model 21, but bigger, roomier, and higher powered. Built [illegible] three [illegible] wheel base for [illegible] but who won't [illegible] as Model Y [illegible] the market. Wheel base [illegible] in. Motor [illegible] bore, 5½ inch stroke. [illegible] Write for catalogue for [illegible] specifications. Regular equipment same as Model 21 Touring.

Haynes Model Y Limousine, 50-60 H. P., $3800. Combination electric and oil lighted. Fully equipped.

All models are so designed as to accommodate dynamo electric lighting equipment, which we will install for purchasers at nominal cost.



HERE'S how to make a splendid, dividend-earning *summer* investment that will insure *big* returns in money saved *next* winter and *every* winter. Instead of *repairing* an old heater, it will be *splendid economy* to make a complete job of it—take it out and put in an Underfeed. The Underfeed—with all coal fed from below, the *rational* coal-burning way—*reduces* cost of heating so materially that it soon *pays for itself.*

Underfeed heating plants ADD to the renting or selling value of any building, because they insure *clean, even* heat at *least* cost. If *You* want to enjoy an actual saving of from *one-half* to *two thirds* of your coal bills, here *is* the *sure* way—put in one of

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed

HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR FURNACES - STEAM-HOT WATER BOILERS

Canton, Ohio, is one of the most notable of many enthusiastic Underfeed strongholds. Pictured above are two Underfeed heated Canton homes. One owner—A. Castell, of 400 Springfield Ave., writes:

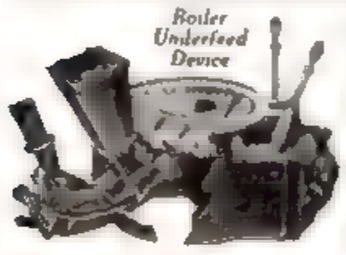
"I have, at the present time, about one-half dozen furnaces of different makes, located in other buildings I own. From my personal experience with these furnaces, I consider the Underfeed feature superior to any in the market."

H. A. Schrantz, 521 Dueber Ave., the other house-owner, writes, after four years' satisfaction with the Underfeed:

"It maintains an almost uniform temperature of 75 degrees, regardless of the severity of the weather; never less than 65 degrees over night during zero weather—the real test of a furnace. It is most economical. For firing from Oct. 1 to May 1, my coal bill has never been over $17, and in a few years the Underfeed will have saved its initial cost."

Pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal and *cheapest* slack will yield in the Underfeed as much heat as *highest* price coal in *other* heaters. The difference in coal cost is *yours.* Smoke and gases—*wasted* in other plants—*must* pass through the flames in the Underfeed and are consumed; more saving. The few ashes are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers.

Boiler Underfeed Device



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The part of your sock that *shows*

should be handsome, just as the part which doesn't show should be durable.

Here is an Iron Clad sock, the material of which is so beautifully mercerized that pure silk hose could not be more pleasing in finish or coloring. Thrust your hand clear into it and it even feels like silk; yet its wearing parts are as strong as those of a much heavier sock, because they are made of a four-ply yarn spun from carefully selected Sea Island cotton of unusual length and given the famous Iron Clad "extra twist." We do not believe that such beauty and great durability were ever so perfectly combined as in this

Iron Clad "DREADNAUGHT" No. 398

Colors: Champagne, New Salmon, Light Tan, Smoke, Mode, Wine, Copenhagen Blue, Dark Grey, Dark Tan, Heliotrope, Pearl, Hunter Green, Navy Blue, New Cerise, Ecru and Black. Sizes 8½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½.

If your dealer does not keep them and will not get them for you, we will [illegible] ONLY 25c A PAIR.

This sock is illustrated in natural [illegible] full catalogue. Write for it [illegible] you order socks or not, we [illegible]

Iron Clad

COOPER, WELLS & CO. 212 Vine Street St. Joseph, Mich.

LÉONTINE AND CO.

(Continued from Page 5)

"Yes," said I. "There's one of my former pals I must see and give it out straight that I'm retiring from the graft business."

John looked thoughtful. "Perhaps you're right," says he. "You don't anticipate any trouble, do you?"

"No," I answered, "there's nothing to fear. Thieves often do just what I'm doing—get out of it in time. Fact is, most thieves chuck the game soon after middle age, if they're out of jail. I'll hand it out cold that I've quit and make it plain that so far as the old gang is concerned I never knew it."

This may sound queer, but as a matter of fact it's nearly as frequent for a crook to turn honest as it is for an honest person to turn crook—and that's been known to happen.

So out I went and hailed a taxi and spun through the Bois to Bagatelle. I told my driver to let me out at the main gate on the side of the Bois, when I walked across to the rose garden. There was nobody in sight, so I strolled up to the little summer-house looking over the gardens and waited, for I was a bit ahead of time. The day was perfect, cloudless, and the air soft and fragrant. Nobody was in the gardens, so far as I could see, and pretty soon I got tired of waiting and started to stroll down one of the narrow paths, banked on either side with perfumed laurel.

It was at the first abrupt bend of the little path that I came face to face with Léontine. She was in a dark blue riding-habit, with a little *tricorne* hat of felt cocked a bit on her wavy black hair. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkling, and as we came together she flung back her head and threw out both arms.

"Frank!" she cried, as if I had been a long lost lover instead of a burglarizing acquaintance of from nine until two. The next instant she was in my arms—or, to put it more exactly, I was in hers—and her fresh face with its faint perfume was crushed against mine.

My friend, a man can't stand being caressed by so lovely a woman as Léontine and never lift a hand. This man couldn't at that time; so I made up in muscle for what I lacked in feeling, and caught her in my arms and gave her a squeeze that made her gasp, big strong woman that she was. But she must have felt the lack of fire in it, and as I loosed my grip she laid one of her gauntleted hands on my chest and pushed herself away while her clear, curious eyes looked searchingly into mine.

"Frank," she said in her rich voice, "are you really free? Your own man—and mine?"

"I'm free, all right," I answered, "but neither yours nor mine, my dear girl."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Come over here in the summer-house and I will tell you all about it," I answered.

When we were in the little pagoda I told her the whole story. Léontine listened in silence.

"So you see," I finished, "my word is passed and I'm going to make good. I've done with everything belonging to the old life."

Léontine began to trace figures in the dust with the loop of her riding crop.

"And are you content," said she, without looking at me, "to give up your freedom as tamely as this?"

"I gave it up," said I, "when I tackled that *agent* to keep the rest of you from getting pinched."

She looked up at me quickly and her eyes darkened.

"Ah, that was splendid," says she—"that was glorious. Oh, Frank, nobody will ever know what I suffered that night. If Ivan and Chu-Chu had not held me fast, I would have leaped out of the car and shot that *gendarme.* When they got me home I was like a mad woman. They locked me in my room and the girls never left me for two days. Because I knew that it was all my fault. I spoiled everything. But," she gave me a burning look, "I never imagined that it could be as bad as this."

"You've never done time in a French penal colony," said I. "This is good enough for me."

Léontine stamped her booted foot.

"Then it's not good enough for me," she cried in a hot voice. "If you think that I am going to give you up like this, you are mistaken, Frank."

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For five 2c stamps to cover postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous sample of any of the Johnston favorites
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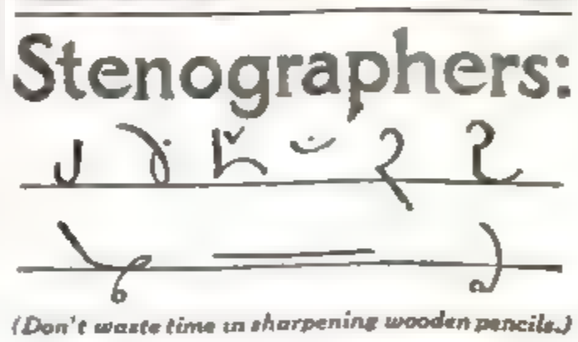

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are the "shorthand" way of always having a perfect pencil point. They can be sharpened as much quicker than wooden pencils as shorthand is quicker than writing by hand. Simply rub the point with a pin or a knife point or even a pen, and pull off a strip of paper.

Blaisdell Pencil leads are as far superior to ordinary leads as the ease of sharpening is ahead of wooden pencils. They are smooth, even and gritless, made from imported Bavarian graphite.

Blaisdell Pencils can be had in any degree of hardness with or without rubber tips. 5c each, $1 per Set of 15 pencils. We also make a complete line of "better" pencils. If your dealer cannot supply you write for one of our special offers.

Offer No. 1, 10c, 3 assorted high grade lead pencils. **Offer No. 2, 25c,** 3 assorted high grade pencils and [illegible]. **Offer No. 3, 50c,** 6 assorted high grade pencils with extra thick leads and 6 crayons of different colors.

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The first essential to healthy, lustrous hair is a clean, well-nourished scalp. This is best secured and maintained by systematic shampooing with Packer's Tar Soap.

Why This Soap Aids Nature

Because it contains pure pine-tar, combined with other hygienic and cleansing agents adapted especially to the needs of the scalp.

Medical authorities advise women to shampoo once a fortnight, men once a week, with Packer's Tar Soap.

The Right Way to Shampoo

Wet the hair with warm water, make a lather of Packer's Tar Soap, and apply to the head. Then work the lather into the whole scalp with the finger tips. Rinse thoroughly, using warm water, graduating to cold; then dry.

Send To-day for a Sample

For 10 cents, silver or stamps, we will mail you a sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap; also our booklet, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp."

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I did not answer. She looked at me and her eyes filled.

"You told me that night that you loved me," she whispered, "and my heart leaped to meet yours. I have never loved a man before, Frank. The minute that our hands touched and I looked into your cold gray eyes I knew that I had found my mate and my master. You belong to me, Frank, and to my world. Society is our enemy. Why should you go hat in hand and ask to be taken back? Listen, Frank. Find out how much your half-brother paid to get you clear. Then we will pay it back. I am rich, just now. Afterward, if you like, we will go away——"

I raised my hand. "Thank you, my dear," I said gently, "but it can't be done. My word is passed. The money is only a part of the debt. The good faith, the warmth of heart and voluntary good-will are things that I can only repay by being worth them—and so help me I intend to."

A dark flush came into Léontine's face. She looked at me fixedly for a moment, then began to trace patterns in the dust again. Finally she said:

"Suppose that you had not been caught—that I had not been such a fool as to insist on going upstairs after the pearls. What would you have done? Did you really care for me, or was it just the madness of the moment? Did you really intend to win me?" She fastened me with those wonderful eyes of hers.

"I meant to win you," I answered. "Nothing would have kept me from it. I was mad about your beauty, it's true; but there was something else besides ——" I stopped.

"What, Frank?" she asked softly, and laid her hand on my shoulder, leaning toward me until her flushed face was almost against mine.

I gave a short laugh. "It sounds like a foolish thing for a professional thief to say, Léontine," I answered, "but it was because I felt the good in you"

Léontine's eyes opened wide.

"You are the first man to feel that," she answered.

"It is there," I answered. "Tons of it. You have plenty of heart, my dear, and a great big generous soul. I don't know anything about you, but I know that you are not bad. Not by a long shot."

"I am a thief," she flashed back. "A thief on a bigger scale than you ever dreamed of, *mon ami*."

"And I am a thief no longer," I answered.

"But if you were ——?"

"If I were ——" I hesitated. The fascination of her was beginning to turn my head, as it had that night. "If I were, then all hell could never keep you from me," I cried, and reached for her with both arms.

For a few mad seconds everything was blurred. Then I pushed her away. Her arms still clung, but I was the stronger. She reeled back against the rustic rail and pressed her hands against her temples.

"But I'm not," I muttered, and stepped away. "As long as my half brother and his angel of a wife continue to believe in me I shall never break faith—and this is goodby, Léontine."

She looked at me with a curious expression in her tawny eyes.

"And if they should lose their faith in you?" she asked.

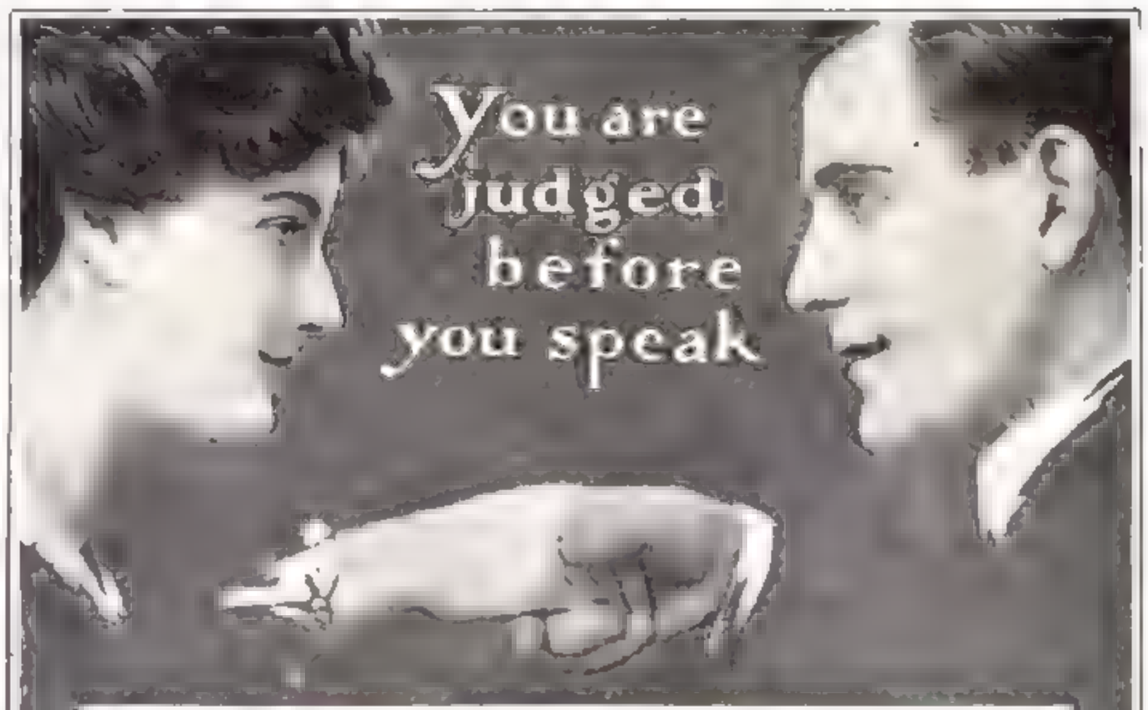
I shrugged. "It's my business to see that they never do," I answered.

Léontine gave me a curious smile. "We'll see, Frank," said she softly. "Once a thief, always a thief. It's in the blood."

Suddenly she turned and walked down the path and disappeared behind the heavy foliage.

That afternoon John took me up to see the new car that he was promoting. The company planned to make only big fellows. One of their six-cylinders was in the garage and we took her out for a spin over the road. We made the run to Chartres in about fifty minutes, John driving. The chief *mécanicien* was with us, and his son, a bright youngster of eighteen, named Gustave.

On the way home we stopped at the Automobile Club for a business talk with three members of the company with whom John had made a *rendez-vous*—a Swiss engineer, the General Director and the General Superintendent. It was arranged that I should take charge of the Paris office, my principal duty being to show the car to clients. After the others had gone John and I remained to talk, and I noticed



WHILE Pompeian Massage Cream is used in several million homes by both husband and wife, yet in some homes men still think it is a woman's face cream, and again, women think it is a man's cream. Pompeian is for both, just as much as soap is for both. But Pompeian cleanses, refreshes, improves and invigorates the skin as no soap possibly can. There is no logical reason why either man or woman should have the cleaner or more wholesome skin.

We are all judged largely on first and general appearances—yes, judged before we speak. Character will in time come to show our inner selves. Hence the value of a fine complexion, the necessity of a fresh, healthy, wholesome skin. Such a complexion is a valuable asset to a man or woman, both in their social or business circles.

You are judged before you speak! "Don't envy a good complexion, use Pompeian and have one."

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

Don't confuse Pompeian with "cold" or grease creams. Pompeian Massage Cream is entirely different from "cold" creams. Use cold creams for [illegible] when you want a cleansing massage cream use Pompeian. At all dealers

Trial Jar and Art Picture, both sent for 10c (stamps or coin) for Postage and Packing

All dealers 50c, 75c and $1

For years we have had Lo Pompeian specialists and beauty experts to assist the women who send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rate offer. The "Pompeian Beauty" Expert is very immensely popular. Clip coupon now.

Cut along this line. Fill in and mail today

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

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the lightest-for-warmth underwear

has the metal lock attached. Write for illustrated booklet and sample.

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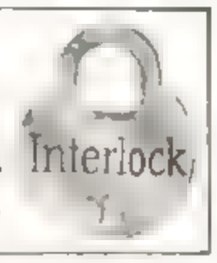

"This is Great,"

is what you'll say when you learn by actual use how quickly and easily you can cut through a board with a

A handy thing to have about the house

Simonds Saw

(*Pronounced as it reads*)

You'll especially appreciate a Simonds if you've been using an inferior saw that you had to drive through by main force.

Simonds Saws are made from special Simonds Steel, toughened to stand long, severe use and hardened to hold fine sharp edges and keep great [illegible]. Get a Simonds from your dealer—the best saw for the home.

Write us for "Guide Book for Carpenters"—FREE. *Contains many valuable hints for everybody.*

SIMONDS MFG. CO., Fitchburg, Mass.

Chicago Portland, Ore. San Francisco
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Lieutenant Santelmann and the United States Marine Band, familiarly known as "The President's Own", who play at all musical functions, official and private, at the White House, also play for you at your pleasure if you have a Victor in your home.

Make up a program like this played by nine of the greatest military bands on earth:

5690	Marsovia Waltzes	U. S. Marine Band
16385	Chimes of Normandy Selection	Pryor's Band
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16473	Dollar Princess Waltz	Victor Orchestra
	Waltzes from A Chocolate Soldier	Pryor's Band
31531	Cavalleria Rusticana Prelude	Vessella's Italian Band
35000	Carmen Selection	Sousa's Band
	Freischutz Overture	Sousa's Band
31532	Sakuntala Overture, Op. 13	Kryl's Bohemian Band
31676	Semiramide Overture	Police Band of Mexico
4678	Lights Out March	Pryor's Band
5772	Second Chasseurs March	Garde Republicaine Band of France
5773	Apache Dance	Black Diamonds Band of London
16479	"De Guardia" Two-Step	Royal Military Band of Madrid
	Dance "Luis Alonzo"	Royal Military Band of Madrid

And besides band selections, there's every kind of music and entertainment you want on the Victor.

Hear your favorite selection today at any Victor dealer's.

And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola

Victors $10 to $100. Victor-Victrolas $50 to $250

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Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

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is unique not only the finest magazine in the world for boys. Each issue is filled with clean, fascinating stories and instructive articles all of intense interest to every live boy. Also, each issue contains important articles devoted to the Boy Scouts of America, pertaining to Mechanics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. A big Athletic Department edited by

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is a regular feature. This department is of great value to every boy who wishes to excel in athletic sports.

A new handsome cover in colors each month. Beautifully illustrated throughout.

Special Offer For only 50c we will send you THE BOYS' MAGAZINE (six months) and a copy of the most practical book you ever read, "Boys, Make Money" and a Ready Baseball Fielder's glove. This glove is made of fine brown tan leather, felt padded and leather lined, patent finger lace, well sewed and has deep pocket. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not more than pleased with your investment. Address THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO. 650 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

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Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars

will fully satisfy your collar needs. Style, service, economy and comfort. Permanently clean. Launder with a damp cloth. Won't wrinkle, wilt or ravel. The same collar you have always worn—only waterproofed.

Collars 25c each Cuffs 50c a pair

At your dealer's, or we will mail on receipt of price. Write for booklet.

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10 CENTS A DAY BUYS THE

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter

The Original *Visible Writing* Typewriter. Understand before you read another word that this is a high-grade, standard typewriter, made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. As good as any machine at any price. Entire line visible; back spacer; tabulator; two-color ribbon; universal keyboard, etc.

$65 NOW—LATER THE PRICE WILL BE $100

One Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter *Given Away*

to every man or woman who will do us a small service. No selling or soliciting necessary, only a small service which anyone can render.

TO GET ONE and learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter: "MAIL YOUR FREE OFFER."

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Company, Dept. 29, Union Bank Building, PITTSBURGH, PA.

(Established 20 Years)

that in the course of our conversation he took several drinks of whisky and soda. He was in that state of buoyancy about the new venture that you find so often in the rich amateur, whose only knowledge of business comes from buying things instead of trying to sell them. He told me that he had always been very sore at his dependence on his wife for every cent he spent, and that he hoped soon to be a rich man on his own account.

That night at dinner John was very jolly and talkative at first, but toward the end his good-nature passed off and I could see that the reaction was setting in. John did not impress me as a drinking man. His methods were more those of a person who is bothered about something and hits the bottle to drown care.

After dinner Edith and Miss Dalghren went out to the studio, as Edith wanted to study the effects of artificial light on the portrait. John and I went into the smoking room and I noticed that he took three cups of strong black coffee.

I said goodnight early, for the ride had made me sleepy. While I was undressing there came a rap at the door, and the *maître d'hôtel* handed me a tray with a letter addressed in Léontine's hand, which was of the round, English sort.

"Confound the girl," I said to myself, "here's more trouble." I sat down at a little writing-desk and opened the letter. There were fathoms and fathoms of it—a regular essay.

She began by telling me that since our meeting at Bagatelle she had been thinking constantly of the step that I had taken, and had decided to write and tell me the result of her reflections. She had also, she said, been analyzing the state of her sentiment toward me—I could imagine her doing that about as I could imagine a small boy analyzing the effect of a match held to a heap of loose powder—and she had found that she loved me enough to give me up and to help me in my new resolutions, *provided* she could manage to persuade herself or be persuaded that such an act on my part was rational. So far, however, my reform under the existing conditions impressed her as foredoomed to failure, and could result only in unhappiness to me and social injury to those who had befriended me. At present, said she, they were enthusiastic over my redemption, while I, for my part, was full of gratitude and good resolutions. But, said Léontine, the leopard cannot change his spots. Once a thief, always a thief.

Then she went on to say that in time my past was bound to become known, and that there would always surround me an atmosphere of spectacular notoriety that was bound to hurt my friends and make me myself uncomfortable. If I married into the class of society where I now found myself, the stain would always stick to wife and children, said Léontine. A reformed burglar, said she, might do for a very quiet or else a Bohemian society, but was bound to be utterly out of his element in the aristocratic circles of my half-brother and his wife. My duty to them, said Léontine, was to tell them that I could never be of their world, and to go away. "Do that before they begin to be conscious of their mistake," she wrote.

About here I stopped and did some solid thinking. There was no doubt but that the girl was dead right—absolutely right. I had felt it myself, in a vague sort of way. It struck me suddenly—and I tell you the thought was a mighty bitter one—that all of this must of course have occurred to Edith; but because she was such an angel of a woman she had decided on her line of duty and meant to follow it at any cost. I wondered if John had seen it in the same way, and I decided that for his part he was probably so pleased with himself for the fine thing that he was doing as not to reckon in the cost. You see, I was losing my respect for my half-brother, as a man, just as I was gaining it for his wife, as a woman. You didn't need an X-ray machine to see smack through John. He was a good, kind, easy-going sort of chap, with artistic tastes, athletic, physically brave but morally weak. No doubt if he had ever had to work for his living it might have stiffened his back. But he had been an idler from childhood, with all of his wants provided for; and had always been too lazy to use his opportunities to employ what energy he had.

It may seem beastly ungrateful of me, my friend, but the idea gave me a sort of hot rage. I felt like going down the stairs and smashing the decanter over his head.

I took up Léontine's letter again. "As far as your half-brother is concerned," she went on, "it does not so much matter. After all, there is a blood tie between you, and blood is thicker than water. Besides, Frank, I have learned a good deal about him from Kharkoff and another man. He is not a very wonderful person. But, for his wife's sake, do you yourself think that you ought to remain one of the household? From what you have told me I can see that your ransom was all her doing—and why should she have done it?"

"Yes," I said to myself—"why should she have done it?"

From this point the letter jumped into another key. "Frank," wrote Léontine, "don't think that I am urging you to remain in the underworld. I love your firmness and I adore your strength of purpose. You are too good for a thief—too strong and fine. Oh, my dear, do you think that I have never felt as you do? Do you think that I have never wished to get out of this slough; to look the whole world in the face without fear and without reproach? I am sick of this atmosphere of doubt and defiance. Let us go away together and begin our lives afresh. We are both young and strong and talented. Let us go far away to some new country, and begin our lives anew and on a clean and wholesome footing. Let us pay your money debt, Frank—for all that I have is yours. You told me today that society's debt to you had been paid in full. My dear, society owes me a debt also—a debt far greater than yours. But if society will give me you, I will consider the obligation as canceled." And then there was a whole lot more that would make me feel even more a fool to repeat.

I dropped the letter on the desk and ran my hands through my hair. The room felt hot, the night was hot, my head was hot. Up I jumped and opened the window on the other side and a fresh breeze swept in. For several minutes I stood in the window, facing it, my head in a whirl. Léontine was right, I thought. Such a past as mine could never be kept a secret. It was bound to become known, and then what would be said of Edith for harboring a criminal? A low grade of criminal—burglar, sneak-thief, pickpocket. No doubt the story would reach Kharkoff. Léontine herself might tell him, and he would remember how I had tried to relieve him of his winnings that day at the races, when he had caught me and got me deported to Cayenne. I was a marked man. My picture was in the French Rogues' Gallery and my head measurements in the Bertillon records.

To think that Edith should fall heiress to all this! Edith, that angel of a woman! The very thought of her sent a glow through me. Angel she might be, and as such far above all earthly shame and suffering. But she was a woman too—and such a woman! My heart was full of her, and my mind too; and as I stood there in the long window staring into the dark shadows of the trees I saw the sweet, thoughtful face with the clear, steady eyes and sensitive mouth. Such a woman was meant for love and happiness and peace of soul in which to accomplish the work of her rich gifts, not to suffer the sneers and evil criticisms of an evil world.

Suddenly I knew why Léontine's feverish kisses had left me cold. I knew why my gratitude to John was turning slowly to a cold disgust. It had not taken long, I thought, with a stab of joyful pain.

In a sort of rage I turned back to the table to torture myself afresh with Léontine's letter. The girl was right. So be it, she should have her way. I would go with her to the ends of the world.

Such a woman as Edith was not for me. Léontine and I were well mated; creatures of the same clay—of the earth, earthy. Heaven was not for my sort, and it seemed to me that if I were to go clawing after it with my dirty hands worse things might happen, not only to me, but to the sweet woman who was ready to sacrifice her own position in the world to help me. The Polish girl and I belonged to the same underworld. We were destroyers, tearers down of the established order of affairs.

So I read the letter through again and then I crumpled it in my fist, threw it into the fireplace and touched a match to it, and as it flamed up wickedly it seemed to me that with it was burning all of my new-found happiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

4"X 6" A REALLY LONG STROKE MOTOR

4 SPEED TRANSMISSION— DIRECT ON THIRD

ANNOUNCING THE Bergdoll MOTOR CARS FOR 1912

BACKED BY MILLIONS

THE Bergdoll models for 1912 have set a new standard of automobile value in this country—the Bergdoll "30" at $1500 and the Bergdoll "40" at $1900. The advent of the Bergdoll "40" at $1900 has created a furore in the automobile industry, as it combines all the new features that the highest priced cars are announcing, including a really long stroke motor. It will be the only car selling at anything like the price to possess such sterling features as a long stroke motor, four-speed transmission with direct drive on third speed, quick detachable demountable rims on 36 inch wheels; a self starter, to say nothing of the very complete equipment which includes top and wind shield. The long stroke motor gives the maximum power at low motor speed, particularly desirable for hill climbing and slow traffic work. The 1912 Bergdoll "30" at $1500 (fully equipped) shows refinements over the same model of last year and greater efficiency. If you are in the market for a car you do yourself an injustice if you fail to get in touch with the nearest Bergdoll dealer before making your purchase. During the past year the Bergdoll manufacturing facilities have been nearly doubled. With two large and completely equipped plants we now have the capacity for the manufacture of an unlimited output. The owner of a Bergdoll, ***"the car with the gilt radiator,"*** will enjoy the true pleasures of successful motoring and possess the satisfaction that his car is guaranteed by the Louis J. Bergdoll Motor Company—a guarantee "backed by millions."

All prices F. O. B. Philadelphia. Prompt Deliveries.

SPECIFICATIONS

MOTOR:—
Full 30 H. P. and 40 H. P. Both 4-cylinder, 4 cycle. 30 H. P. has 4 inch bore, 4½ inch stroke; 40 H. P. has 4 inch bore, 6 inch stroke. Silent in operation.

LUBRICATION:—
Sight feed on dash. Constant level splash system operated by plunger pump.

IGNITION:—
Bosch easy starting Magneto.

WHEELS:—
34 and 36 inches diameter. Artillery type; large hub flanges; heavy spokes; brake drums bolted to rear wheels. Quick Detachable Demountable rims.

CLUTCH:—
Multiple disc gradually engaging clutch. No jerking, no wear. Easily lubricated.

TRANSMISSION:—
Selective, three and four speeds forward (40 H. P. direct on third) and one reverse. Annular ball-bearings throughout. Chrome Vanadium and nickel steel gears.

WHEEL BASE:—
One hundred and seven inches for both chassis

COOLING:—
Cold cellular radiators. Motors have large water jackets.

AXLES:—
Front—I-beam section, single piece drop forging with large annular ball-bearings. Rear—Pressed steel housing, heat treated nickel steel shafts; large annular ball bearings. Full floating type

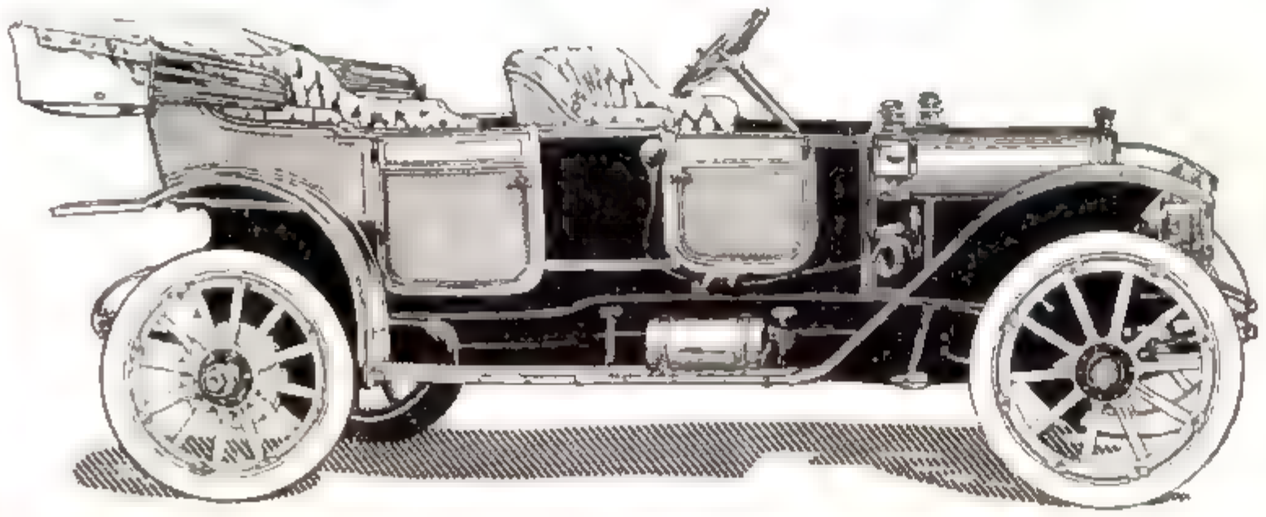
COLORS:—
Dark blue body and running gear, Standard. Lamps, black enamel.

BODIES:—
On 40 H. P. chassis are built four-door Touring, 5-passenger, Torpedo, 4-passenger, Coupe and Limousine. On the 30 H. P. four-door Touring, Toy Tonneau, and "Lone J" Runabout with fore-doors. All inside drive.

EQUIPMENT:—
Mohair top with envelopes; folding glass wind shield; five lamps; Prest-O-Lite tank, tire holders, horn and full tool equipment

LOUIS J. BERGDOLL MOTOR COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.



The Bergdoll "40"
Fore-Door Touring
Fully equipped
Including Top, Wind Shield and Self Starter

$1900

This Model has the Six-inch Long Stroke Motor

The Bergdoll "30"

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I will Guarantee Your Hosiery Bill not to run over $3 a year

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For Men, Women and Children

I guarantee my hose against darning or mending, against holes in the heel or toe. For every pair that does not make good I will give a new pair FREE.

My guarantee means absolutely the very best quality in every strand of the yarn used in making my hose. Means a smooth, even, silky-lisle finish—gauzy and sheer—cool and comfortable—attractive in appearance. A stocking shaped to the foot—ankle, heel and toe. All Buster Brown Hosiery has the "German Loop" toe—no seams and knots—French finish tops, reinforced heel, toe and garter tops. Garters won't tear nor stretch them out of shape.

Buster Brown's
Darnless Hosiery
Guaranteed—25c a Pair

4 pairs in a box for $1.00 **Guaranteed 4 months against darning**

For Men, Women and Children
ALL COLORS—ALL SIZES

Buster Brown's Darnless Hosiery, guaranteed, is the only silk lisle 25c. hose made. It is the most serviceable, and at the same time, the most presentable and comfortable. Live merchants everywhere sell ***Buster Brown's Darnless Guaranteed Hosiery.*** If you have the slightest difficulty in finding the genuine ***Buster Brown's Hosiery*** (with the trade mark guarantee on each pair) send your size and color wanted with $1.00, and we will send you 4 pairs, postpaid, to any address. Write the MILL direct.

Autobiography of Buster Brown Free

We will send you a copy of the Autobiography of BUSTER BROWN free if you will enclose us 4c to cover cost of wrapping and postage. It is Buster Brown's own story of himself and his famous and wonderful dog Tige; illustrated in colors, funny, witty and entertaining to everybody—young or old

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"No Sweltering for ME! I use the Speakman Shower." $12.50 Complete

Better spend two minutes under a Speakman Shower than to sizzle and swelter all day! Here's a real shower—the cooling after-effects will make you fresh and strong and *brave*—ready for any fray or any play. It's a good beginning!

A Portable Shower for Everybody

The Speakman Shower doesn't need a mechanic—it's easy up and easy down. Just put over the tub, fasten the screws, attach the tube—and you have the simplest, cheapest and best shower ever devised. Never wears out—no trouble, and the clip attachment *always* clings to the faucet. $12.50 complete except in the far West.

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THE SPEAKMAN SHOWER, 111 Market St., Wilmington, Del.

Greatest Blessing Ever Devised For Tired, Aching Feet!

THIS little metal contrivance, ***The Diamond Foot Support,*** is simply wonderful in its ability to banish foot troubles. The quickness with which it relieves aching, tired feet and ankles, remedies the dreaded "broken arch" and makes nervous people forget their nerves, is truly remarkable

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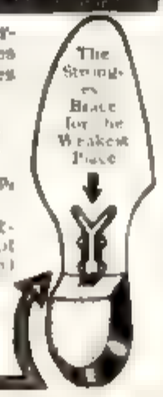
Braces the whole shoe, prevents its "running over," adds buoyancy to your step, and will more than pay for itself in added wear and appearance of the shoe.

50c At All Dealers Diamond Foot Supports cost you only 50c attached to your shoes. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 50c (stating size, height of heel and whether for man or woman) and we will send you a pair, prepaid. Money back if not satisfied. Endorsed by leading physicians. Thousands of testimonials from grateful users.



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8 x 10 Bromide Enlargement and Frame 35c

We will make from your negative an 8x10 Enlargement, framed in black frame, with glass, for 35c. Cash with order. Send us glass negatives by express prepaid. Films by mail. Order 3 and enclose One Dollar and we will send our Exposure Scale FREE. **HASTINGS & MILLER, 118-120 Nassau St., New York.** (Established over 16 years.)

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

(Continued from Page 17

In an instant the room was in a turmoil, Bunce screaming out that he had been tricked by a parcel of shysters, Gottlieb indignantly defending his ruse as a perfectly proper method of discrediting Bunce, and the referee vainly endeavoring to restore order. As for myself, in spite of my anxiety over the whole affair I could not do otherwise than laugh heartily over Bunce's ludicrous mistake. When Hawkins was brought in from outside and, after proclaiming his identity, denied ever being served in the original action, the referee was but little inclined to listen to Lawyer Bunce, who now corrected his testimony and swore just as insistently that the real Hawkins was the person to whom he had given the papers in the case.

Here, then, was as pretty a trick as had ever been played on an unsuspecting and well-meaning lawyer; and by it Gottlieb had so strengthened our position that, very likely, the referee would have found for our side even had not Hawkins taken it upon himself to swear the matter through. Moreover, the only person who could have disproved the latter's testimony or given evidence that might have mutated against its probability—to wit, Crookshank, his former attorney—was dead and buried, and it seemed as if truth were buried with him. On the way back to our office I congratulated my partner on the Napoleonic strategy which he had displayed, and a few days later a more substantial compliment followed, in the shape of an unqualified finding in our favor on the part of the referee.

"Was ever thirty-five thousand dollars earned so easily?" laughed Gottlieb over his cigar as we were dining at Delmonico's.

"So long as Hawkins stays bought—no," I answered.

"Don't be a death's head, Quib!" he retorted. "Why, even if he turned state's evidence, no one would believe him! Have another glass of this vintage—we can drink it every night now for a year at Dillingham's expense!"

"Well, here's to you, Gottlieb!" I answered, filling my goblet with the creaming wine; "and here's to crime—whereby we live and move and have our being!"

And we clinked our glasses and drained them with a laugh.

Dillingham Takes a New Wife

I had now been a resident of New York for upward of twenty years and had acquired, as the junior member of the firm of Gottlieb & Quibble, an international reputation. It is true that my partner and I felt it to be beneath our dignity to advertise in the newspapers—and, indeed, advertising in New York City was for us entirely unnecessary—but we carried a card regularly in the English journals and received many retainers from across the water; in fact, we did a large part of the theatrical business in the city, drawing the contracts for the managers and being constantly engaged in litigations on their behalf. We had long since abandoned as trivial all my various profit-sharing schemes and, with the exception of carrying on our payrolls most of the clerks attached to the police and other criminal courts, had practically no "runners." We did not need any. There was no big criminal case in which we were not retained for the defense and rarely a divorce action of any notoriety where we did not appear for one of the parties.

This matter of Hawkins was the first—in twenty years—in which we had ever deliberately faked an entire case! Yet, if ever there was a safe opportunity to do so, this seemed the one, and I cannot even now charge Gottlieb with recklessness in taking the chances that he did; but, as luck would have it, there were two facts connected with the Dillingham annulment the significance of which we totally overlooked—one, that Bunce was not so much of a fool as he looked; and the other, that Mrs. Dillingham was a mother.

Once, however, judgment had been entered to the effect that Mrs. Dillingham had never lawfully ceased to be Mrs. Hawkins, then the real reason of our client's anxiety to be rid of his wife and her child, a girl of six years, became apparent; for he instantly announced his engagement to a

The feel of ... promise of what ... steady use will do.

Rub its lather in

One function of the skin is *to absorb.*

To revive, to freshen up a neglected, lifeless skin, rub in the lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's contains properties which are helpful to the skin, which resupply what has been exhausted from the skin by modern conditions.

Rub its lather in gently but persistently for several minutes.

Rinse in cold water, then rub a piece of ice over your face and throat.

This treatment will result in active, glowing skin.

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c sample of ... For 25c ... Send for booklet of the ... and sample of the ... preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2016 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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For sale by Dealers everywhere

Ten-Pinnett—A Money-Making "Ten-Strike"

Do you want a ... Here's ... for ... Ten-Pinnett, the ... A ... proposition ... and good ... over when ... ways are making $15 ... with an ... year ... ing expenses ... than ten ... It's the game that pays for ... you have

Nothing to Do but Pocket the Money!

... have ... to be ... for ... a ... the ... ness at the ... Ten-Pinnett Company, 401 Draper St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

... all kinds of household utensils ... enameled ... 10c per tube ... Just apply ... over hole or crack ... it ... machinery. Fine for motor ...

Send 10c for trial tube

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QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS

10 CENTS A DAY

buys the **Emerson Typewriter.** The best Typewriter made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator. Two color ribbon, Universal key board, etc.

Unheard-of Low Price

Agents wanted everywhere. One Emerson Typewriter Free for every small service. No selling necessary. Don't Pay even $20 for any typewriter made until you get our Free Offer.

To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding the unheard-of liberal offer, say to us in a letter, "Mail Me Your Free Offer."

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Imported Cocoas
Are Higher in Price
Than those of
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The fact that our Government collects Heavy Duty on the Imported Cocoas **Absolutely does not** improve the Quality, but only **Increases** the **Price.**

Huyler's **Cocoa**
is the Perfection of American Manufacture, and in
PURITY, QUALITY AND FLAVOR
stands without an equal.

Quality Higher than Price
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"PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS"
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Complete book of
100 HOMES
Suited to any climate. One and Two story.
128 Pages, 270 Illustrations
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We have built 1600 houses and WE KNOW.
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$1.00
Celebrated "LENOX" Brands of Silk and Lisle Hosiery
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
One Box Containing 6 Pairs
Guaranteed Fine Lisle Hose
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Manufacturers to Wearer Products
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Splendid income assured.

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fashionable woman, who lacked money if not experience, and who needed the one as much as he had a superabundance of the other. He made a fairly liberal allowance for his child and its mother, and since this was paid monthly through our office I had an opportunity of making their acquaintance; and I confess that I had no sooner done so than I began to have a sort of regret for my own part in the transaction. For Mrs. Dillingham—Hawkins, or whatever she was proved to be a rather sweet-faced young woman, with great, sad blue eyes and a winsomely childish innocence of expression that concealed, as I afterward found out, a will of iron and a heart full of courage.

She used to come and wait for Gottlieb or me to pay over her money; and while she waited she would sit there so helplessly, looking withal so lovely, that the clerks cannot be blamed for having talked to her. Incidentally she extracted from the susceptible Cohen various trifles in the way of information which later proved highly inconvenient. Yet she never asked me or my partner any questions or showed the slightest resentment at the part we had played as her husband's attorneys in ruining her life. Sometimes she brought the little girl with her and I marveled that Dillingham could have sacrificed such a charming little daughter so easily.

Six months passed and the Dillingham scandal ceased to be a matter of public or even of private interest. Other affairs, equally profitable, engaged our attention, and the waiter, Hawkins, having received a substantial honorarium from the firm's bank account, had passed completely out of our minds. I had that winter been giving a series of dinners at my house to my actor clients and their managers, and these had proved conspicuously successful for the reason that my guests were of the sort who, after the wine had begun to flow, had no hesitation in entertaining the rest of the company by an exhibition of their talents. Occasionally, as part of the fun, I would do a bit of a turn myself by way of reviving old memories of the "Cock and Spur" and my Athenæum days in Boston.

Breakers Ahead

It was on one of these festive occasions—not unlike, my readers may recall, my famous translation from college during my banquet at the Cambridge Tavern—that Fate struck me my first severe blow. My guests were still sitting at table when my butler touched me upon the arm and whispered that Mr. Gottlieb was outside and desired to see me on urgent business. Excusing myself I hurried out, greeting my partner rather impatiently, as I disliked to be interrupted by business details in my hours of relaxation; but one sight of his weazened little hawk-face sufficed to tell me that no trifling matter was at stake. He was in his day clothes, which were even more than ordinarily disheveled, and his face, usually pale, was chalklike.

"Quibble," he cried in a rasping voice as soon as my man had gone, "our luck's turned! That woman has tricked us. She and Bunce went down to Crookshank's office and, under the pretext of looking for some deed or release, went through his papers and turned up some letters from Hawkins in regard to the original divorce proceedings. They've got one in which he admits being served by Bunce in the Astor House and asks Crookshank to appear for him. They've got another, written after Dillingham had fixed him, telling Crookshank to put in no defense. Yesterday she and Bunce went before the grand jury, who returned an indictment against Hawkins for perjury. Then she telegraphed him to come on to New York and meet her to arrange some money matters, and when he stepped off the train this afternoon he was arrested and taken to police headquarters."

"My God!" I cried, turning quite faint. "What's to be done?"

"Get him out of the way as soon as possible!" answered Gottlieb, his lips trembling. "Tomorrow morning he will be arraigned in the general sessions. They are going to ask for fifty thousand dollars bail. We've got to get it. It's the only thing that stands between us and state prison, for they've got the goods on Hawkins and unless we see him safe he'll turn on us and help them send us up!"

"Have you seen him?" I gasped.

"I've just come from headquarters," he answered. "The fool had been drinking and had given up a lot of information already.

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So I frightened him until he agreed to shut up. The trouble is we gave him too much money. He says now that unless we protect him and keep him out of state prison he will give up the whole game to the district attorney. That would be fine, wouldn't it! The district attorney wouldn't waste much time on Arthur P. Hawkins if he could land Gottlieb & Quibble in jail for subornation of perjury, would he—eh? We've got to scratch gravel—and quick too!"

"But where can we raise fifty thousand dollars?" I groaned helplessly.

"Dillingham." He retorted without hesitation. "He's our only hope. He's in as bad as the rest of us. If we go we can pull him along too. I understand that the woman is prepared to swear not only that Hawkins admitted to her that he was properly served but that she told this to Dillingham, and that he and Hawkins talked the thing over in her presence. Besides, Cohen confessed to me today that she had pumped him all about Hawkins' coming over to New York and signing papers; and, although he swears he didn't tell her anything in particular, yet I don't trust the idiot. No, Quib; it's bad business and we've got to get Hawkins out of the way at any cost."

It was not until nearly three o'clock in the morning that I discovered Dillingham's whereabouts, which happened to be the Fifth Avenue house of a fashionable friend, where he was playing poker. He greeted me in much the same inhospitable fashion that I had accorded to Gottlieb, but only a few words were needed to convince him of the gravity of the case. I had never loathed the man more than I did at that instant when, with a cigar stuffed in his fat face, he came out of the card room, dressed in his white waistcoat and pearl studs, and with a leer asked what I wanted.

A Gloomy Outlook

"I want fifty thousand dollars to keep you and me out of state prison!" I cried.

He turned a sickly yellow and gave a sort of choking gasp.

"Hawkins!" he muttered. "Damn him!"

Then Dillingham had a sort of fit, due no doubt partly to the fact that he had drunk more champagne than was good for him; for he trembled with a kind of ague and then broke out in a sweat and blubbered, and uttered incoherent oaths, until I was half beside myself lest he should keep it up all night and I should not get the money from him. But at last he regained control of himself and promised to borrow the fifty thousand dollars the first thing in the morning and to have it at my office by ten o'clock. Yet, as I bade him good night he had another turn of terror and his teeth chattered in his head as he stammered out that he was a ruined man, that he had cast off a good wife for a deceitful huzzy who only wanted his money, that he had lost his child, that now his career was over and that, unless I stood by him, he would end his days in prison. This was hardly the sort of encouragement I wanted; and, though his words brought the cold sweat out upon my back, I told him pretty sharply that he had better pull himself together and not be any more of a fool than he could help, that all we needed was enough money to whip Hawkins out of the way, and that if he would "come up" with the needful we would look out for him. I left him sitting in a red plush armchair, moaning and mumbling to himself.

Outside, the city slept the prenatal sleep of dawn. A pale greenish veil hung over the roofs, through which day must peer before awakening those who slept beneath. I had often noticed this greenish color in the sky, made doubtless by the flare of gas and electricity against the blue-black zenith, yet never before had I felt its depressing character. It was the green of jealousy, of disappointment, of envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness! The city trembled in its sleep and the throbbing of its mighty pulse beat evilly upon my ears with distant hostile rumblings. I was alone in it and in danger. Disaster and ruin were looking for me around the corner. I was like a child, helpless and homeless. I could not call upon God, for I did not believe in Him.

It came home to me, as I stood there in the night upon the open street, that there was not one soul among all the city's sleeping millions who owed me aught but harm.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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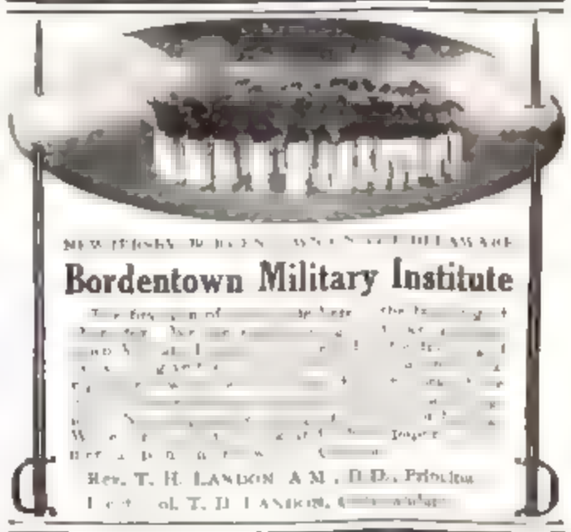

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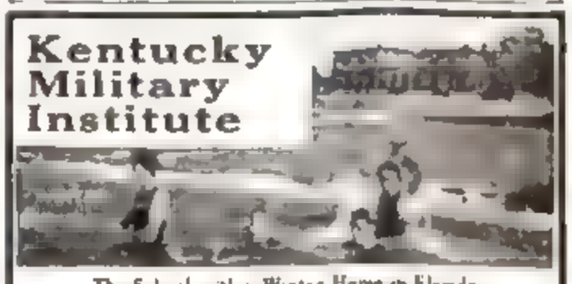

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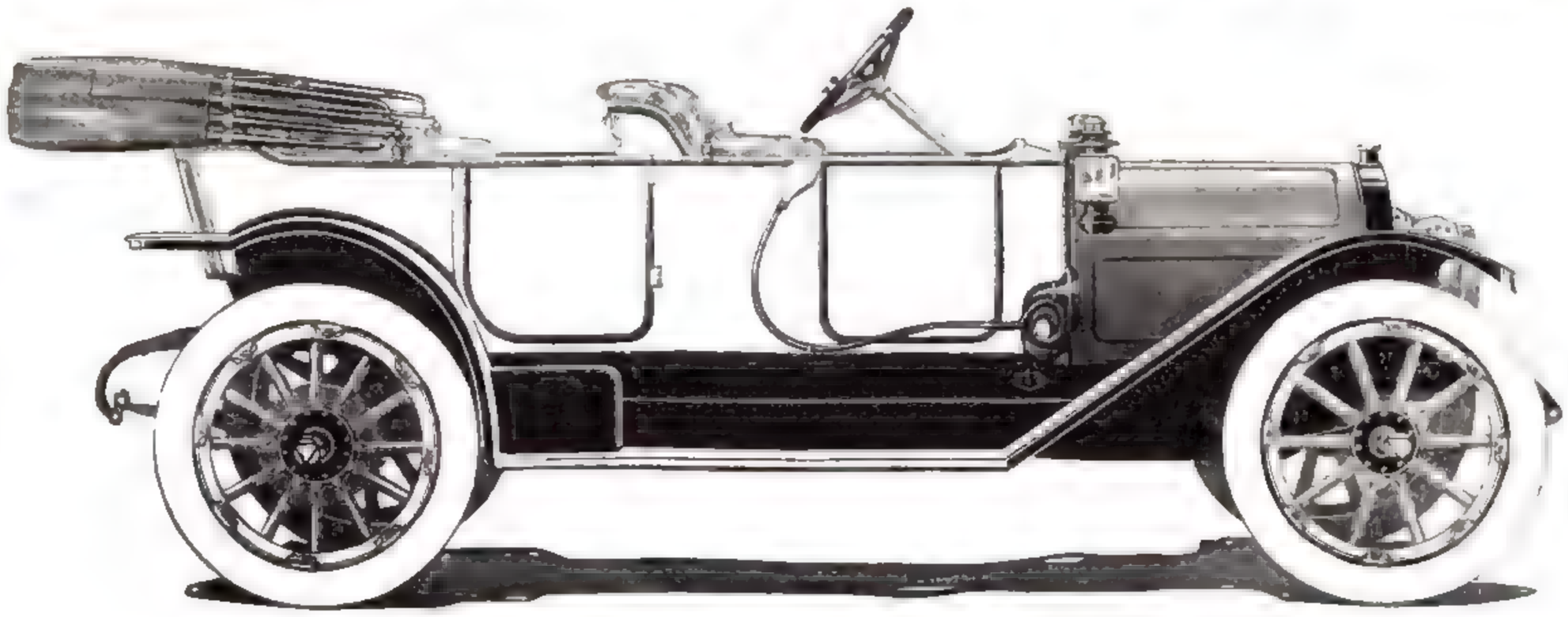
The 1912 HUDSON "33"



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Extraordinary Things Have Been Done to Accomplish This Result—See What They Are

The above is an illustration of the HUDSON "33" 1912 Touring Car. There are three other models.

This cut indicates as well as can be done by picture, the great beauty of the car, which for the past year has been the most talked about automobile in America. It is impossible to show by drawing or photograph, all the improvements that have been added to the 1912 models.

The best way to understand why it is a greater value than was the 1911 car, is to know what was done to produce that result. By telling you that, you can appreciate this new value more than would be possible either by illustration or by description.

The Engineering Board of HUDSON Motor Car Company is made up of the largest number of experts ever employed by any one manufacturer. These men are specialists in many different branches of automobile engineering. At the head of this staff of experts is Howard E. Coffin, the man responsible for the HUDSON "33."

Before this board of specialists is brought every suggestion for the improvement and betterment of HUDSON cars. Each of these experts has won his way by the work he has done. Each man knows something which others don't know. Each has done something which others have not done.

Owners Have Helped

Hundreds of owners gave detailed accounts of their experiences with the "33." What they reported was tabulated, and so when work was started, we had accurate information upon which to base our plans for the 1912 car.

Each suggestion was thoroughly considered by the Board of Engineers. Then Mr. Coffin instructed these specialists to do what they could to make the 1912 car a greater value than was that of 1911. Each man was assigned to some particular work. One was instructed to add to the beauty of the car. Another devoted his time to working out ideas that would add to the convenience the car would afford to passengers.

Went To Europe For Ideas

One man went to Europe to get ideas. He visited the leading factories there and attended the great Paris and London Automobile Shows. He wanted to see how makers abroad were building their cars. He came back with a trunk full of notes.

A specialist on carburetion went into the laboratories of the largest carburetor manufacturer and with the experts there worked out an improved system, which has resulted in greater power and economy for the motor. So exhaustive were his tests that he called in the chemists and experts of the Standard Oil Company and had their assistance in determining what was needed for obtaining an increased efficiency from the ever decreasing quality of gasoline.

No work could have been more complete than that which these men did.

All Submitted To Experts

Then Mr. Coffin called them all into session and for days the suggestions of each expert were submitted to the consideration of his associates. In this way many additional ideas were brought out. No suggestion was accepted that did not meet with the unanimous approval of the Engineering Board. If there was any doubt about the value of any feature, it was tried out by actual tests on cars built especially for that purpose.

Then the first 1912 car was built and all the ideas adopted were proven in a service ten times more severe than any individual would ever think of demanding of his car.

The result of all that careful, accurate planning and testing, under the inspiration of Howard E. Coffin, is the 1912 HUDSON "33."

Yet There Was Little Change

You might conclude from this that the car is totally different from that of last year. As a matter of fact, however, there has been little change in the essentials of its design. In a few places the simplicity of the original model has been made even more simple. A few more parts have been eliminated and a great deal has been accomplished in the way of smoother, quieter operation. The 1911 "33" is famed as being as quiet as any car ever built. This year sound has been made even less noticeable.

The equipment is of a much better grade. If you will ride in the two models you will observe the greater motor flexibility of the 1912 car. You can see an increased value in the quality of upholstering, in the higher grade painting, but you cannot so easily appreciate the improvements that have been made in the quality of materials, in the fineness of the metals and the character of the workmanship.

Last year the HUDSON "33" established such a mark for its simplicity, power, sturdiness and general value that it won its way wherever buyers gave close attention to its details.

687 Sold in a Day

The first day the HUDSON "33" was put on sale orders were taken by dealers throughout the country for 687 cars. All were bona-fide sales that were made without, in most cases, even a demonstration.

At the close of the season there were orders on hand for more than 3,000 in excess of the number we could build. Even before a single 1912 model was shown dealers had deposits in hand from their customers who thus had assured themselves an early delivery of the latest model.

All Makers Give Quality—Not All, Tho, Have Engineering Cleverness

We believe all makers are building the best cars they are able to build for the money. Competition guarantees that. But willingness to furnish good quality does not assure that that is being done. Skill, experience and an efficient organization is necessary. All engineers do not possess the same degree of cleverness—or experience. Capital will buy modern machinery. It will secure the best of materials, but it will not always get the best engineering brains.

Design is the basis of all good value. Without that the car is only partly right. All experienced automobilists know that. Every one in the trade knows Howard E. Coffin to be the greatest designer of automobiles this country has ever produced. Every one in the business knows equally as well that the organization which makes up the control of the HUDSON Motor Car Company has built all the cars Mr. Coffin has designed. Each of these cars was a leader until Mr. Coffin made it less desirable by the production of a car more modern and of greater value.

Millions of dollars have been put into HUDSON cars by experienced buyers, just because of their confidence in the designer, the engineers who are his assistants and the company and organization that is building the cars. These buyers have asked for no details. Expert as some of them are, they have not depended upon their own judgment so much as they have been influenced by their knowledge of the men who are responsible for the HUDSON "33."

Choose Your Car That Way

If you accept that suggestion and then look for a car of reputation, just remember that standards of values change and that consequently the car you thought well of a few months ago, may now be selling at a lower price because the more modern HUDSON "33" has established a new era in motor car designing.

Why You Should Not Delay

You have your choice of many automobiles. The most desirable cars will be taken first. Last year's popularity indicates a heavy demand for this greater value of the 1912 model.

By taking a "33" now you can use it all summer, fall and winter and still have an up-to-date car in the spring. Many HUDSON dealers have booked orders for the 1912 model even before they knew its details. We advise immediate action if you are to get prompt delivery of the only advanced car of the past three years.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

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88-A

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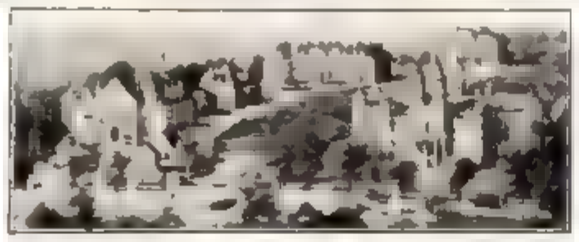

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TWO BUSINESS WOMEN

(Continued from Page 10)

At this point, because she was very much overwrought, G. G.'s mother had a mild little attack of hysteria; and Cynthia beat her on the back and shook her and kissed her until she was over it. Then G. G.'s mother told Cynthia about her financial troubles.

"It isn't us that matters," she said, "but that G. G. ought to have one more year in a first-rate climate; and it isn't going to be possible to give it to him. They say that he's well, my dear, absolutely well; but that now he should have a chance to build up and become strong and heavy, so that he can do a man's work in the world. As it is, we shall have to take him home to live; and you know what New York dust and climate can do to people who have been very, very ill and are still delicate and high-strung."

"There's only one thing to do for the present," said Cynthia—"anybody with the least notion of business knows that—we must keep him at Saranac just as long as our credit holds out, mustn't we?—until the woman where he boards begins to act ugly and threatens to turn him out in the snow."

"Oh, but that would be dreadful!" said G. G.'s mother. Cynthia smiled in a superior way.

"I don't believe," she said, "that you understand the first thing about business. Even my father, who is a prude about bills, says that all the business of the country is done on credit. . . . Now you're not going to be silly, are you?—and make G. G. come to New York before he has to?"

"It will have to be pretty soon, I'm afraid," said G. G.'s mother.

"Sooner than run such risks with any boy of mine," said Cynthia, with a high color, "I'd beg, I'd borrow, I'd forge, I'd lie—I'd steal!"

"Don't I know you would!" exclaimed G. G.'s mother. "My darling girl, you've got the noblest character—it's just shining in your eyes!"

"There's another thing," said Cynthia: "I have to go downtown now on business, but you must telephone me around five o'clock and tell me how G. G.'s father is. And you must spend all your time between now and then trying to think up something really useful that I can do to help you. And"—here Cynthia became very mysterious—"I forbid you to worry about money until I tell you to!"

Cynthia had a cousin in Wall Street; his name was Jarrocks Bell. He was twenty years older than Cynthia and he had been fond of her ever since she was born. He was a great, big, good-looking man, gruff without and tender within. Clever people, who hadn't made successful brokers, wondered how in the face of what they called his "obvious stupidity" Jarrocks Bell had managed to grow rich in Wall Street. The answer was obvious enough to any one who knew him intimately. To begin with, his stupidity was superficial. In the second place, he had studied bonds and stocks until he knew a great deal about them. Then, though a drinking man, he had a head like iron and was never moved by exhilaration to mention his own or anybody else's affairs. Furthermore, he was unscrupulously honest. He was so honest and blunt that people thought him brutal at times. Last and not least among the elements of his success was the fact that he himself never speculated.

When the big men found out that there was in Wall Street a broker who didn't speculate himself, who didn't drink to excess, who was absolutely honest and who never opened his mouth when it was better shut, they began to patronize that man's firm. In short, the moment Jarrocks Bell's qualities were discovered, Jarrocks Bell was made. So that now, in speculative years, his profits were enormous.

Cynthia had always been fond of her big, blunt cousin, as he of her; and in her present trouble her thoughts flew to him as straight as a homing aeroplane to the landing-stage.

Even a respectable broker's office is a noisome, embarrassing place, and among the clients are men whose eyes have become popped from staring at paper-tapes and pretty girls; but Cynthia had no more fear of men than a farmer's daughter has of cows, and she flashed through Jarrocks'

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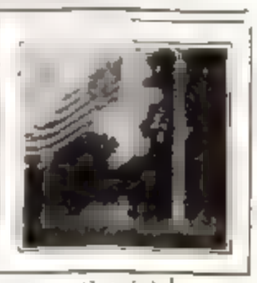

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outer office—preceded by a very small boy—with her color unchanged and only her head a little higher than usual.

Jarrocks must have wondered to the point of vulgar curiosity what the deuce had brought Cynthia to see him in the busiest hour of a very busy day; but he said, "Hello, Cynthia!" as naturally as if they two had been visiting in the same house and he had come face to face with her for the third or fourth time that morning.

"I suppose," said Cynthia, "that you are dreadfully busy; but, Jarrocks dear, my affairs are so much more important to me than yours can possibly be to you—do you mind?"

"May I smoke?"

"Of course."

"Then I don't mind. What's your affair, Cynthia—money or the heart?"

"Both, Jarrocks." And she told him pretty much what the reader has already learned. As for Jarrocks' listening, he was a perfect study of himself. He laughed gruffly when he ought to have cried; and when Cynthia tried to be a little humorous he looked very solemn and not unlike the big bronze Buddha of the Japanese. Inside, however, his big heart was full of compassion and tenderness for his favorite girl in all the world. Nobody will ever know just how fond Jarrocks was of Cynthia. It was one of those matters on which—owing, perhaps, to his being her senior by twenty years—he had always thought it best to keep his mouth shut.

"What's your plan?" he asked. "Where do I come in? I'll give you anything I've got." Cynthia waived the offer; it was a little unwelcome.

"I've got about five hundred dollars," she said, "and I want to speculate with it and make a lot of money, so that I can be independent of papa and mamma."

"Lots of people," said Jarrocks, "come to Wall Street with five hundred dollars, more or less, and the wish to be independent of papa and mamma. They end up by going to live in the Mills Hotel."

"I know," said Cynthia; "but this is really important. If G. G. could work it would be different."

"Tell me one thing," said Jarrocks: "If you weren't in love with G. G. what would you think of him as a candidate for your very best friend's hand?"

Cynthia counted ten before answering.

"Jarrocks, dear," she said—and he turned away from the meltingness of her lovely face—"he's so pure, he's so straight, he's so gentle and so brave, that I don't really think I can tell you what I think of him."

There was silence for a moment, then Jarrocks said gruffly:

"That's a clean-enough bill of health. Guess you can bring him into the family, Cynthia."

Then he drummed with his thick, stubby fingers on the arm of his chair.

"The idea," he said at last, "is to turn five hundred dollars into a fortune. You know I don't speculate."

"But you make it easy for other people?"

He nodded.

"If you'd come a year ago," he said, "I'd have sent you away. Just at the present moment your proposition isn't the darn-fool thing it sounds."

"I knew you'd agree with me," said Cynthia complacently. "I knew you'd put me into something that was going 'way up."

Jarrocks snorted.

"Prices are at about the highest level they've ever struck and money was never more expensive. I think we're going to see such a tumble in values as was never seen before. It almost tempts me to come out of my shell and take a flyer—if I lose your five hundred for you, you won't squeal, Cynthia?"

"Of course not."

"Then I'll tell you what I think. There's nothing certain in this business, but if ever there was a chance to turn five hundred dollars into big money it's now. You've entered Wall Street, Cynthia, at what looks to me like the psychological moment."

"That's a good omen," said Cynthia. "I believe we shall succeed. And I leave everything to you."

Then she wrote him a check for all the money she had in the world. He held it between his thumb and forefinger while the ink dried.

"By the way, Cynthia," he said, "do you want the account to stand in your own name?"

She thought a moment, then laughed and told him to put it in the name of G. G.'s

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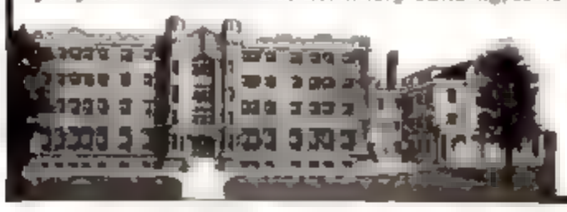

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mother. "But you must report to me how things go," she said.

Jarrocks called a clerk and gave him an order to sell something or other. In three minutes the clerk reported that "it"—just some letter of the alphabet—had been sold at such and such a price.

For another five minutes Jarrocks denied himself to all visitors. Then he called for another report on the stock which he had just called to be sold. It was selling "off a half."

"Well, Cynthia," said Jarrocks, "you're fifty dollars richer than when you came. Now I've got to tell you to go. I'll look out for your interests as if they were my own."

And Jarrocks, looking rather stupid and bored, conducted Cynthia through his outer offices and put her into an elevator "going down." Her face vanished and his heart continued to mumble and grumble, just the way a tooth does when it is getting ready to ache.

Cynthia had entered Wall Street at an auspicious moment. Stocks were at that high level from which they presently tumbled to the panic quotations of nineteen-seven. And Jarrocks, whom the unsuccessful thought so very stupid, had made a very shrewd guess as to what was going to happen.

Two weeks later he wrote Cynthia that if she could use two or three thousand dollars she could have them, without troubling her balance very perceptibly.

"I thought you had a chance," he wrote. "I'm beginning to think it's a sure thing! Keep a stiff upper lip and first thing you know you'll have the laugh on mamma and papa. Give 'em my best regards."

VI

IF IT is wicked to gamble Cynthia was wicked. If it is wicked to lie Cynthia was wicked. If the money that comes out of Wall Street belonged originally to widows and orphans, why, that is the kind of money which she amassed for her own selfish purposes. Worst of all, on learning from Jarrocks that the Rainbow's Foot—where the pot of gold is—was almost in sight, this bad, wicked girl's sensations were those of unmixed triumph and delight!

The panic of nineteen-seven is history now. Plenty of people who lost their money during those exciting months can explain to you how any fool, with the least luck, could have made buckets of it instead.

As a snowball rolling down a hill of damp snow swells to gigantic proportions, so Cynthia's five hundred dollars descended the long slopes of nineteen-seven, doubling itself at almost every turn. And when, at last, values had so shrunk that it looked to Jarrocks as if they could not shrink any more, he told her that her account—which stood in the name of G. G.'s mother—was worth nearly four hundred thousand dollars. "And I think," he said, "that, if you now buy stocks outright and hold them as investments, your money will double again."

So they put their heads together and Cynthia bought some Union Pacific at par and some Steel Common in the careless twenties, and other standard securities that were begging, almost with tears in their eyes, to be bought and cared for by somebody. She had the certificates of what she bought made out in the name of G. G.'s mother. And she went uptown and found G. G.'s mother alone, and said:

"Oh, my dear! If anybody ever finds out you will catch it!"

G. G.'s mother knew there was a joke of some kind preparing at her expense, but she couldn't help looking a little puzzled and anxious.

"It's bad enough to do what you have done," continued Cynthia; "but on top of it to be going to lie up and down—that does seem a little too awful!"

"What are you going to tell me?" cried G. G.'s mother. "I know you've got some good news up your sleeve!"

"Gambler!" cried Cynthia—"cold-blooded, reckless Wall Street speculator!" And the laughter that was pent up in her face burst its bonds, accompanied by hugs and kisses.

"Now listen!" said Cynthia, as soon as she could. "On such and such a day, you took five hundred dollars to a Wall Street broker named Jarrocks Bell—you thought that conditions were right for turning into a Bear. You went short of the market. You kept it up for weeks and months. Do you know what you did? You pyramided on the way down!"

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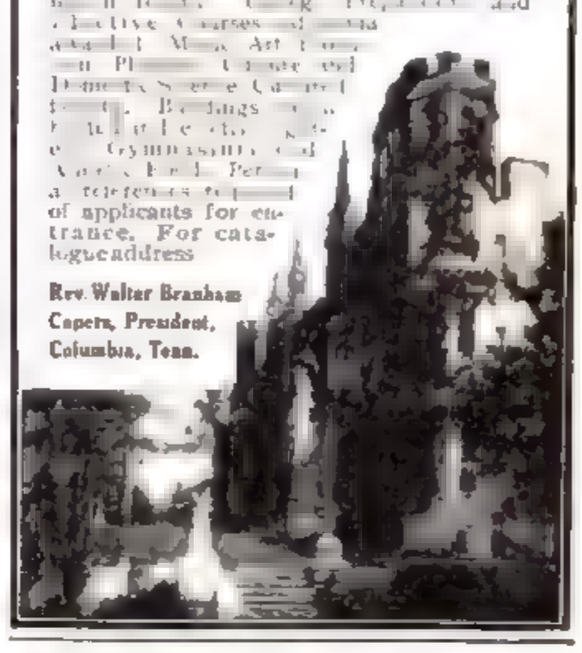

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"Mercy!" exclaimed G. G.'s mother, her eyes shining with wonder and excitement.

"First thing you knew," continued Cynthia, "you were worth four hundred thousand dollars!"

G. G.'s mother gave a little scream, as if she had seen a mouse.

"And you invested it," went on Cynthia, relenting, "so that now you stand to double your capital; and your annual income is between thirty and forty thousand dollars!"

After this Cynthia really did some explaining, until G. G.'s mother really understood what had really happened. It must be recorded that, at first, she was completely flabbergasted.

"And you've gone and put it in my name!" she said. "But why?"

"Don't you see," said Cynthia, "that if I came offering money to G. G. and G. G.'s father they wouldn't even sniff at it? But if you've got it—why, they've just got to share with you. Isn't that so?"

"Y-e-e-s," admitted G. G.'s mother; "but, my dear, I can't take it. Even if I could, they would want to know where I'd gotten it and I'd have nothing to say."

"Not if you're the one woman in a million that I think you are," said Cynthia. "Tell me, isn't your husband at his wit's end to think how to meet the bills for his illness and all and all? And wouldn't you raise your finger to bring all his miserable worries to an end? Just look at the matter from a business point of view! You must tell your husband and G. G. that what has really happened to me happened to you; that you were desperate; that you took the five hundred dollars to speculate with, and that this is the result."

"But that wouldn't be true," said G. G.'s mother.

"For mercy's sake," said Cynthia, "what has the truth got to do with it! This isn't a matter of religion or martyrdom; it's a matter of business! How to put an end to my husband's troubles and to enable my son to marry the girl he loves?—that's your problem; and the solution is—lie! Who can the money come from if not from you? Not from me certainly. You must lie! You'd better begin in the dark, where your husband can't see your face—because I'm afraid you don't know how very well. But after a time it will get easy; and when you've told him the story two or three times—with details—you'll end by believing it yourself. . . . And, of course," she added, "you must make over half of the securities to G. G., so that he will have enough money to support a wife."

For two hours Cynthia wrestled with G. G.'s mother's conscience; but, when at last the struggling creature was thrown, the two women literally took it by the hair and dragged it around the room and beat it until it was deaf, dumb and blind.

And when G. G.'s father came home G. G.'s mother met him in the hall, that was darkish, and hid her face against his—and lied to him! And as she lied the years began to fall from the shoulders of G. G.'s father—to the number of ten.

VII

CYNTHIA was also met in a front hall—but by her father.

"I've been looking for you, Cynthia," he said gravely. "I want to talk to you and get your advice—no; the library is full of smoke—come in here."

He led her into the drawing room, which neither of them could remember ever having sat in before.

"I've been talking with a young gentleman," said her father without further preliminaries, "who made himself immensely interesting to me. To begin with, I never saw a handsomer, more engaging specimen of young manhood; and, in the second place, he is the author of some stories that I have enjoyed in the past year more than any one's except O. Henry's. He doesn't write over his own name—but that's neither here nor there.

"He came to me for advice. Why he selected me, a total stranger, will appear presently. His family isn't well off; and, though he expects to succeed in literature—and there's no doubt of it in my mind—he feels that he ought to give it up and go into something in which the financial prospects are brighter. I suggested a rich wife, but that seemed to hurt his feelings. He said it would be bad enough to marry a girl that had more than he had; but to marry a rich girl, when he had only the few hundreds a year that he can make writing stories, was an intolerable thought. And that's all the more creditable to him because, from what

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I can gather, he is desperately in love—and the girl is potentially rich."

"But," said Cynthia, "what have I to do with all this?"

Her father laughed. "This young fellow didn't come to me of his own accord. I sent for him. And I must tell you that, contrary to my expectations, I was charmed with him. If I had had a son I should wish him to be just like this youngster."

Cynthia was very much puzzled.

"He writes stories?" she said.

"Bully stories! But he takes so much pains that his output is small."

"Well," said she, "what did you tell him?"

"I told him to wait."

"That's conservative advice."

"As a small boy," said her father, "he was very delicate; but now he's as sound as a bell and he looks as strong as an elk."

Cynthia rose to her feet, trembling slightly.

"What was the matter with him—when he was delicate?"

"Consumption."

She became as it were taller—and vivid with beauty.

"Where is he?"

"In the library."

Cynthia put her hands on her father's shoulders.

"It's all right," she said; "his family has come into quite a lot of money. He doesn't know it yet. They're going to give him enough to marry on. You still think he ought to marry—don't you?"

They kissed.

Cynthia flew out of the room, across the hall and into the library.

They kissed!

Mining Coal With Water

By RENÉ BACHE

THE waste of today is the wealth of tomorrow. Take coal, for example. In the coal-producing regions of Pennsylvania it is now being mined on a great scale by the use of water—that is to say, the huge piles of waste coal, formerly regarded as mere worthless refuse, are today being attacked by the hydraulic method to convert them into money.

These piles are veritable mountains. One of them, at Scranton, is estimated to contain fifteen million tons of coaldust and lump coal. Others are very much larger. There are literally hundreds of such mountains all over the hard-coal districts.

The factory and residence districts in Scranton and other big towns have grown up around the coalpiles. From Carbondale down to Nanticoke, and from Nanticoke to Shenandoah, in the Susquehanna and Lackawanna valleys, are found these strange mountains—memorials of the time when anthracite was cheaper and more plentiful than it ever will be again in the history of the world. This region, of course, is all of it west of the Alleghany Mountains. East of the Alleghanies, in the Honesdale and Mauch Chunk region, there are accumulations of such "refuse" equally numerous and gigantic in size.

In the early days of coal mining in Pennsylvania it was imagined that the newly discovered stores of anthracite were inexhaustible. There was so much of the fossil fuel readily available for the digging that it was thought it would last forever. Naturally the methods adopted for getting it out were crude; and those engaged in the industry threw away not only the coaldust but much good lump coal, which was lost through careless cleaning. It was cheaper, indeed, to reject such material because there was plenty more at hand, and it paid better to take out the stuff that was all in big pieces. There was no use in bothering with mixed coarse and fine material.

The stuff thus thrown aside built the coal mountains which at the present time, when anthracite is becoming steadily more and more precious, are being systematically mined for their stores of wealth. As far back as eight years ago they were attacked by the hydraulic method, which consisted simply in directing a stream from a giant hose against the pile and washing the material down through sluices. The lumps, being heavier, dropped to the bottom, and were thus saved, while the coaldust flowed off and away, usually into a near-by stream.

Incidentally a good deal of valuable farming land was ruined, the coaldust thus poured into the rivers being deposited during floods upon tilled fields, with an inevitable destruction of their productiveness. This kind of mischief has given rise to many lawsuits against the coal companies engaged in such operations. In future, however, there is not likely to be much trouble of this sort, because the companies, no longer content to save merely the lumps, are using all the coaldust as well. Some of it they make into briquets, while much is burned under boilers direct.

Within the last few years special forms of apparatus have been devised whereby coaldust is made to serve satisfactorily as fuel. For example, it is utilized on a large scale in the manufacture of cement, being blown into the kilns with an airblast and simultaneous ignition, thus producing an extraordinarily intense heat.

Another very novel and interesting use made of the material of the coal mountains is to flush it back by the same hydraulic means into the mine—close by, of course—from which it was originally taken. Thus the excavated rooms and galleries underground are filled up solidly with a mass which soon becomes as hard as rock. Then the miners are able to go in and remove the pillars of valuable anthracite which, in the original operations, had to be left for the support of the roof of the mine.

When it is said that in 1909, according to the figures of the United States Geological Survey—the latest available—3,694,470 tons of coal were recovered from the coal mountains in Pennsylvania, it will be realized that they are giving up their material at a pretty rapid rate. In truth, they are fast disappearing, though as yet only a relatively small fraction of their contents has been subtracted. Meanwhile—and this is a matter of intimate concern to every householder—they are keeping down the price of the newly mined anthracite. When they are gone it will cost more to fill the family coalbin.

So actively is the work of recovering waste coal being carried on that operators, not content with mining the coalpiles, are actually getting the stuff out of the rivers. Last year one hundred thousand tons of it were dredged from the bed of the Susquehanna, much of it in the neighborhood of Scranton. Most of this was material that had been carried off by floods, but no inconsiderable quantity was lump anthracite, of high grade and proportionately valuable, lost overboard from wrecked barges.

All of the large or prepared sizes of anthracite are now utilized for domestic purposes. This fuel is too precious to be used for power any longer, and from this time on—according to Mr. E. W. Parker, the Government's coal expert—it will become more and more of a luxury, rising steadily in price. For steaming purposes the small sizes known commercially as "pea," "buckwheat," "rice" and "barley" are still competing with bituminous coal. It was Eckley B. Coxe, the largest independent operator in the anthracite region, who invented the grate for burning these small sizes that are largely employed at the present time for running elevators and other machinery in hotels and office buildings.

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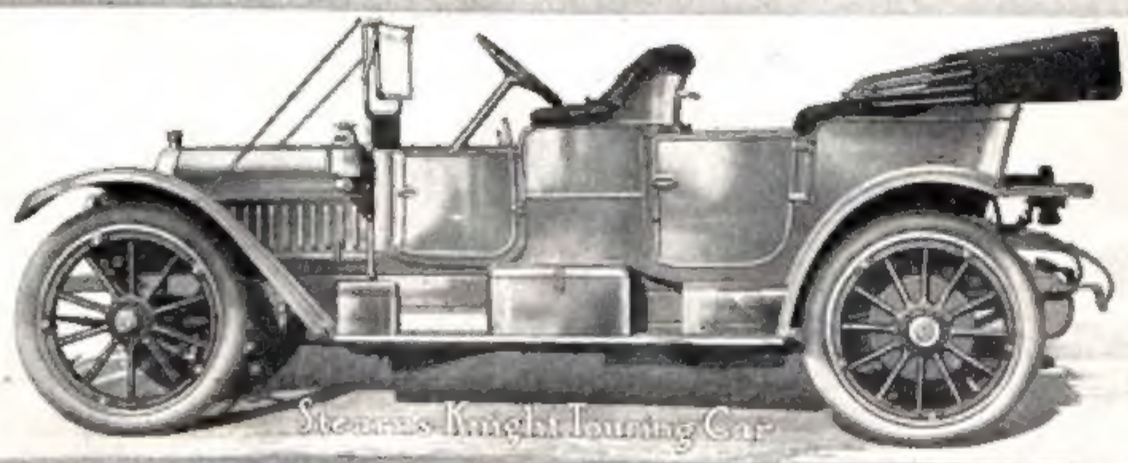

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